THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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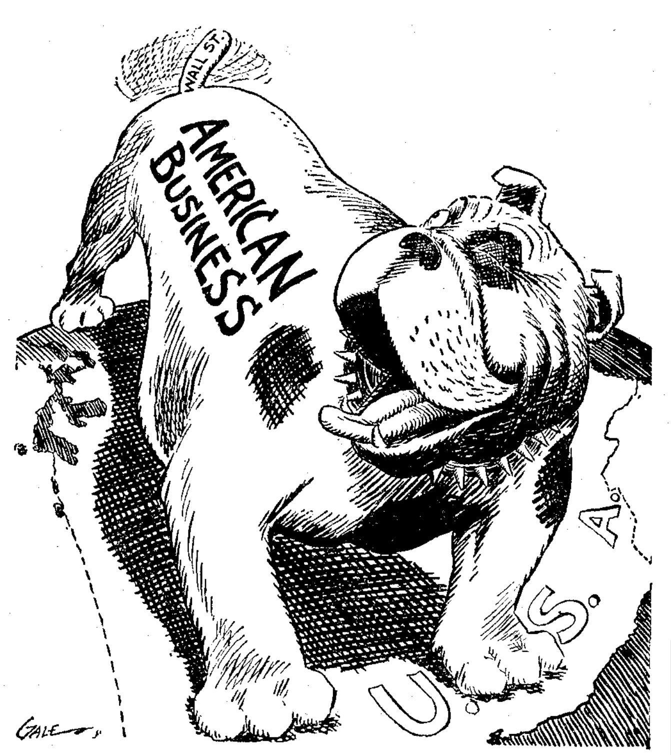
TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

A GREAT NATIONAL FIGHT ON FOR PROSPERITY

ONE "NOBLE EXPERIMENT" of President Hoover's which makes the country sit up and take notice—and almost unanimously applaud—is his program for linking together all business and industry, with government backing, in a crusade to make prosperity permanent. "Not since civilization's dawn has there been anything more interesting than America's fight to maintain her high economic state as exemplified in the measures inaugurated by President Hoover," according to the Brooklyn *Times*, which believes this "fight for prosperity" to be "one of the great experiments of history." "The President has 'gone to the country' in an unofficial sort of way, and the country has roared its endorsement of his plans," declares the Boston *Herald* enthusiastically. In its quieter and more judicial manner, the New York *Journal of Commerce* points out that enough replies to President Hoover's appeals for cooperation have been made to give us a clear idea of how the country feels about his proposals; and judging from the utterances of most of our business leaders, and of the Governors who have answered the President's call for State action, "the country has responded promptly and enthusiastically, and a positive movement has been set on foot for the furtherance of trade and commerce."


WALL ST.
AMERICAN BUSINESS
U.S.A.
GALE

NO TAIL CAN WAG THIS DOG!
—Gale in the Los Angeles *Times*.

Such critics as are vocal question the necessity for so elaborate an onslaught on pessimism in view of the country's essential soundness, or they fear that the practical results of the proposed program may be negligible, or they find fault with various individual items of the program, but taking editors and Washington correspondents together, there seems to be universal acknowledgment that the Hoover conferences have been psychologically effective in routing the pessimism naturally engendered by the Wall Street crash.

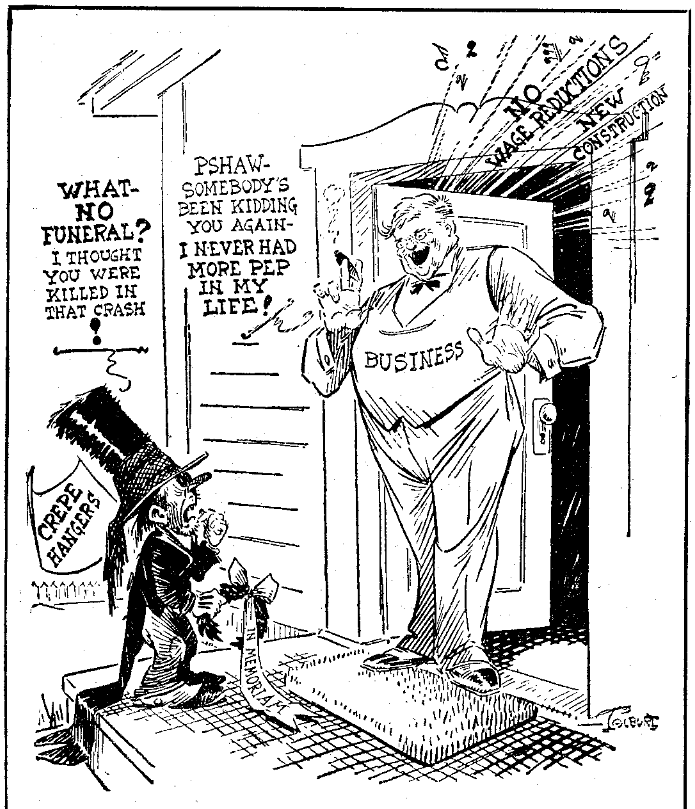
"Conferences are so much of the Hooverian bone and sinew that a wag once remarked, referring to the 'C' in the middle of it, that the President's real name is probably Herbert Conference Hoover." After this whimsical reference to what he calls Mr. Hoover's "favorite indoor sport," Frederick William Wile goes on in the Washington *Star* to point out that the real underlying purpose of these conferences "was to nip in the bud the slightest possibility of a stampede in the direction of a business panic":

"The President realized there was an incipient fire. He determined to put it out before a flicker of it had terrified the audience into a mad rush for the doors and windows, with resultant and calamitous, tho wholly unjustified, casualties. Hoover pictured just exactly that sort of holocaust in case the American people were not graphically made to see that, tho their house was afire in one of its remote corners, there was no danger whatever of its burning down, or even of anybody getting scorched. So the President sent for the nation's economic fire department. Its members have come to Washington and declared themselves ready for all emergencies. Hoover is not going to be satisfied with having had the mere pleasure of their company. The President expects them to 'come across'—to beat into deeds their express willingness to set dollars to rolling in constructive projects."

"Instead of adhering to the traditional aloofness from mere matters of trade and barter, the President has tacitly certified that business is a matter of first importance in the American commonwealth, and that responsible government has a duty to promote, rather than hinder economic progress," is the point Merryle Stanley Rukeyser makes in his column on the New York *American's* financial page. Or, as Clinton W. Gilbert of the New York *Evening Post* sees it, Mr. Hoover "has treated business very much as it was treated at the beginning of the Great War, when it was invited to Washington and enlisted in the service of the country in what was a national emergency." According to this correspondent:

"More important than any of the specific things the President has accomplished was his success in imparting to the business of the country the idea that it was possible for it to avert the consequences of the Wall Street crash, and that it was its duty and privilege to do so. What business entered upon with some misgivings when it was summoned to Washington, it will carry out with enthusiasm in somewhat the spirit with which it cooperated with the Government to win the Great War."

President Hoover is seen by the New York *Herald Tribune* to be playing a new rôle, "asserting a mastery over conditions


WHAT-NO FUNERAL? I THOUGHT YOU WERE KILLED IN THAT CRASH!
PSHAW-SOMEBODY'S BEEN KIDDING YOU AGAIN-I NEVER HAD MORE PEP IN MY LIFE!
NO WAGE REDUCTIONS
NEW CONSTRUCTION
BUSINESS
CREPE HANGERS
IN MEMORIAM
TALBURT

ALL DREST UP AND NO PLACE TO GO!
—Talburt in the Washington *Daily News*.

which once had to be left largely to Providence and accidents." The leadership he is offering to business interests strikes the New York *World* as being "in rather striking contrast with his failure to lead his party in Congress." "What explanation is there for the fact that in one instance he was a sure-footed leader of men and in the other a bewildered spectator?" After dismissing other explanations, *The World* ventures to characterize as the real one, "the fact that he is not really interested in the tariff." But whatever the President's own psychology, the fact that he has succeeded in the psychological phase of his prosperity policy is acknowledged by a host of newspapers all over the country, among which we might—just to prove the universality of opinion—mention journals like the Portland (Me.) *Telegram*, Springfield *Union*, Manchester *Union*, Boston *Herald*, Providence *Journal*, Hartford *Courant*, Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, Newark *News*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, New York *Times*, New York *Evening Post*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Washington *Post*, Nashville *Tennessean*, Atlanta *Constitution*, New Orleans *Item-Tribune*, Dallas *News*, Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Grand Rapids *Herald*, Chicago *Daily News*, Minneapolis *Tribune*, St. Paul *Dispatch*, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, Kansas City *Star*, Fargo *Forum*, and Portland *Oregonian*.

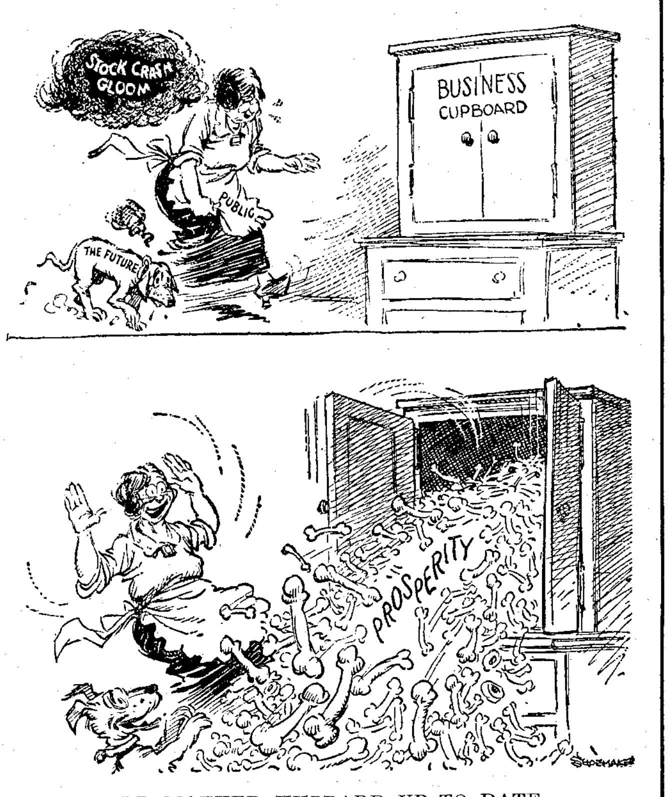
But one or two editors incline to wonder whether it is really wise to keep harping on the subject of prosperity. As the Detroit *Free Press* queries:

> "Aren't the President's conferences somewhat illogical and contradictory and likely to be harmful rather than beneficial? Is it not possible that if they are carried too far they may tend to create a doubt?
>
> "A physician who finds a patient in a good state of health after a minor upset does not go into consultation with another doctor regarding him. Besides being a waste of time, that sort of an action is bad psychology. A man may be scared into depression or even into illness."

But what have been the practical results of this "fight for prosperity" led by the President? There were seven White House conferences with representatives of different economic groups, in the following order: Railroad executives, the Federal Advisory Council, industrialists and merchants, labor leaders, construction executives, agricultural leaders, public-utilities executives. As a result of these meetings and of other decisions made by government officials or business leaders, we have the following definite steps taken toward business revival, as enumerated by Elliott Thurston in the New York *World:*

> "1. A $160,000,000 tax cut, assured of early passage.
>
> "2. Federal Reserve Board reduction of rediscount rates, easing credit and facilitating supplies of capital for constructive enterprises.
>
> "3. Railway executives, speaking for virtually all the country's railroads, will push an improvement program calling for expenditure of at least $670,000,000 in the next six months.
>
> "4. Industrial leaders of the country agree to proceed with maximum construction involving an outlay which is to be totaled up as quickly as a broad survey can be made.
>
> "5. Public-utility groups have assured the President of their cooperation in promoting their full quota of improvement work; contracts for public works and public utilities in thirty-seven States totaled $1,337,931,000 in 1928.
>
> "6. American Telephone and Telegraph Company notified the President that it will go ahead with a 1930 expenditure of $700,000,000 for betterments.
>
> "7. Steel interests similarly announced a $300,000,000 new construction plan that is to be pushed at once.
>
> "8. Government agencies are accelerating ship loan and mail subsidy contracts calling for building more than $200,000,000 in new ships, while the Treasury added $175,000,000 to the public-building program, bringing it up to $423,000,000.
>
> "9. The President is giving special attention to the home-modernization project which he investigated while he was Secretary of Commerce, believing that conditions now will make possible remodeling and modernizing improvements involving a million homes next year, at an outlay close to $2,000,000,000.
>
> "10. Labor has joined in the agreements with the industrial leaders to withhold wage-increase demands, while industry for its part agrees not to cut wages, and Henry Ford has announced a wage raise in his plants to stimulate purchasing power."

To these should be added two other items. One is the formation of what is expected to be a continuing council of business leaders under the direction of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which should, in the President's words, "assume the responsibility for the mobilization of the industrial and commercial agencies" to keep business on an even keel. A primary



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD UP TO DATE
—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News*.

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. How can you measure the height of a living, wild giraffe? (p. 37).
2. What New England town has been the scene of a vast pilgrimage? (p. 22).
3. What dying wish of Clemenceau's was disregarded? (p. 10).
4. Who wrote "The Magic Mountain"? (p. 21).
5. What are the four necessary characteristics of the airplane engine? (p. 28).
6. Can one hear color? (p. 34).
7. How does science account for seemingly miraculous cures? (p. 23).
8. What nation recently launched the world's largest submarine? (p. 11).
9. What percentage of mental defectives have deficient parents? (p. 32).
10. What foreign statesman learned enough English in six months to make speeches in our language? (p. 15).
11. How many revolutions are under way in Asia? (p. 24).
12. What must be done before a captive eagle is freed? (p. 42).
13. What was Shaw's pen-name as a music critic? (p. 66).
14. Who opposes Sunday theater performances in New York? (p. 20).
15. Do more widows or widowers die from falls? (p. 34).
16. What is "synesthesia"? (p. 34).
17. Why must a gun-bearer on *safari* never fire the gun? (p. 44).
18. Has the missionary movement any responsibility in the tremendous upheaval now going on in Asia? (p. 24).
19. What is the new sky peril to city dwellers? (p. 13).
20. Who was "Father of the House of Commons"? (p. 66).
21. Name the composer of "Bolero." (p. 19).
22. What bird does the laughing gull rob to get food? (p. 49).
23. Who was the "Father of Victory"? (p. 10).
24. Who is the Nationalist Firebrand of Germany? (p. 17).
25. How many airports are there in this country? (p. 32).

purpose of this organization, will, we read in the New York *Times*, "be to coordinate government fact-finding and statistical agencies on the one hand and similar agencies of private business on the other, so that, through an exchange of information, weaknesses in the business structure may be checked, opportunities for business expansion pointed out, and tendencies to business recession overcome." And then there is the Hoover telegram sent to the Governors of forty-eight States asking them to help by speeding up street, road, and public-building construction by State, county, and local officials, and particularly requesting information about the volume of possible expenditure of this kind for the next twelve and the next six months. With only two or three exceptions, replies have been received from the Governors indicating their intention to push public works so far as possible in accordance with the President's program. It might also be noted that the farm conference reported increasing confidence and bettering morale.

Important and fundamental are the construction programs being launched by several industries. Total expenditures calling for more than $4,000,000,000 are being contemplated, provided of course credit conditions continue easy, as is confidently expected. This sum is divided up as follows, according to a Washington dispatch to the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

Railroad industry	$ 673,972,000
Public utilities	1,000,000,000
Roads	2,200,000,000
Public-building program	423,000,000
Ship construction	200,000,000
Total	$4,396,972,000

That the optimistic generalities contained in White House statements are based on fact is the burden of an address made by Julius H. Barnes, Chairman of the Board of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and a close associate of the President. In a radio speech reported in the Washington *Post*, Mr. Barnes enumerated specific evidences of economic stability brought to light by these successive conferences. First he denied rumors of poor business and reduction of sales organizations on the part of large retail merchants. Then in the automobile world he declared that the present recession is seasonal, and "this is a good time to look at the figures of reduced output in automobiles, because the industry has just completed the largest year in all its history, with 5,500,000 cars as indicated production for 1929." Of course, he admitted, "automobile manufacturers do not like to see even a temporary pause in the march of this country to the two-car standard of the American family"; this standard, it may surprize most husbands to learn, "will give a new car for the head of the family, and keep the old car for the wife and children." Then we are told of the increased telephone expenditures for next year with American homes "approaching the two-phone status." Mr. Barnes calls attention to the voluntary action which has only recently stabilized the oil industry. Then—

> "We have the shipbuilding industry reporting the renewal of the construction of American-built carriers to float the American flag into every water. Shipyards disused for the last six years are now being refurbished for the large program of ship construction, for which contracts are already executed."

Those who fear that residential construction has overtaken our housing requirements are told by Mr. Barnes that—

> "People who study the market for modernized homes estimate that a million such homes will in 1930 be modernized to the extent of $2,000 each. Multiply that on your slate and see what it means in building employment, in the purchase of kitchen and bathroom fixtures, in new house furnishings, entirely apart from any of the building expansion, but only the improvement of American housing."

Mr. Barnes quotes Julius Rosenwald as reporting a bigger mail-order business than ever before. Also, Mr. Rosenwald says that after he undertook to protect Sears Roebuck employees against stock-market losses, "out of 40,000 employees only 250 required any aid whatever." And as for the railroad world, continues Mr. Barnes—

> "One and one-quarter billion of dollars to be expended by the industry as a whole—enlarged employment in locomotive and car-building plants, new calls on the steel industry—for every new freight-car requires twenty tons of steel—enlarged pay-rolls from the railroads themselves, and through the equipment companies that supply them, down to the secondary industries it produced. Even the ore that flows into the steel industry enters into this picture.
>
> "And then the steel industry itself announces 300 millions in new construction and in industrial improvements by one great corporation alone."

Finally, there are the utilities, with their big expansion programs which will in turn make business for the great electrical-equipment manufacturers. This, concludes Mr. Barnes, is the situation showing the interdependence of all American industry:

> "Railroads and public utilities with their vast expenditure need the assurance that their bonds will be taken up at reasonable rates in order to place their contracts which start other industries at work. Here in the picture comes the banking judgment of America and the Federal Reserve System. There is clear assurance that the reservoirs of credit are enlarging, that interest rates are now reasonable, and that such investment as bonds in these basic industries will find a ready market. On that confidence their program proceeds."

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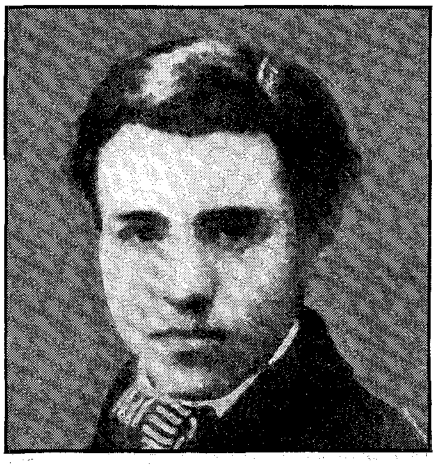
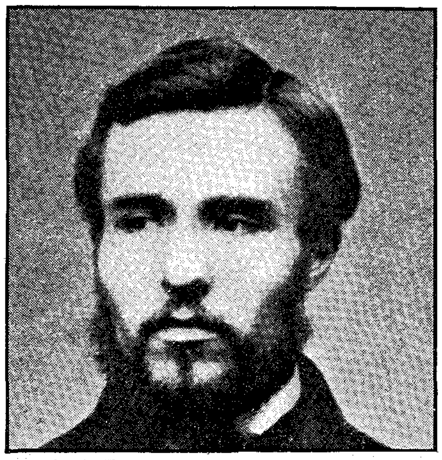
CLEMENCEAU AT SIX

Even then he had a look of determination.


THE "TIGER" AT SIXTEEN

As a boy he was anxious for the fray.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THE YOUNG RADICAL

At twenty-four, when he visited America.

THE "FATHER OF VICTORY" SHEATHES HIS SWORD

THE OTHER DAY, IN PARIS, an old man went to bed without his clothes for the first time in years. He never got up again. Three days later he died, and all the nations of the earth paused to mark his passing. "Doctors are a lot of donkeys; I must finish my work," said Georges Clemenceau. Thus, the correspondents tell us, he hastened his death by insisting upon working long hours every day on his autobiography, a reply to Marshal Foch's charges, which he had undertaken with the words: "I have to start a controversy over a coffin."

Not until the book was virtually complete did he give in to death. Through five weeks of pulmonary and cardiac attacks, which culminated in uremic poisoning, the "Tiger" fought on. Sleeping in his clothes and slippers, as he had done for years, we read, he would rise in the night to go on with his writing—a defense of his conduct during and immediately after the war. Tho eighty-eight and ill, he hired a physical instructor to put him through a course of calisthenics. Then, on November 21, came the final attack of what he called "a weariness of the flesh," and when at last he was persuaded to undress, it was, in the words of his valet, Albert, "as if he had taken off his armor after many years." Even then "the steely resistance of his aged heart amazed his physicians," as Leland Stowe, Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, tells us, "and he held death at arm's-length for an astonishing time."

France's war-time Premier, the "Father of Victory," knew how to die. He who had suffered as his beloved poilus were destroyed in the war, experienced agony in his last illness. And yet, as an Associated Press dispatch said: "'I am suffering atrociously in my intestines,' he told Dr. de Gennes in a matter-of-fact tone, without a hint of self-pity. Then he lapsed into unconsciousness." Never fearing death, altho he did not believe in a life hereafter, he refused to the end to permit prayers to be said for him. "I want no women, and I want no tears," he said. "Let me die before men." He even asked Sister Theoneste, his nurse, to go away when it was sure that death was coming. Also he asked that his chauffeur, François Brabant, depart immediately after his death to dig his grave near his father's tomb in Vendee. He wished to be buried as quickly as possible. As he said in his will, in which he asked that no national funeral be held for him:

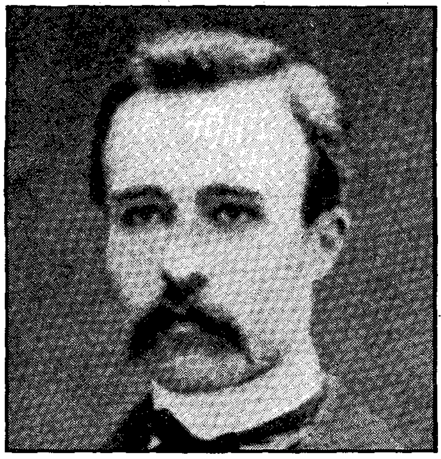
> "Let me be carried in the silence of daybreak to my Vendeean forest. And there, beside the coffin of my father, let mine be placed, upright like his. Even in death I wish to remain standing."

Then Georges Clemenceau died, in his Paris apartment, at 1:55 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, November 24. For the last three hours he was unconscious. With him at the end, we read, were his two daughters, Mmes. Jacquemaire and Young-Clemenceau; his son, Michel; his lifelong friend, Nicholas Pietri, and Sister Theoneste. President Doumergue headed the notables who came to the apartment to pay their respects, but no service was held there. As Premier Tardieu said: "No greater honor can be shown him than that his wishes should be respected after his death."

The Government cooperated in keeping secret the 250-mile route of the motor-hearse which transported the oak coffin from Paris to Vendee. The body, which by Clemenceau's own request was not embalmed, was drest in "my every-day clothes," as he also had ordered. In the coffin was placed the steel-tipped cane with which he had clambered about the trenches during the war, a bit of the soil of Verdun, and a vase fashioned from a German shell, and containing some faded flowers, the gift of a poilu on one of his visits to the front.

Shortly after noon on the day after his death, with the tributes of Presidents, Premiers, and Kings pouring in on the French Government, and with the 101-gun salutes of every French battery and war-ship echoing around the world as on Armistice Day, the "Father of Victory" was buried in a plain grave in Colombier, just outside the village—"unblest and unsung," as the Associated Press tells us, and "without pomp or parade." "There was not a flower, not a salute, not a word of religious rite." Only the members of his family and a few friends whom he had invited stood at the grave as the coffin was lowered. Contrary to his wishes, the correspondents tell us, the coffin was placed horizontally, a solid rock formation rendering it impossible to bury him upright. A stone, a gift to him from the Greek Government, without inscription, is the only marker.

Thus passed Georges Eugene Benjamin Clemenceau, leaving behind him as an echo of his belligerent career a world controversy on his merits as a leader. Whatever may have been his failings as a peacemaker—for many contend he was outwitted at Versailles—the comment of leaders, both here and in Europe, indicates unanimity in the opinion that he was, indeed, the "Father of Victory," that to him is due the credit for reorganizing and revitalizing his country for a supreme effort after he became Premier in the dark days of 1917. Newspapers the world over, in lengthy news dispatches and editorials, treat of his long and tempestuous career, from the time that he first dipt into politics, in 1862, when, as a young medical student, he led a celebration in honor of the French Revolution and was arrested, and sentenced to two months at hard labor.



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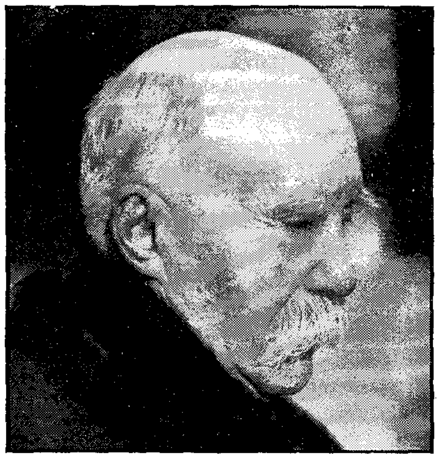
LAUNCHED ON HIS CAREER

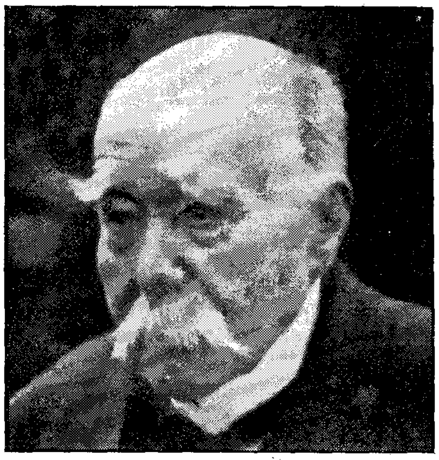
Here we see Clemenceau at thirty-seven.



International Newsreel

AS HE WAS AT EIGHTY-ONE

At the time of his last visit here, in 1922.



ONE OF THE LAST PICTURES

Of the old "Tiger," who died at 88.

As a journalist, a politician, a maker and breaker of Cabinets, he was "ever the fighter," the accounts agree, always ready to meet a rival on the rostrum or the dueling ground. "Ferocious and invincible" was often applied to him. Editorial writers comment on the fulness of his "romantic and picturesque life"—his exile to America in 1865, where he found a wife, Miss Mary Plummer, a student in a young women's academy at Greenwich, Connecticut, where he taught; the stormy days of the Franco-Prussian war, when he was attacked for his Communistic tendencies; his election to the Assembly in 1871, and to the Chamber of Deputies in 1876, where he won fame as a fearless belligerent; his support of Dreyfus, in 1894; his return to power, in 1902, and his determined stand on the separation of Church and State; his defeat in the Chamber, in 1909, and his resignation as Premier.

Seventy-two when the World War started, he won tremendous popularity by championing the poilu's cause, and in 1917, restored as Premier, he began what is commonly regarded as the greatest chapter of his career. It was epitomized by his answer when he was called on to resign when the Germans were forty miles from Paris: "I'll see this war through to a finish." He disagreed with President Wilson on the League of Nations, and subsequently acquiesced with qualifications.

The Berlin papers, with one exception, were silent on the death of their old foe, the dispatches tell us. The one paper that did comment, the radical *Montag Morgen*, paid the "Tiger" a warm tribute. In London, David Lloyd George, war-time Prime Minister of Great Britain, commented as follows, according to the New York *Herald Tribune:* "With the death of M. Clemenceau there passed away the last great statesman of the nineteenth century. He will rank in history with the greatest of them."

President Hoover, in a message of sympathy sent to President Doumergue, praised Clemenceau as "a valiant advocate of peace":

> "Clemenceau was a great patriot. His unselfish love of country inspired his fellow men. He was a valiant advocate of peace, who knew how to meet nobly the tragedy of war. His death, which brings mourning to France, is deeply regretted by men of good-will in all nations."

Out of a mass of comment by American editors on Clemenceau's passing, we select the following, from the New York *Evening World*, as fairly representative:

> "The death of Georges Clemenceau removes the most picturesque figure of the late war. Extraordinarily brilliant, remarkably versatile, grimly persistent and insistent on getting his own way, pyrotechnically forceful in satiric invective and argument, passionately patriotic, he walked a thorny path throughout his entire life, which was really a drama. It will be years before he ceases to be a subject of controversy. He began as a rebel, viewed with something more than suspicion by the Government; he literally killed himself in hastening the completion of his memoirs, in which he defends himself against the implications of Marshal Foch. He began fighting as a boy, and fighting he still was at eighty-eight. . . . His services to France during the war were beyond measurement."

FRANCE'S NEW QUEEN OF THE DEPTHS

A GIANT SUBMARINE, the largest ever built, slides down the ways at Cherbourg, her secrets carefully guarded from the prying eyes of foreign agents. France's new "underseas cruiser," *Le Surcouf*, is 426 feet long, we read, and is so heavily built that she is expected to be able to dive to 450 feet, 100 feet deeper than any existing submarine. Her cruising radius is 13,000 miles. The launching stirs American editorial comment because of its proximity to the London naval conference in January. Henry Wales, Chicago *Tribune* correspondent, tells us:

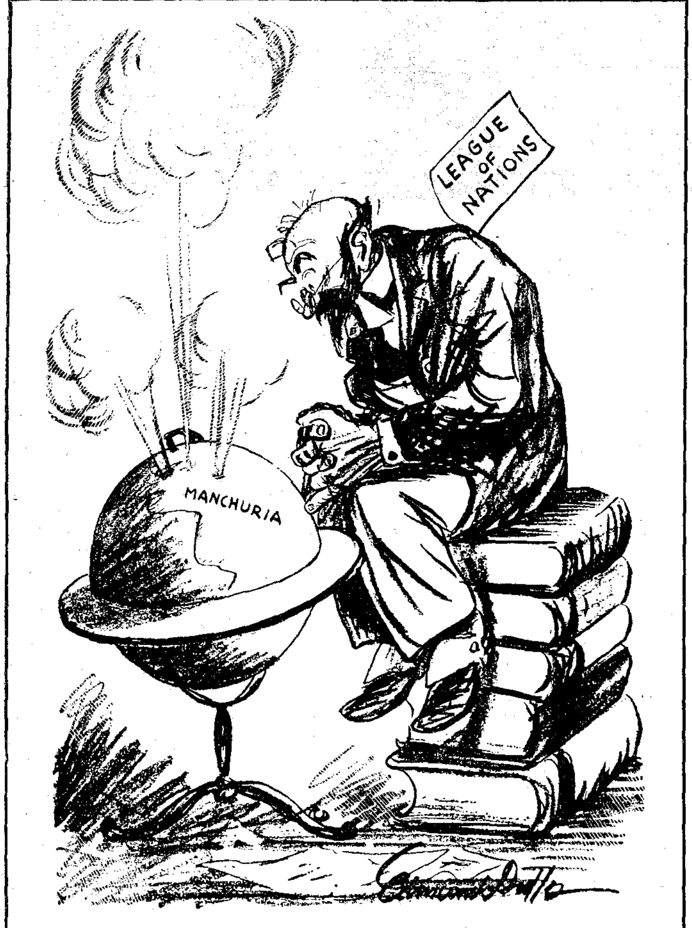
> "The *Surcouf* was launched with pretty ceremonies, and the naval dockyard was thrown open to all comers, but the launching paraphernalia and high fences, erected for seemingly no reasons at all, hid most of the ship's great bulk from curious eyes. There must have been plenty of these, for every admiralty in Europe was interested, but mechanical eyes were barred. A heavy guard of marines kept a sharp watch for anything that looked like a camera."

Information supplied by the correspondents is that *Le Surcouf* will have a speed of nineteen knots, carry four 5.5-inch guns and thirty torpedoes, of which fourteen can be fired at one time, and will be manned by 150. The vessel also will carry a small airplane, and will be able to remain under water for two and one-half days. Her displacement is 3,256 tons on the surface and 4,304 tons submerged. The dispatches point out that the largest American submarine now in service, the *V-4*, a mine-layer, is 381 feet long and carries eighty-three men, altho a larger submarine, the *V-5*, is to be launched December 17.

The launching stirs the New York *Evening Post* to say that "France is preparing to enter the London conference with the determination to maintain her submarine policy, which is more extensive than that of any other nation" and "France would probably present the greatest opposition to any limitation upon the size of submarines, but the favorable impression created in that country by the Kellogg anti-war pact suggests that such an agreement may be possible." The New York *World* advises: "Before there is real worry over the giant submarine, we may wait to hear whether such experimental vessels as the *Surcouf* are a success."

THE FLARE-UP IN MANCHURIA

THE TOWN OF HAILAR IN FLAMES, Manchuli captured by Russian cavalry and tanks, 12,000 Chinese slain, entire populations of towns and villages in flight through the drifting snow and bitter cold of Northwestern Manchuria's wind-swept plateau—these were among the startling items flashed to the world by Chinese correspondents on November 25. And while this warlike news was being reported from the western end of the Chinese Eastern Railroad, stories reached us of a second and simultaneous Russian invasion of Manchuria at the line's eastern terminus. Certain details of these reports, it is true, were later modified or denied, but there remained the fact that Russia had launched across the Manchurian border the most serious military offensive that has yet occurred in the anomalous "war that is not a war" that has existed between Russia and China since July, when the Manchurian Government seized the Chinese Eastern Railroad, and expelled its Soviet directors and agents.



A REAL JOB FOR THE PROFESSOR

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*.

The Soviet troops, without a declaration of war, says an appeal issued by the Chinese Government to the League of Nations and the individual signatories of the Kellogg anti-war pact, have "invaded Chinese territory, occupied Chinese cities, and massacred innocent Chinese citizens in cold blood." Calling these actions a deliberate violation of the Kellogg pact, China expresses the hope that the signatories of that pact will "take appropriate steps to stop and punish this violation." "Veiled but menacing" is a phrase that sums up many an editorial characterization of the present Manchurian situation. If Russia's actions develop an objective beyond reasserting its treaty rights in the Chinese Eastern Railroad, remarks the Springfield *Republican*, "the danger of serious trouble in the Far East will be imminent and great."

The various factors that make up and complicate the Manchurian situation are clarified and discust in the following Washington dispatch from William Philip Simms, foreign editor of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain:

"For the third time in little more than thirty years, international war threatens to break out in that Asiatic cockpit known as Manchuria. In fact, the war already appears to be in full swing.

"Anti-militarist Russia, supported by cavalry, tanks, and airplanes, is reported to be advancing along a wide front from both the eastern and western ends of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and military observers here take this to indicate a pincher movement against Harbin, rail center and strategic key-point in between.

"In other words, Soviet Russia, whose hatred of all capitalist nations is proverbial, seems ready to go to war with weak and unprepared China, to defend what she considered to be her property rights represented by the above-mentioned railroad, whose management the Chinese have seized.

"News from this front, however, will have to be taken with more than the usual grain of salt, for if the Balkans of Europe is a prolific breeder of rumors, the Balkans of Asia goes her one better and then some. The wildest reports fly thick and fast, and confirmation is difficult, if not impossible.

"If the small city of Hailar, about 125 miles east of the Siberian border town of Manchuli, has been captured as reported, then the next stand the Chinese may be expected to make is where the railway crosses the great Khingan range between Hailar and Tsitsihar. Here the road twists and winds its way over the mountains like a snake, crawling through a tunnel near the top of the climb. The country, which is beautiful and remindful of Blue Ridge uplands, is ideal for defense.

"But as for that, so is the treeless, pasture-land country around Hailar. A few miles west of that city, crossing the railway at right-angles, is a range of rolling hills covered with short grass, like a golf course. The tops of these grassy mounds are thick with sandpits, like bunkers, large and small, capable of sheltering a million troops along with their field pieces, machine-guns, cavalry, and whatever else the Chinese happen to have. The fact that the Russians occupied Hailar as easily as they did—if they did—would seem to be proof of the hopelessness of China's position.

"I do not believe, however, that Russia will go very far with her war against China. Should she overstep certain bounds, she would have to reckon with Japan, and what Russia is now doing to China, Japan would do to Russia. Japan has fought two wars to prevent any other Power obtaining a foothold which would endanger her interests in Manchuria, and would not hesitate to fight a third.

"Therefore, if Russia has really set out to occupy northern Manchuria and force China to come to terms with regard to the Chinese Eastern Railway, she has probably already informed Japan of her exact intentions, and secured Japan's promise of a free hand to carry them out.

"Japan has much to gain by permitting Russia to take China down a peg, providing Russia will stop where Japan draws the line. Japan claims special privileges in Manchuria, particularly middle and south Manchuria, and of late the Chinese Nationalists have been inclined to dispute these claims. Japan contends that but for her Russia would long ago have swallowed Manchuria, just as she swallowed Siberia. A short, snappy, physical demonstration of Russia's ability to do what Japan says she can do, would go a long way toward proving the Japanese thesis.

"There is always the danger, of course, of a genuine Russo-Chinese war getting out of hand, involving Japan. Japan fought China in Manchuria in 1895. And ten years later she fought Russia there. In each instance she got out without vast profit to herself. To-day, should events force her back into this arena, she would never leave it. Manchuria would become definitely Japanese."

The Russo-Chinese complication took on a somewhat less menacing aspect when Moscow dispatches, dated November 27, reported that the Manchurian Government had agreed to the reestablishment of the status quo on the Chinese Eastern Railway before opening negotiations for a peaceful settlement of the dispute. The same dispatches said that the withdrawal of Red troops from the invaded territory had begun. But in spite of these hopeful developments our State Department cabled our diplomatic representatives in London, Paris, Tokyo and Rome to sound out those governments regarding joint action to avert further hostilities between China and Russia.

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KILLED IN CRASH

P. & A. photograph

THE WRECKED PLANE

P. & A. photograph

ESCAPED IN LEAP

Charles I. Reid (at the reader's left) amateur pilot, who stuck to his plane as it gyrated crazily above New York City streets and was killed in Manhattan's first fatal air crash; and Robert J. Bailie, a lion-tamer, who escaped by a parachute leap of 2,000 feet. The center picture shows the wrecked plane after it crashed into the side of a building and fell to an extension roof.

THE AIRPLANE PERIL TO CITIES

A FLYING LION-TAMER parachutes 2,000 feet to safety from a crippled airplane, while the pilot, fighting desperately to keep his machine from plunging into a busy New York street, rides to his death against the side of a new building in Manhattan's first fatal air crash. Thousands of persons, potential victims of its plunge, watch the plane gyrating crazily across the sky near Central Park and crowded Columbus Circle. Skimming past tall structures, it makes a final dip, crashes against the Y.M.C.A. building under construction in West Sixty-fourth Street, and falls to an extension roof, with its dead pilot buried in the wreckage.

"Police Commissioner Whalen regarded it as remarkable," we read in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "that with the plane totally out of control over the city, only one death had resulted." It was obvious, said the Commissioner, that "some further regulatory measures must be considered to prevent a similar crash." A few days later, a huge Fokker four-motored plane, the largest yet built in America, crashed into a house near Mineola, Long Island, setting both house and plane afire. On the same day another plane crashed into a roof at Westbury, Long Island, killing the pilot. Commissioner Whalen's views on new air regulations are echoed by editorial writers not only in New York but in all other parts of the country. Something should be done, they agree, to protect city dwellers from the menace of death from the skies, a menace which many fear will increase as flying becomes more popular. As one paper, the Miami *Herald*, tersely puts it: "Pilots playing at aviation have no business over cities. There is enough danger now from reckless motorists without adding careless flyers."

The victim of the first crash was Charles I. Reid, an amateur airplane pilot and a concert manager. With his friend, Robert J. Bailie, youthful lion-tamer, as a passenger, he started out from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, in a chartered plane for a photographic flight over Manhattan. Not long after the take-off the motor began to sputter, Bailie said, but Reid kept on. Over Central Park the motor missed again, and then began to pound as the plane lost height. Thousands on the ground saw the machine turn over three times. As it righted itself again Bailie crawled out on a wing and jumped, while the pilot fought to regain control of his craft. Bailie landed on a roof, but would have been dragged off by the bellying parachute but for his presence of mind in throwing his arms around a chimney and hanging on till rescuers unstrapped his harness. He did not see the plane as it crashed against a near-by building at the eighth floor and fell four stories to another roof.

Commissioner Whalen, recalling that Reid also had a parachute, we read in the New York *Times*, "took occasion to praise his action in sticking to his plane." He said:

> "Unquestionably Reid, sticking to his ship to the last, tried to divert it as much as possible from the street and probably tried to land on a roof top. By cutting off his motor he prevented the plane from taking fire at the crash. I think it was due entirely to the man's own courage that no one else was injured."

Announcing that he soon would submit a program of local aviation legislation to the Municipal Assembly, Commissioner Whalen said he was "strongly in favor of some ruling whereby private flyers can be forbidden from passing over the city." He had been informed, he said, that "low flying over Manhattan is especially dangerous because of the tricky up-and-down currents caused by the high buildings," and "from 7,000 to 10,000 feet, I think, should be required of pilots who must cross the city." The Commissioner also pointed out that a plane weighing 1,500 pounds or more and coming down in the city at a speed of 100 miles an hour, "would cut right through the roof of a tenement house, even if it didn't land in the street."

"It is a wonder that more planes do not fall in the streets of the crowded city," asserts the Brooklyn *Citizen* in an editorial which typifies the views of many papers. "Airships," it continues, "should be forbidden from flying over congested areas," for "if this is not done, the deaths from this cause will in time rival those from automobile accidents." Agreeing, the New York *Evening Post* asserts that "it is more than time that all flying over crowded areas, whether city streets, public beaches, or football stadia, should be forbidden, and that for planes which must pass over a city very definite rules be established regarding the altitude at which such flying is permissible." But the New York *World* points out that "no adequacy of rules can wholly prevent disaster if pilots are rash. Their training," it continues, "should go further than guaranteeing technical expertness. It should include the inculcation of a high sense of responsibility to themselves, their passengers, and the public."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

War will be less gross if it lays off, says the President, of the groceries.—*Dallas News.*

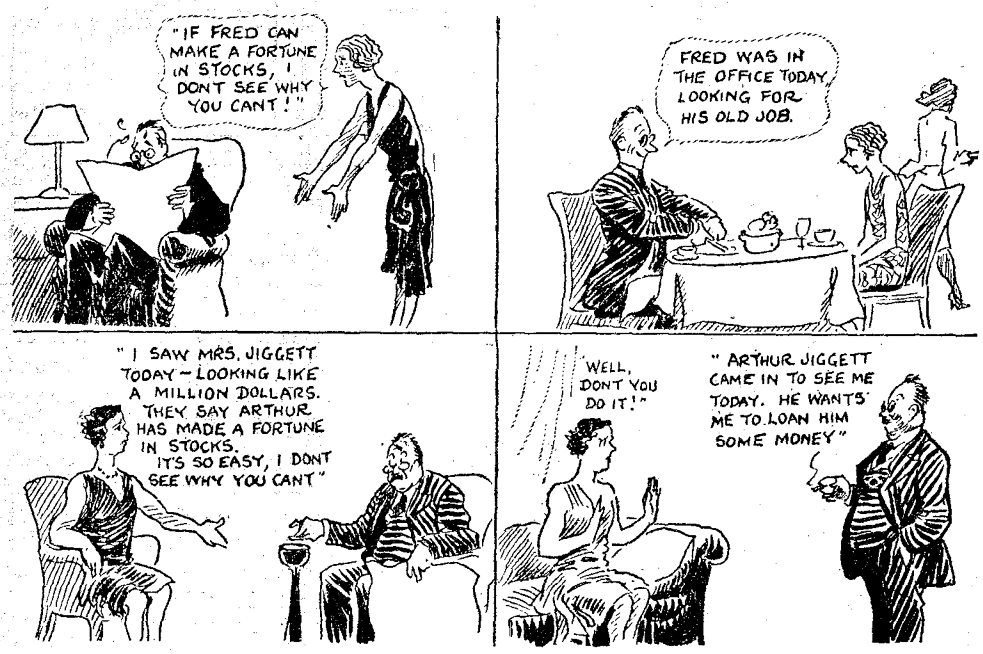
A lot of those Wall Street tips have an upsetting effect.—*Des Moines Tribune-Capital.*

Now the movie actresses have to talk. They will be asked to think next.—*American Lumberman.*

If what we hear is true, some of the most popular measures in Congress are pints and quarts.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Wall Street has apparently signally misunderstood the G. O. P.'s plans for abolishing poverty.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

"The girls of Chicago are as smartly drest as any I have seen," declares a writer. They put the chic in Chicago.—*The Humorist.*


"IF FRED CAN MAKE A FORTUNE IN STOCKS, I DONT SEE WHY YOU CANT!"
FRED WAS IN THE OFFICE TODAY, LOOKING FOR HIS OLD JOB.
" I SAW MRS. JIGGETT TODAY — LOOKING LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS. THEY SAY ARTHUR HAS MADE A FORTUNE IN STOCKS. IT'S SO EASY, I DONT SEE WHY YOU CANT"
"WELL, DONT YOU DO IT!"
" ARTHUR JIGGETT CAME IN TO SEE ME TODAY. HE WANTS ME TO LOAN HIM SOME MONEY"

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This type of conversation— —Has changed to this.

THE CHANGING WORLD

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*

It seems now that the only way to get rich quick is slowly.—*American Lumberman.*

Beware of Wall Street when it is dazed—especially when it is wool-gathering.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Long skirts are coming back, but very slowly. The girls are going to fight to the last stitch.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Many London statues are said to be crumbling away. But only very slowly, unfortunately.—*The Humorist.*

One advantage of being a married man is that if your wife shoots you it's only manslaughter.—*San Diego Union.*

The British Labor Government has established good relations with the Conservatives and Liberals, and is making considerable headway with the Labor members.—*New York Times.*

Experience must be a good school or so many people wouldn't be taking post-graduate courses.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Many a lamb is mourning for the nice warm wool he squandered on the chance of acquiring sables.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Strange as it may sound, those who remain on the level are usually those who rise the highest.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

The complete emancipation of woman will never be accomplished until some one invents a motorized can-opener.—*Arizona Producer.*

If some of our Senators are sons of the wild jackass, then we at least know what it was that made the jackass wild.—*American Lumberman.*

Senator Brookhart says tobacco stupefies the imagination. Well, for heaven's sake, Senator! Haven't you read any of the cigaret advertisements?—*Nashville Banner.*

That painting which won second prize while hanging on its side might have taken first place if hung upside down.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

One fellow who is going to be put on his feet by the market crash is the fellow who was buying a car on instalments.—*American Lumberman.*

As we understand Lobbyist Grundy's attitude, the backward States are those which have been pushed away from the trough the longest.—*Dallas News.*

Of course these are prosperous times, else how in the world could almost everybody have a few thousand dollars to lose bucking Wall Street?—*Leesburg (Fla.) Commercial.*

A favorite native dish in Honolulu is humhuhumunkununukuaakunaa. Even one portion of this would give most of us something to chew on.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Hollywood's young women have taken up cigar smoking. Another chance for the optimist to assert that the younger generation will come out all right if given plenty of rope!—*Chicago Daily News.*

Artists' model who is suing Harry K. Thaw for $100,000 damages charges that he spanked her with a hair-brush. It's a good thing for some of our grandmothers that the statute of limitations has run.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Statistics show that 5,000,000 persons are injured annually in their own homes. From which we deduce that 5,000,000 homes have screen doors and windows which have to be put up and taken down each spring and fall.—*Springfield Union.*

"What's the latest alarming news about bustles?" asks The Literary Digest. Surely they're not coming to the front?—*Tampa Tribune.*

Considering the close proximity of Canada to that part of the United States, it could be referred to as the Great Leaks Region.—*Leesburg (Fla.) Commercial.*

Old Guards and Young Guards at Washington seem to have been no more successful in making themselves intelligible than the guards on the subway.—*New York Times.*

A mechanical cotton-picker tested in Texas promises to reduce costs ten dollars a bale. Like the present type of picker, it would not be allowed to vote.—*The New Yorker.*

Funny that "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" should have gone over so big. The wedding of an unpainted doll these days would have created lots more excitement.—*Leesburg (Fla.) Commercial.*

Bernard Shaw says he might be willing to write an original movie plot for three billion dollars. It seems quite reasonable, since the outlay so far for the plot now in use has been about as much.—*Detroit News.*

The scientist who says that no two objects in the universe can be separated by more than 54,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles evidently never tried to reconcile two factions of a militant Democracy.—*Manchester Union.*

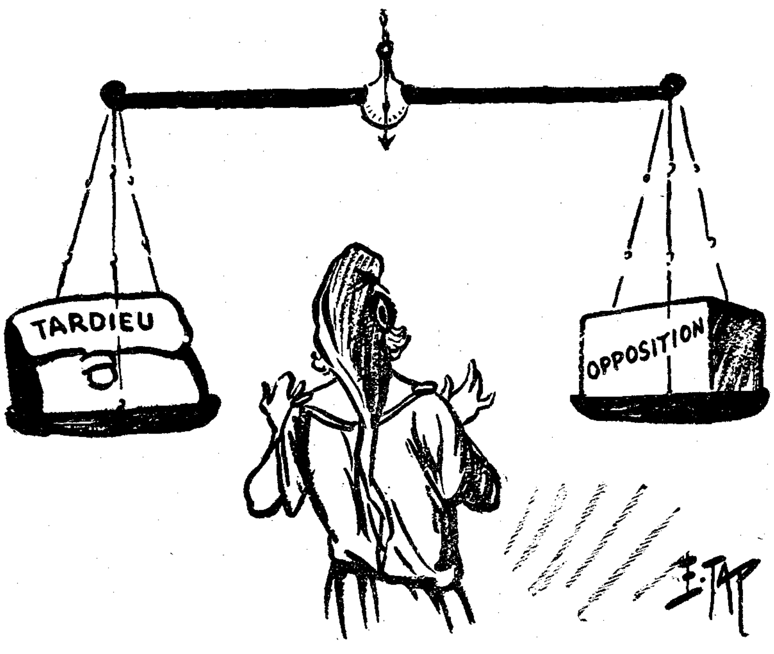
Friends of Mexico's new President, who has just been elected by 1,500,000 votes against 12,000 votes, are said to be demanding a recount. They insist there is something wrong in an opposition candidate's getting any votes at all.—*New York Times.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

ANDRÉ TARDIEU—FRANCE'S MAN OF THE HOUR

COCKSURE AS THE *CHANTICLEER* of Rostand's world-famous creation, who bade the sun rise when he crowed, André Tardieu, sometimes called the political heir of Clemenceau, is said to stride forth as France's "man of the hour" and new Premier. He has won his first challenge of confidence in the Chamber of Deputies on a platform loosely portrayed as "France for France in Europe" and "France for Hard Work and Self-Development at Home." "Here I am and here I stay" would seem to be the device of this French leader, who was known as Clemenceau's spokesman in the final days of the war. He is said to be proud of his work on the committee that drafted the reparations clauses and organized the system under which the Saar region has been administered since that time. Mr. Tardieu knew all along that sooner or later he would be called to the Premiership, says the Paris correspondent of the *Journal de Genève*, and perhaps "he would have preferred to wait a little longer before assuming the office." But, according to this informant, he is not one of those that let a chance go by. This correspondent reveals him as—

"A square-shouldered, solid-built man. Except for a shadow of mustache, he is clean-shaven. He has the forehead of a bull and prominent jaws somewhat voracious in line. His expression is rather hard. It indicates intelligence and will, but scarcely feeling or imagination. On these points, perhaps, the man may show defects, tho he is otherwise very remarkably endowed. Maybe from the most practical view-point it is a defect for a leader of men, who is liable to make mistakes if he does not keep in mind sufficiently the great part played by feeling and the emotions, and if he has not a sufficiently strong imagination to enable him to understand all sorts of states of mind.



MARIANNE: "He can hold them."

—*La Victoire* (Paris).

"The notion of age is a very strange one. It varies not only according to professions, but also according to individuals. Mr. Tardieu is just fifty-three years old, which is not old for a statesman. But the epithet 'young' is constantly used when talking of him. Mr. Poincaré was exactly the same age when he was elected President of the Republic, in 1913, and nobody considered him a young man. This is due not only to Poincaré's personality but also to the fact that he had been a Minister of State, twenty years before, which suggested the impression that he was an old politician."

It is noticed in various accounts of Mr. Tardieu that at twenty-one he entered the diplomatic service as an attaché in Berlin, thus finding occasion to study at close range the political structure of Imperial Germany. Early in the war, it is remembered in an article in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Mr. Tardieu served as an army officer, but later was appointed High Commissioner for France in the United States. His principal task was to conduct propaganda in the press in behalf of the French cause, and he did it skilfully. When he left France, it is also noted, he knew no English, but within six months was making frequent speeches in that language.

"WELL, HERE I AM"

So declares André Tardieu, France's new Premier, and he adds: "I am making plans to remain for some time."

Such is France's new Premier, who is spoken of by enthusiasts as the French Republic's "Man of the Hour." In the first vote of confidence testing his Government, and after vigorous speeches by the Premier and Mr. Briand, who starts another career as Foreign Minister, the Tardieu Ministry was supported by the unexpectedly large majority of 332 votes to 253. As the London *Nation* sees it—

"The course of the debate, and the explanations and qualifications wrung from Mr. Tardieu, show that the Deputies of the Right, to whom he must in part look for support, will scrutinize very jealously any concessions that can be construed as endangering France's 'material guaranties'; but the result of the division must be considered as giving Mr. Briand a mandate for the continuance of his foreign policy on, substantially, its old lines, and this, with the Five-Power Conference at hand, is reassuring.

"In the course of the debate Mr. Tardieu was able to announce the settlement of the difficult question at issue between the German Government and the former Allied Powers as to railways in the demilitarized zone. This difficulty arose from the fact that the increase of trade in those provinces called loudly for railway development, while French opinion was alarmed by the suspicion that the program of construction had a strategical object. A compromise has now been reached by which the Powers represented in the Ambassadors' Conference withdraw their objections to the development of railways required for economic purposes, on the understanding that Germany will demolish certain existing sidings and platforms which have a primarily military value, and will postpone for twelve years the construction of certain lines not immediately necessary for the economic development of the territories concerned. One more possible source of friction between Germany and her late enemies has thus been removed by the method of conciliation and mutual concessions so happily developed by Mr. Briand and the late Herr Stresemann."

Mr. Tardieu owes the vote of confidence to his personal ascendency and to his resource, thinks the London *Times*, rather than to his commendable boldness. His courageous program will increase his prestige in the country, but of itself would not have saved him from defeat in the first encounter with the Chamber, according to this newspaper, which adds:

From *L'Illustration*

WHEN PREMIER TARDIEU WAS IN THE TRENCHES

"It contained not an item to which the Left could object, and it very skilfully put the Socialist-Radicals, in particular, in the dilemma of having to reject a program they might themselves have drawn up or to support a bitterly hated opponent who had succeeded in forming a government where their own leaders had failed. Mr. Tardieu could enjoy the irony of their position, even if he had little hope of gaining their reluctant support. It is awkward for members of a legislature to have to vote against a program that accords with their own ideas, especially when it seems likely to commend itself to the electors outside. The Socialist-Radicals were well aware of the risk of voting against popular proposals; but they judged that with the present precarious balance of party strengths in the Chamber they could safely take that risk, in the hope that they might the sooner introduce similar proposals themselves. Their judgment may have been precipitate. Undoubtedly it was colored by their irritation at having been supplanted by Mr. Tardieu and his colleagues, when a little more skill in their negotiations during the recent crises might have put them in office; and irritation gives bad counsel. But, wisely or unwisely, the Socialist-Radicals, like the Socialists, refused to give even their provisional confidence to the new Government. The bold program won no converts from the Opposition; it was the group of doubting, hesitating Deputies on the Right that made Mr. Tardieu's victory so sweeping. And to gain their votes he had to be extremely adroit."

As the new Government owes the size of its majority—if not indeed its life—to the waverers on the Right, *The Times* thinks the causes of their hesitation and the reasons for their support, when it came to a vote, should be understood, for they turned upon an issue that affects not France alone but Europe. In the vigorous speech in which he outlined his plans, Mr. Tardieu defined the principles that would govern his foreign policy, and this newspaper goes on:

"He declared that he would do nothing to conflict with the right of the Chamber to ratify agreements; that he would put nothing before it that 'could in any degree diminish the material and moral guaranties of France's independence'; but that, subject to these reservations, he would 'not refuse any agreement calculated to allay irritation bequeathed by the past, but rather to strengthen the foundations of peace and to develop understanding and confidence between nations.'

"Coming from any other leader of a government, this wise and broad-minded declaration might at once have driven into revolt those Deputies on the Right who see in all the movements for the improvement of international relations during the last few years no more than a dangerous whittling away of the guaranties of French security; but as it came from Mr. Tardieu, the political heir of Mr. Poincaré, the student and upholder of the Treaty of Versailles, the trenchant critic of any policy of conciliation that might be considered to surrender too much or to hasten too rapidly, there was at first no undue alarm. But when Mr. Briand, in one of his finest speeches, declared that 'the foreign policy of France would be continued,' it was another matter. To a great many Deputies on the Right this policy, which has culminated in the agreements reached at The Hague, is abhorrent. They fear the Hague settlement so much that they joined with the Socialist-Radicals—whose approval of the settlement could not keep them out of an unnatural alliance—to wreck Mr. Briand's last Government. In particular, they doubt the wisdom of the undertaking given at The Hague for the withdrawal of the French troops from the third of the Rhineland Zones of Occupation. Their anxiety grew as Mr. Briand spoke, and but for their confidence in Mr. Tardieu, it might not have been allayed."

As to Mr. Tardieu's personal outlook on the future, it may be gathered from his statement to Edwin L. James of the New York *Times*, which is set down in a Paris cable dispatch as follows: "Well, here I am, four years ahead of the schedule, and I am making plans to remain for some time."

MUSSOLINI ADVISES HUNGARY—With a restraint unusual in Italy's Dictator, he has given earnest counsel to the people of Hungary on their home problems. Naturally he urges combined effort of all Hungary's national forces in order that the country may realize its highest expectations. But to the surprize of some editors he shows distinct aversion from anything like a suggestion that Hungary should follow Italy's example in the way of government. As quoted by the Rome correspondent of the Budapest *Hirlap*, he says flatly that no people can achieve results of historic value by abandoning their own traditions. Then he points out:

"Every form of government is the consequence of social conditions, of economic needs, and of the intellectual life of a nation. I have no faith in the vitality of ideas artificially imported from another country, any more than I believe that a purely theoretical concept is suitable to all peoples and to all political atmospheres.

"I have it against democracy, as I have already declared, that it makes *a priori* a type of man or of nation, and that subsequently it really believes that this man or this nation exists. Herein generally lie the origins of the great deceptions and the great tragedies of history.

"As far as Hungary is especially concerned, it will find within itself, in its glorious history, in its thousand years of past, and in its old constitution the political form appropriate to its life and its evolution."

On the subject of the movement for constitutional revision in Hungary, Italy's Dictator-Premier is reported as saying:

"As to this grave problem I can only repeat what I declared in the Senate last year, and to the general approbation of the assembly: 'Hungary can count on the friendship of Italy!' For a thousand years Hungary has filled an historic rôle of high importance in the Danube basin. The Hungarian people, patriotic and conscious of their strength, are persistent workers for peace. They deserve a better fate, and it is to be wished that in the interest of Europe, equally as in the interest of peace in Europe, that the destiny of Hungary should take a turn for the better."

A CLOSE-UP OF RUSSIA'S "BIG BOSS"

THE AUTOCRATIC CZARS of Russia's imperial years were no more absolute or despotic, it appears, than is Joseph Stalin, Russia's Big Boss. His power is said to be infinitely greater than that of Lenin, his predecessor. Altho he is dreaded by the Communists, we are told that they also revere him, because they feel that without Stalin the Soviet Government would go to pieces. As pictured by a Russian who ought to know, G. Bessyedovsky, the former Soviet Ambassador at Paris, Stalin is both ignorant and brutal, but he is strong and his strength is respected. Mr. Bessyedovsky will be remembered as having figured in THE LITERARY DIGEST for November 9, when he fled from the Soviet Embassy in Paris and took refuge in a French police station. He is now contributing "revelations" about the Soviet Government to an anti-Bolshevik Russian daily, *Posslyednia Novosti* (Paris), in one of which he says:

"WORLD REVOLUTION NEAR"

This is the firm belief of Joseph Stalin, Russia's Big Boss, and a former Soviet Ambassador says it is based on diplomatic "lies" he hears from his envoys in the great capitals of the world.

> "Stalin lives at Gorky, a suburb of Moscow, in the house where Lenin, when stricken with paralysis, spent the last months of his life. Stalin's house is daily guarded by fifteen members of the Ogpu, or Secret Police. Every morning an impeccable Rolls-Royce limousine takes him to Moscow. Of course, in this car there also ride agents of the Ogpu. A second car following it is filled with them, and the whole road from Gorky to Moscow is heavily guarded.
>
> "All day long Stalin works. He spends from sixteen to eighteen hours a day in the Kremlin. He hardly has any private life. Three years ago, he decided to get rid of his old wife and to take a young one. But he had no time to go to the registration bureau, and so the divorce was contrived 'by correspondence.'
>
> "What became of his old wife, I do not know. The new wife recently bore him a child. She is a member of the Communist party, as was the former one. Few people saw his old wife, and few see his new one. Stalin keeps her at Gorky in seclusion, as in an Oriental harem. He is a despot not only in politics, but also in friendship and in love. He is pitiless in both these feelings. Here, too, he has the characteristics of an Asiatic satrap who tolerates no obstacles in his path. When his old friend Kamo, with whom he organized armed raids on banks, in the days of Czarism, was recently run over by an automobile in Tiflis, Stalin, in wrath, sent a telegram to the Tiflis Ogpu: 'Shoot the driver at once.' Altho the driver was not at fault, and altho he was also a Communist, he was shot without trial. When Pyatakov, a noted Communist, fell seriously ill from the excess of drinking, Stalin, beside himself with anger, called the physicians and ordered them: 'Cure him in two weeks!' And Pyatakov was cured."

There is something amusing in Mr. Bessyedovsky's next statement that Stalin is "the only one of the leading Communists who still believes in a world revolution." According to this informant, Stalin is sincere in his belief that the Soviet Economic System is a sound one. So he thinks, in fact, is confident, we are told, that his life work is to maintain the unity of the Communist party until the day comes, despite all setbacks, when the world revolution will set the globe ablaze.

Yet Mr. Bessyedovsky gives a reason for Mr. Stalin's faith in the great day of upheaval. Soviet Russia's Ambassadors and envoys, and other agents in foreign countries, we are told, are constantly wiring to the Political Bureau of the Communist party from Paris, Berlin, Stockholm, Rome, Tokyo, and other great cities that: "The revolutionary process in these countries is developing relentlessly." These men have to lie, it is claimed, for if they were to wire the truth, namely, that there is no sign of the coming of the world revolution, they would be "accused by Stalin of heresy, and then fired from their job."

Outside of Stalin there is no commanding figure in Russia, we are then advised, for all the so-called leading Communists, People's Commissars, and others are in reality Stalin's submissive servants. They dare not initiate anything, they don't even dare to say what they think, if the thought should be an unpleasant one for Stalin, and this one-time Paris representative of Stalin adds:

> "Stalin has files containing the detailed record of every more or less important member of the party. So long as a member of the party is docile and obedient, his record remains in the desk. But as soon as he begins to display independence of mind, or spirit of criticism, his record is produced. His little mistakes and sins, known, it might seem, to no one, are used as a pretext for meting out punishment to him; and trial, exile, or even execution awaits the unfortunate."

NEW PEACE BUTTRESS IN EASTERN EUROPE

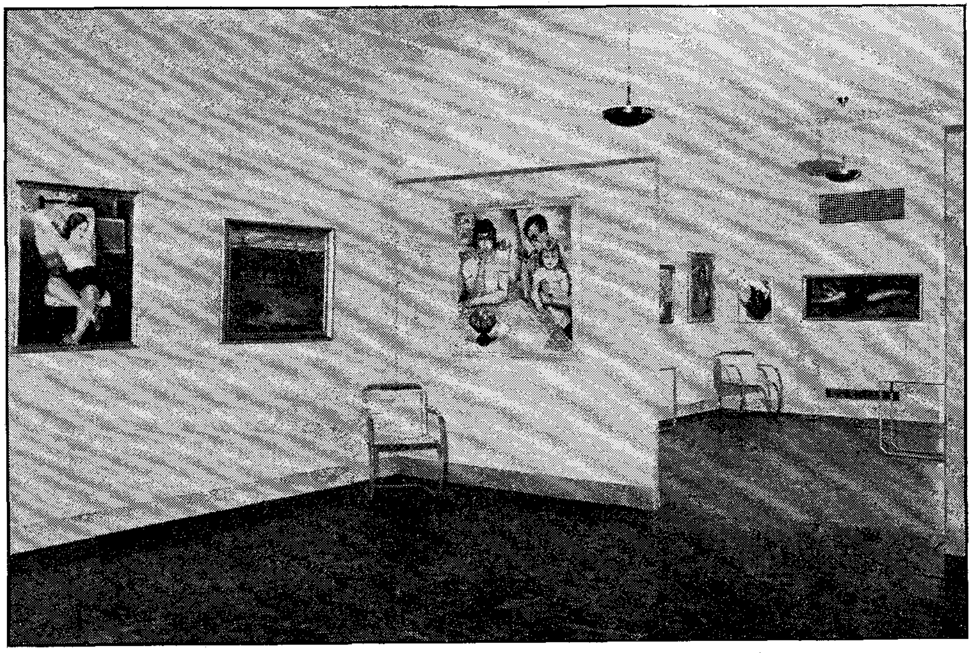
ELEVEN YEARS AFTER the Armistice, Germany and Poland come to an agreement that is said finally and surely to put an end to the war in Eastern Europe. The accord signed by both countries, we learn from the press, wipes out all grievances, contentions, and claims that resulted from the war. And now European newspapers note with cheer that the way is open to a further German-Polish arrangement that will bring succor to German industry, which is in need of markets, and to Polish farm products burdened with prices that are too low. A well-informed observer, Henry de Korab, a special Warsaw correspondent of the Paris *Matin*, declares that important as this agreement is in itself, it becomes even more important when it is considered as a decisive step in the policy of "liquidating the war in Eastern Europe." He tells us then that this policy is the pendant of the Young plan in the West. It was not so easy to carry out, for it was violently opposed by such personages as Stalin, the dictator of Russia, and Hugenberg, the Nationalist firebrand of Germany. After the Armistice, it is recalled, one might have spoken with a semblance of truth about the "Balkanization of Europe," and this correspondent goes on:

> "In France I knew certain persons who were worried when they studied the new map of Europe showing a string of large and small States extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea, with their staked boundary lines moved several hundreds of kilometers and forming points of inevitable friction and nesting-places of discontent. The fact is there were more than 150,000,000 people indulging constantly in mutual hostility. Now, whether through a miracle or simply through patience and good-will, all these war-born States, or States greatly enlarged in consequence of the war, have succeeded in grouping themselves together on the basis of common interest. A few days ago the Moscow *Isviestia* said:
>
> 'Mr. Zaleski, Poland's Minister of Foreign Affairs, has succeeded in erecting a common front against the Soviet Government through his successive journeys to Budapest and Bucharest and through his policy with regard to Czechoslovakia and the Baltic States.'
>
> "Let us remember the fact and give no heed to the comment on it. The ten States have established a common front against no one. Their aim is not a negative one, but a positive one, which is to create a 'European climate' from the shores of the Baltic down to the neighborhood of the Bosporus."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

ATLANTIC CITY GOES ARTISTIC



MODERN ART FLOURISHES IN ATLANTIC CITY

The municipal gallery where modern art draws a crowd comparable to that of the Bathing Beauties.

"MODERN ART IS HERE, so you'd better get used to it." This advice was given in Atlantic City, where bathing beauties formerly held sway as the highest esthetic expression. Marble and paint now are the competitors of the beauty show, and the Atlantic City Art Association, established in the new Municipal Gallery, bids fair to be the more potent attraction. It is another sign that modern art is coming to the fore. The first exhibition, which began on June 18, "generally met with the approval heretofore reserved for the various Misses America," says Aaron Marc Stein, in the New York *Evening Post*. That "Atlantic City has been fired with the ambition to do something for American art" is taken as a sign of the times. The Atlantic City Art Association began its career with two small local exhibitions. But with the influx of summer visitors came a show on a national scale:

"The city has contributed the furnishings, light and heat, and the services of guards at the entrances. The Atlantic City Art Association meets the expense of the gallery staff, of collecting, transporting, and installing exhibits, of the insurance on exhibits, and all similar costs.

"The association's funds were supplemented by private contributions. The list of contributors gives ample indication of Atlantic City's faith that American art was destined for a popular appeal. The boardwalk hotels are conspicuous among the contributors, especially the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, the management of which is so much interested in the development of this new ideal of beauty for Atlantic City that the name of the hotel also appears on the list of purchasers of works of art from the summer exhibition.

"Mr. Stern selected the works of art for exhibition with the assistance of Edith G. Halpert, director of the Downtown Gallery, New York, and Holger Cahill of the Newark Museum. A catalog was printed, with a cover by Louis Lozowick, a young American artist, favorably known for his lithographs of American industrial subjects; and the interior of the gallery was prepared to house the exhibits by Donald Deskey, a New York interior architect, whose work at the Designers' Gallery on Fifty-seventh Street won much praise last year. He designed a set of partitions, selected the furniture, and built the pedestals for the sculpture.

"The exhibition opened on June 18, and crowds thronged in from the Boardwalk to look at modern American art. On holidays the gallery was even overcrowded.

"Some of the exhibits were signed with familiar names, and some were the work of young men, men virtually new to the exhibition room. All but a few of the exhibitors, however, had never shown their work to crowds so large before. Even those who had many shows to their credit had appeared only in the small galleries frequented only by the few odd individuals who have been conscious of contemporary American painting and sculpture."

The many who came, we are told, were rewarded, "not by safely academic offerings, but by the products of the leaders and followers of the new spirit and the new principles." Some, it seems, found the "reward" dubious:

"There were a few who exprest disappointment at the highly advanced character of the exhibits, but even they remained to look.

"One lady, a gallery visitor, complained to one of the guards.

"'I don't like these modern pictures,' she said. 'I think they are ugly.'

"'Well, ma'am,' was the reply, 'they're here. They're here to stay, and you'd better get used to them.'

"The lady made another circuit of the gallery, doing her best to 'get used to them.'

"The exhibition, however, generally met with the approval heretofore reserved for the various Misses America. The percentage of sales was 10, and the buyers evinced no academic prejudices."

In the introduction to the catalog, Holger Cahill expresses the convictions that are behind the effort made here:

"This first exhibition in the Municipal Art Gallery is the expression of a faith in contemporary American art, and of a belief in the vital significance of the artists' contribution to our civilization. It has often been said that to understand a civilization we must first know its art. In recent years our museums and our rich collectors have spent millions to acquaint us with the art and life of other peoples and other times. Yet our museums and collectors, with some notable exceptions, judged by the attention which they have given to American art, have made little effort to acquaint Americans with their own civilization.

"In past times it was possible to answer that, aside from the work of a few painters, America produced little which a disinterested critic would call art. That answer is not possible to-day. American art has definitely arrived. It has long since passed the provincial stage. Heretofore our artists and collectors have looked to Europe as the center of world art, but to-day there are signs that the center is shifting westward.

"The exhibition committee, in expressing its faith in contemporary American art, is not turning its back upon the art of the past. It believes, however, that the art of the past lives in the art of the present, in the work of men and women who are contributing to the development of contemporary art, and whose loyalty is given to the tradition of art itself and not to formulas which have been dignified with the name of tradition.

"The art of our time must be created out of the life and thought of our time. In presenting its selection of contemporary American art, the exhibition committee takes as its thesis the statement of the distinguished scientist and educator, Alfred North Whitehead, in his collection of essays, 'The Aims of Education,' that: 'The only use of a knowledge of the past is to equip us for the present. . . . The present contains all that there is. It is holy ground, for it is the past and it is the future.'"

SCISSORING THE FILMS IN THE EAST—Film censorship in the Orient needs no hints from the West. "Most of the censors take their job seriously, and apparently feel that they are not doing their duty satisfactorily unless something is eliminated from every picture." This is the information passed on by the New York *Herald Tribune*, where we read:

"Frequently pictures are so badly butchered they can not be used. 'The Volga Boatman' suffered elimination of the entire portion of the film dealing with the Soviet revolution, leaving the picture practically meaningless.

"In Hongkong the motion-picture censor happens to be a judge. As he was accustomed to hold court at the only hour when the local theater could be obtained for viewing pictures, it was necessary for the film companies to install a portable machine in his home at a cost of approximately $12,000.

"Singapore, according to Far Eastern film dealers, is a close rival of Tokyo for censorship rigors. Fully 50 per cent. of the pictures imported are banned, it is said. For example, 'The Iron Horse,' a film depicting the story of the building of the first transcontinental railway in the United States, was banned by the censors on the grounds that it was 'unnecessary American propaganda.'

"The board of censors in Shanghai is made up of police officials and representative foreign residents. The board recently refused to allow the showing of a Fox Movietone film reproducing a speech made by Foreign Minister C. T. Wang, on the subject of extraterritoriality. The reason given was that it was feared the film might arouse antiforeign feeling, and create a disturbance. The same film was released in theaters in the United States in June.

"The future of sound pictures in China, under present conditions, is necessarily limited, since there are few theaters outside of Shanghai that can be adapted for sound reproduction and few audiences who understand enough English to appreciate pure dialog. Musical pictures and sound effects, however, find a sympathetic audience in China even among the class of theater patrons who do not understand English."

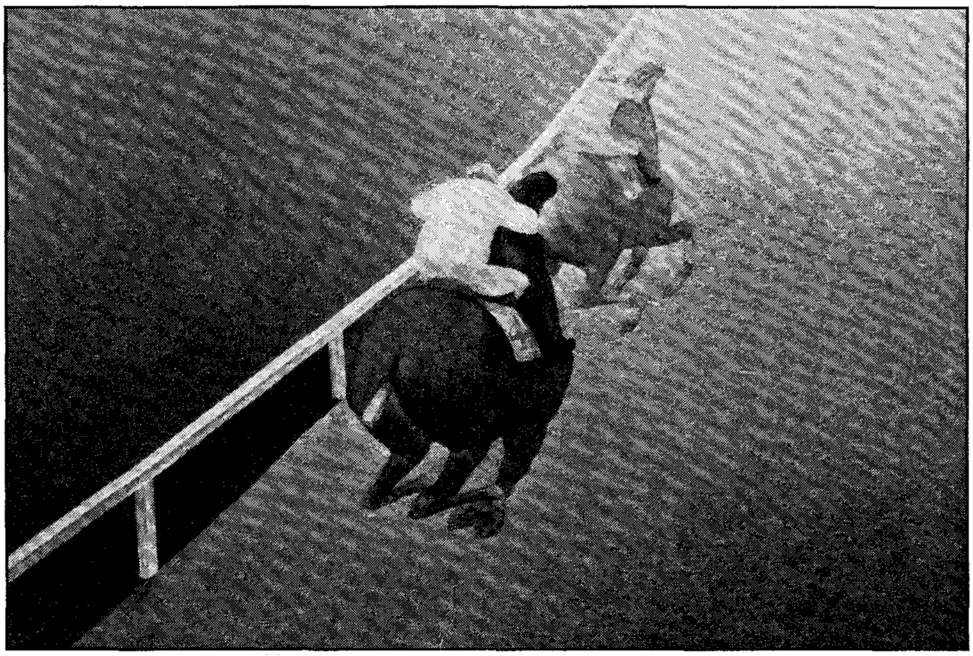
In Tokyo the case is severest of all:

"Pictures to be shown in Tokyo must run the gantlet of a dual censorship before they may be released. First, they are viewed and criticized by the Yokohama customs officials. After those gentlemen have eliminated everything that savors of 'dangerous thought,' the Tokyo police officials get their turn with the scissors. The result of wholesale and frequently indiscriminate cutting of dialog pictures means a film whose continuity, as far as the dialog is concerned, is likely to be hopelessly impaired.

"A Tokyo representative of an American film company with whom the writer recently discust the situation, stated that it now costs film importers an average of 1,028 *yen* or $500 a picture for the expenses incidental to censorship."

"BOLERO"—A MUSICAL EARTHQUAKE

HISSES HAVE FOLLOWED THE RENDITION of much modern music, but joy would have warmed the heart of the Frenchman, Ravel, to hear the shouts and plaudits following Toscanini's conducting of his "Bolero." The composition is a year old, and was presented, two weeks ago, for the first time in New York. Carnegie Hall rocked; and music critics were rapt out of their megrims in describing the effect of this electric composition. The music depicts a Spanish dance, and in the analysis by Olin Downs of the New York *Times*, shows that "this master of modern musical speech builds his tonal structure over the simplest possible harmonic bass, and makes exactly one modulation from key, at the final climax." Further:


ARNOLD FRIEDMAN'S "RACE TRACK"

Went from the Atlantic City gallery to hang permanently in the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel.

"The piece is in itself a school of orchestration. It is not great music, but the craft, the virtuosity, the racial understanding in it—Ravel was born, remember, in Ciboure—are really thrilling. It is no more nor less than a '*jeu d'esprit*' by two masters—the one of the means of composition, the other of the interpreting orchestra. They held carnival together, and it was not astonishing that the audience shouted."

The critic of *The Morning Telegraph* purges himself by translating his emotion into words:

"For twenty minutes or more 'Bolero,' the new work of the Frenchman, Ravel, was unwound for the first time in America, by Arturo Toscanini, yesterday and Thursday, at Carnegie Hall.

"When 'Bolero' had completed perhaps ten minutes of sinuous way, I gasped and prest my heart, which pounded. When another five minutes had passed, one thought possest me: 'Marvelous, miraculous music; fundamental, simple, primitive, low-down, earthy, but the essence, the pure residue, the actual metal.'

"When 'Bolero' had its première in Paris a year ago, Ida Rubenstein, to whom the score is dedicated, danced to its measures, depicting a scene in an inn in Spain. 'A woman dances on a trestle table; the men who surround her, calm at first, work to a frenzy, knives are drawn, the woman is tossed from arm to arm, her partner intervenes, and they dance until dawn.' So the program note read. I could see that woman, behold the mob, fiery-nostriled, blood-boiling.

"When, after the theme had been tasted, chewed, digested, thrown about, tossed, kneaded, jumped upon, and finally the whole orchestra in one ferocious, savage ensemble fought for it, piling one upon another, I knew another moment and I should go mad.

"Suddenly: disintegration, the fiendish phrase breaks to pieces, a crash—and silence.

"So was played the foremost new work for orchestra, of at least a decade. Personally, I do not recall any première to have been received with such a reception as was given it by the emotion-loosed audience. The yells and hand-clapping came down like an earthquake. It did not subside. And even after Toscanini had tapped for the next opening, the applause broke out afresh.

"No music anywhere in the city has been acclaimed in this season in such manner."

"EQUITY" HITS INEQUITY

SUNDAY SHOWS ON BROADWAY have been turned down by the Actors Equity Association. It was a manager's proposal "to save the drama from financial ruin." The speakies, it is claimed, get all the dough. The actors, however, offered to compromise if the managers would abolish ticket speculators, and put a stop to "the discourtesy and supercilious insolence practised in most of the theaters by box-office attendants and other employees." Mr. F. P. Dunn, Jr., puts it thus in the New York *World:*

"In effect, this resolution implied that the managers, while pretending to abhor the speculators, whose exorbitant charges are supposed to have injured the theater immeasurably, are in league with these surreptitious gentlemen and, in fact, are sharing in the money the speculators make. Lest there be any doubt that this is what the resolution meant, the charge was put even more plainly in certain of the speeches which preceded the vote.

"None was more outspoken than Eddie Cantor, the comedian of 'Whoopee,' who is now playing what he insists is his final week on Broadway.

"Arch Selwyn called Mr. Cantor's allegation 'baseless and generally untrue.' He did say that there were some producers who aid in gouging the public, but insisted that you can not tar all the managers with the same brush.

"This aroused Mr. Cantor's wrath, and he cleared his throat and challenged any or all the producers to a public debate on the subject. 'Most producers,' he said yesterday, 'are working hand in hand with the ticket speculators by forcing them to buy seats for plays that are failures, and the same speculators must charge fabulous prices for the seats for successes. And if producers are not friendly with speculators, why do some of them borrow money in large sums from these speculators? Does Mr. Selwyn want me to mention any names?'

"In fairness, tho, we must give credit to a good many of the managers for their honest efforts to get rid of speculators."

MODERN, YET—

With all the power and austerity of the antique is this "Head," by Maurice Sterne, exhibited in Atlantic City.

Theater-ticket sharks were never busier or bolder in New York than at the present moment, admits *The Evening World*, but the situation is not wholly the result of machinations of managers and speculators:

"So far from discouraging them, the Federal Government's recent move to collect its due tax levy on their profits has merely given them a new sanction and a firmer grip. To keep up profits after paying the tax, they simply boost their prices. From $12 to $15 a seat for the most popular shows now running is a regular and accepted gouge. The best seats for these shows are almost all in the hands of the speculators—the fair-dealing, fifty-cent-advance agencies get very few. Nor does anybody believe these conditions could exist unless the manager of the successful show was in cahoots with the gouger.

"But where Equity makes a rather pathetic mistake is in assuming that the whole theater-going public in this city is longing to be delivered from the clutches of the ticket sharks. Such is, unfortunately, not the case. A large part of the public welcomes the ticket shark, because he enables it to outbid another part of the public for the privilege of going to the 'big hit.' Between its native 'spenders' and its lively visitors who rather like to go home and boast of what they had to pay for a couple of tickets to see a New York show, this town provides a constant high-pressure crowd of theatergoers, big enough and lavish enough to fill the best seats at 'knockout successes,' night after night for weeks and even months, at any prices the speculator has the nerve to charge.

"That is what makes this city different from other cities when it comes to the theater problem. That is why the humbler part of the theatergoing public in New York has to wait a long time to see some shows, and why its 'good-will' only becomes an object of solicitude to managers when the latter are not putting out the S. R. O. sign.

"As a compromise, why not try Sunday performances in this city with all speculators forbidden to touch a Sunday ticket? That would be a godsend to the theatergoer who can't afford to spend $20 or $30 to take his wife to the theater. It would leave plenty of other nights for sportier theatergoers who don't think a show can be 'any good' unless they have to pay a shark a fancy price for seats. But don't underestimate the current numbers of this latter type of theatergoer in New York. He flourishes and multiplies. And he's the patron of the sharks—not their prey."

WHY DESPISE THE BALLAD?

YOU CAN NOT SING of beautiful things in ragtime. The one who says this, John McCormack, has tested the public pulse for song, and ought to know. What he advocates in *The Daily Mail* (London) is more consideration for the ballad in the concert-hall. He thinks it has gone with antimacassars, waspy waists, and other characteristics of a bygone age. But his own experience sustains the ballad's claims:

"I should not hesitate in singing an occasional song of the ballad type, and from personal experience I know that the ballad, far from having perverted popular taste, has done a great deal in the cause of good music.

"I have found that the ballad has been the means by which I have persuaded my public gladly to receive the greater things of music. I do not regret a single song I have sung on the platform, and I do not feel, like some artists, that the fact that I have been attracted by this type of music should be kept dark and hidden like a doubtful past.

"'Mother Machree' is one of the most popular songs I have ever learnt, and I am sure that many people who came to hear me sing this particular number stayed to listen to Bach and Schubert.

"The difficulty with the ordinary man is that he is often frightened by a name. Call a song an 'aria' or 'Lieder' and he is not interested, but give it a name like 'Love's Old Sweet Song,' and it is played in every home. The name ballad holds no terror for many who regard foreign words as bogies.

"The prejudice against ballads probably arose over the large number of second-rate pieces of music that were produced and given the label.

"The complaint of many highbrows is that ballads are 'sloppy.'

"This is, possibly, because they sometimes deal with homely matters, such as love. But after all, the songs of Schubert and Schumann, to which the highbrow will listen contentedly for hours, have texts which are often extremely sentimental, if not 'sloppy.'

"The ballads to which I refer, of course, have nothing to do with jazz. It is unfortunate that dance music and songs have become so closely connected, and that the first thing a publisher asks about a new song is, 'Will it make a good dance?' You can not sing of beautiful things in ragtime, nor have anything worth while in the words of a fox-trot."

ANOTHER GERMAN NOBEL PRIZE MAN

THORNTON WILDER AND SINCLAIR LEWIS were possible candidates for this year's Nobel prize for literature. So was Remarque, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front." But it went to Thomas Mann, another German, whose "Magic Mountain" and "Death in Venice" have made his name somewhat familiar in America. His first novel, "Buddenbrooks," is said to be the most widely read novel in Germany, and this after a quarter of a century. Regret is exprest by the Des Moines *Tribune* that the generous prize does not go to Remarque. This year it amounts to $46,299. Herr Remarque may have more than this sum to his credit in royalties; but the *Tribune's* wish is based on the writer's great plea for peace. Perhaps the Peace prize, not yet announced, may find him worthy. Besides, Thomas Mann's achievements stretch over a quarter of a century. The Macon *Telegraph* prints a succinct account of Mann's life, with a few words of comment:

International Newsreel photograph

BECOMES INTERNATIONAL

By receiving the Nobel Prize for literature—the German novelist, Thomas Mann.

"Mann was born in Lübeck, June 6, 1875, and during his school days in a North German gymnasium he did not distinguish himself particularly in scholarship. He was interested, however, in publishing a magazine called *Journal of Art, Literature and Philosophy.* His school days over, Mann was sent to Munich, where he was destined for a life of business in a fire-insurance office. During his leisure time he wrote a novel, 'Gefallen,' which attracted attention to his talent.

"In 1903 appeared Mann's 'Buddenbrooks,' a novel which has been a steady favorite in Germany. It went through fifty editions in ten years. It was a family novel, showing the disintegration of a German noble family. A large part of the book, observers claimed, was autobiographical.

"Thomas Mann's greatest work is 'The Magic Mountain,' published in this country two years ago. The theater of the Magic Mountain is a tuberculosis sanitarium in the Swiss mountains—a community organized with exclusive reference to ill health. In his symbol the author embodies the diseased capitalistic society of prewar Europe—the world which made war inevitable.

"Mann's philosophy is said to revolve around the idea that intellectual type is not the ideal toward which evolution moves, but, instead, the man of action. All of his writing constitutes a rejection in literature of the intellectual as an unhealthy growth upon the main body of humanity."

The New York *Herald Tribune* gives some additional light upon the man, perhaps better known here by his books than through them:

"Thomas Mann writes in another mood than that prevailing in the current crop of American novelists. 'The most responsible of living artists,' he was called at his fiftieth birthday. It is difficult to reconcile his serious work with the fact that he began his literary career as an editor of *Simplicissimus*, the Munich *Punch.* Literature is to him, as he himself puts it, 'a heroic activity, a consecrated life'; and if he is never the crusader, the music of humanity rings in his every page. '"The Magic Mountain,"' Ludwig Lewisohn wrote, 'is such a novel as H. G. Wells might have written had he added philosophic to scientific culture, and were by temper a great artist rather than an eager propagandist and a telling journalist.' It is a prose epic, a philosophic symphony which in novel form seeks to affirm, picture, and pass judgment upon an era, and does so without the sense of putrefaction which marks so many lesser efforts to epitomize the age.

"To the solid bourgeois qualities of his Lübeck ancestors—his father was a merchant and a Senator in the little Hanseatic free city—Mann adds a Latin quality which he may have inherited from his Brazilian mother. 'Death in Venice' includes, even in inadequate translation, some of the most exquisite prose poetry of our day.

"In honoring Thomas Mann the Swedish Academy gave new luster to the Nobel prizes, for it gave its laurels to a man already recognized as a great world citizen."

The Nation states Thomas Mann's relation to English authors, and shows wherein he has outdistanced them:

"'Buddenbrooks' links Mann with the tradition of Galsworthy and Wells, but he begins, both as an artist and a thinker, where they leave off. He has obviously found both the form and the content of the works produced by their school inadequate, and he has succeeded in creating something new. On the intellectual side his work reveals a shift from politics and sociology in the direction of metaphysics and philosophy; on the formal side, a shift from literal realism in the direction of a more highly imaginative method which makes use of acute observation, but is not content with mere reproduction. 'The Magic Mountain,' in particular, is an answer to those who have asked for something radically new in fiction, because they have felt that sociological realism was played out. It belongs to no established genre, and thus, tho its author is by no means a young man, the Nobel Prize Committee may be said to have honored one who belongs rather to the future than to the past. Thomas Mann is a prophet, not in the sense that he has predicted future events, but in the sense that he seems to have anticipated the problems and the interests of a time subsequent to that in which he writes."

THE COVER—The cover to-day carries us to Oriental lands. The shimmering mosque contrasts finely with the dark masses of vegetation, some of it semitropical. The painter, Harold Putnam Browne, is an American by birth and tradition, but he has been described as "a nomad of art." Mr. Robert Lowe Hall, who gives him this sobriquet in the introduction to a recent catalog of an exhibition, proceeds in an account of the sources of the artist's inspirations:

"He was only four years old when he first crossed the Atlantic, thus early beginning the travels which in later life were to be the chief inspiration of his artisthood, and were to offer him the subjects he likes best to paint. Everywhere he has sought beauty; everywhere he has found it. And always growth of technical skill has kept pace with vision and imagination. . . .

"It would seem a far leap from the new lands of the Western world to the East, to Africa and the inscrutable past. But for this artist-traveler distance is no impediment, is, indeed a challenge, an allurement that beckons him toward undiscovered beauty. And so, stopping *en passant* among the Alps, pausing a few weeks in lovely vales of Thessaly, making his way through legendary cities of Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, he came at last to Egypt. A strange confrontation it was, surely, when this eager young American of the twentieth century stood face to face with the old, old magic and mystery of the East."

Harold Putnam Browne was born in Danvers, Massachusetts, U. S. A., in 1894. He obtained his elementary schooling in the United States, France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, pursuing his professional studies at the Art Students League of New York City, the Académie Colorassi, and the Académie Julian in Paris, the Heymann Schüle Für Kunst in Munich, and in Venice, and Florence, Italy.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

P. & A. photograph

"ALL WE KNOW," SAYS CARDINAL O'CONNELL, "IS WHAT WE SEE WITH OUR EYES"

Some of the thousands who visited the grave of Father Patrick J. Power at Malden, Massachusetts, where, it is claimed, miraculous cures have been wrought. Crippled children are said to have been healed, the blind made to see, and the dumb made to talk.

THE "MIRACLES" AT MALDEN

MIRACULOUS CURES REPORTED at the grave of a simple priest who died sixty years ago recently attracted more than a million people to Malden, Massachusetts, and made it the center of the most remarkable pilgrimage in the history of the Western continent. Indeed, tho the Roman Catholic Church moves slowly in such matters, and sometimes takes years for a thorough and painstaking investigation, there is already talk of a shrine at Malden such as that of Our Lady of Lourdes in France and of Ste. Anne de Beaupré in Canada. Pending such an investigation, Cardinal O'Connell ordered the cemetery closed to pilgrims on November 25. During the pilgrimage, men, women, and children from all walks of life, and even of the Protestant and Jewish faiths, journeyed to the grave of Father Patrick J. Power in Holy Cross Cemetery, and many reported themselves cured. However, some of the reputed cures are attributed to hysteria, and one man, suffering from a tumor, who made the pilgrimage from Manchester, New Hampshire, in an ambulance, died shortly after. Be that as it may, the New England press devoted columns of space to the remarkable scenes enacted at the tomb of the humble priest, and published long lists of pilgrims who are said to have flung away crutches and braces and sprung to their feet, of blind who have been made to see, of bedridden who have been made to walk. Cardinal O'Connell, who visited the scene, declined to comment on this tremendous display of reverence and belief. "I have nothing to say," he replied to the inquiries of newspaper men, we read in the dispatches. "All we know is what we see with our eyes, and you can see as much as I can."

A local observer, the Boston *Herald*, says that some will find in this phenomenon evidence that "the temper of the age is not materialistic; that the people of this machine civilization are essentially religious. Some philosophers will construe it as a wholesome offset to the derision of religion in Russia. Some will say that a tide of wild hysteria is engulfing us. Some will talk profoundly about mob psychology, mass sentimentality, emotional surge." What *The Herald* wishes to point out is that, "regardless of the ultimate explanation of the phenomenon, the day and night processions of multitudes to the Malden grave are a subject which may well engage the thoughts of all serious people, Christians and non-Christians." Just how the idea originated that miraculous cures could be effected at this grave is not known, we are told. For years there had been occasional word-of-mouth reports of such healings. More recently the reputed cure of a young girl was published, and the news became wide-spread. Then the great pilgrimage began.

Were cures actually wrought at the grave of this priest? Multitudes believe so, writes F. Lauriston Bullard, editorial correspondent of the New York *Times*, who visited the scene, and gives us a graphic description of what occurred there:

"Children are said to have hobbled to the tomb on crutches and departed therefrom with the crutches under their arms. A young woman in a plaster cast, pronounced incurable in a hospital, for eighteen months unable to walk, is said to have left the cast on the steps to the sanctuary in the chapel in the cemetery, and to have amazed her physicians by the change that has been wrought in her body. A woman with defective eyesight left her glasses on the stone. A dumb boy is reported to have become able to speak. A real-estate dealer announces that his son, whose legs had been paralyzed, is now able to walk. Perhaps twoscore of such cases have been reported, and perhaps there are many others of which the public has no information.

"The scenes at the cemetery have been poignant and impressive to all the thoughtful, a marvel to the ordinary onlooker. The visitors file past the tomb in two lines; they make the sign of the cross, kneel beside the slab, dip a handkerchief in the chalice, scoop a handful of earth from the ground at the head or foot of the grave, kiss the marble and toss an offering into a box placed for the reception of gifts. Sometimes they leave canes, jewelry, or flowers on the marble itself. Occasionally a woman, overcome by the intensity of her emotions, shrieks and faints. Fathers carry paralyzed children to kiss the chalice. Families come with jars and vases in the rain to carry away some of the water that falls on the slab and fills the chalice. It is told that on the rainy Sunday the stone always was dry, for nobody passed without saturating a handkerchief. This young girl leads a white-haired old man; he is blind. This weeping mother is unable to reach the grave with her little girl, born dumb. The scenes are calculated to rebuke irreverence."

"It is significant news for those who say that America is sunk in materialism, and that religion has no place in the experience of the nation," remarks the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, while the Hartford *Courant* thinks that "we may well wait until the Church concerned has made its own investigation." But, as the New York *Herald Tribune* sees it:

> "Miracles have happened at this grave, if that is the word for them. Science, to be sure, explains the cure that has blest the occasional pilgrim in the vast throng by referring to his ailment as the product of hysteria. As the victim of a mental state, it says, he becomes whole by the substitution of another mental state induced by an act of faith. This sounds entirely plausible, and yet where would it leave the victim were he to embrace it instead of the faith that is in him? After all, even science says the curative agent is faith, so perhaps the instinct that clings to it amid the welter of modern gadgets and scientific reasonings has its own rationalistic basis—at least until psychology and the science of medicine have advanced far beyond their present status."

International Newsreel photograph.

WAITING FOR A MIRACLE

A little paralytic cripple being laid on the grave of Father Power in the hope and faith that he will be healed by divine intercession.

However, the Baltimore *Sun* notes that in at least three cases it is denied that a miracle was performed, and it believes that the resulting skepticism "is a healthy sign, for it will help to check the public hysteria in which any delusion may pass for a truth. It is especially important," *The Sun* goes on, "that a healthy skepticism should be present in such affairs as this, because if hysteria is allowed to rage unchecked, it is sickening to think of the agony of disappointed hope which must follow it." An interesting commentary comes from the Rev. Moses R. Lovell, pastor of the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church, Washington, and founder of the Life Adjustment Clinic which has attained much note as an original experiment in practical religion. Referring to the reputed cures, he says, as he is quoted in the Washington *Evening Star*, they fall within the scientific field of psychology, altho there may still be some unknown factors involved. When enough is known about them it is likely that such phenomena can be duplicated without regard to any particular locality. "The healing miracles of Jesus," he says, "for a long time were a stumbling-block to me, but I have now come to regard them as the most credible of all miracles, because they are reproduceable. At the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré in Canada, and at Lourdes in France, we see manifestations on every side of these same functions over which Jesus did not claim to be in control, but which became effective through Him." Similar cures, possible on a lesser scale, Mr. Lovell says, now are coming from some of the European clinics, such as that of Pierre Janet in Paris. They largely are brought about, he points out, through the removal of fear by suggestion, either that of a physician with a deep understanding of the processes of human consciousness or through some such great faith in supernatural aid as people experience in the presence of the Massachusetts grave.

UNITY ON THE ROCKS AGAIN

THO A DEVOTED DISCIPLE OF UNITY, Bishop William T. Manning of New York finds himself high and dry on the rock of Episcopal ordination—the same rock on which efforts at unity in England have been stranded—when he feels forced to deny a Presbyterian minister permission to celebrate Holy Communion in an Episcopal church. The Bishop, so his critics charge, is too strict in his interpretation of church law. Had he been more liberal, the episode, which has seriously shaken the diocese and started a rebellion among some of his own clergy, would not have occurred. But it is maintained, on the other hand, that he had no alternative. He was logically and technically bound to the course he adopted.

Ironically, the incident arises out of a movement for unity—the New York Conference of the Christian Unity League, which said in its program of events: "One denomination posing as being superior to another denomination because of this, or that, or the other, and therefore refusing membership, the Lord's Supper, and its pulpit to another because he is not of the same denomination, is altogether a scandalous state of affairs in the Christian Church. We must write in our consciences, in large letters, 'One is your Teacher and you are all brothers.'" The conference was holding its sessions in St. George's Episcopal church, and Dr. Karl Reiland, the rector, had invited Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, President of the Union Theological Seminary, to celebrate Holy Communion in his church. The matter was brought to the attention of Bishop Manning, who forbade the officers of the church to permit Dr. Coffin to officiate at the altar. An immediate crisis was averted by Dr. Coffin, who invited the conference to the Seminary chapel for the service, but thirteen rebellious Episcopal clergy, two of whom are in Bishop Manning's diocese, signed a "round robin" criticizing the Bishop for his prohibition, and hinting that in his interpretation of canon law he favored the High Church party.

In his letter to the rector and officers of the church, Bishop Manning calls attention to the fact that the Book of Common Prayer, "by the regulations of which we are all of us bound, directs, in the Preface to the Ordinal, that no man shall be permitted to exercise the functions of the ministry in this Church unless he 'hath had Episcopal Consecration or Ordination,'" and he goes on, as the letter is quoted in the press:

> "It is, I understand, your view that altho you are forbidden both by the Prayer Book and the canon to hold in your church such a service as that above mentioned, you have the right to loan your church to others and to permit them to hold therein this service which you are forbidden to hold yourselves.
>
> "The chancellor of the diocese, however, advises me that you have no such right. As a corporation created by the law of this

State you are given the right to maintain worship of a prescribed kind, namely, the worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the chancellor has given me his opinion that as a matter of law it would be *ultra vires* and illegal for you to loan your church for a service such as that proposed."

Underwood & Underwood

HALTED BY A CANON

Dr. Karl Reiland, rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, who is forbidden by Bishop Manning to allow a minister who has not been Episcopally ordained to celebrate Holy Communion in his church.

HE REBUKES A BISHOP

Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, Presbyterian, who says that the ministry in which he serves "has as unbroken a tradition as the ministry of any Church in Christendom—if one cares to boast of these carnal things."

A tart rebuke is conveyed in Dr. Coffin's reply. He wrote a letter to Dr. Reiland acknowledging the latter's message conveying the news of Bishop Manning's action, and says, as we quote from press reports: "The ministry of the Church in which I serve has as unbroken a tradition, reaching back to the earliest age, as the ministry of any Church in Christendom—if one cares to boast of these carnal things. I would not willingly expose this ministry to such disparagement as appears to be put upon it by Bishop Manning."

A baker's dozen of Episcopal clergy, including two of Bishop Manning's diocese, sharply challenge the Bishop's interpretation of the canon law. "It is not in accord," they say, as their letter is quoted in the press, "with a sane and liberal interpretation of the canon which restricts such 'officiating' in a 'congregation' of this church, and says nothing in our judgment about officiating in the edifice. And this is the traditional interpretation of the canon. All over the country, in emergencies, rectors and vestries have lent their edifices to non-Episcopal ministers for worship and sacramental rites." The signers express the hope that "some weighty legal opinion confuting the Bishop's claims" will be secured, and assert that "it was by stedfast resistance to such Episcopal interpretations and claims that the constitutional liberty of our Church was secured and maintained," and then they argue:

> "If the proposed service had gone on, no law would have been broken, but an ancient custom would have been made fruitful in good-will. In the interest of Christian fellowship and of the Protestant Episcopal Church we express our conviction that this ruling is an infringement of the rights of the vestry and an injury to Christian unity. It should be resisted and disavowed."

Thus are the banners set flying and the followers of the two camps summoned to the conflict. "It is difficult," observes the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, "for generous hearts and liberal faiths to find room for the small canonical quibbles in which the Bishop delights to indulge. They see again and again that the serene trust, the benign and inclusive fellowship which appears to them the only interpretation to be placed on the teachings preached by the Bishop, is undone by these zeals for small issues which the Bishop shows." The other side may be summed up in this from the New York *Herald Tribune:* "All the logic appears to be with Bishop Manning's letter. His exposition of the law of his Church seems unanswerable." Yet, observes this metropolitan daily, "it is difficult not to see somewhere in the episode a failure of human qualities especially cherished by the Christian faith." Turning to the Episcopal journals, we find *The Living Church*, which represents the Anglo-Catholic point of view, giving technical support to Bishop Manning, and "for those of our clergy who are willing to repudiate the position of the Church of the ages in so vital a manner," it says, "we can only hope that the outcome of this unhappy incident will be a warning to them; while we trust that Protestant ministers in general will be on their guard so that they may not be placed in a compromising position by accepting any invitations to them that they are not in position to fulfil without breaking completely with their ecclesiastical superiors." But *The Churchman*, liberal organ, thinks that the Bishop committed "a grievous error of judgment." "He has," it goes on, "used laws which are open to different interpretations to enforce a partizan position; he has not represented the comprehensiveness of the Episcopal Church. And in enforcing a partizan position, which he as an individual is entitled to hold, he has as a Bishop done an irreparable injury to the cause of Christian unity."

ASIA IN THE AGONY OF REBIRTH

STUPENDOUS REVOLUTIONARY FORCES are at work in Asia, says Dr. Arthur J. Brown, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, who pleads for a continuance of missionary work there, and declares that only in the dissemination of the missionary point of view that all nations are one with God is there any hope of stilling the tumult. Dr. Brown was addressing a congregation in New York. Stressing the need for a generous understanding of the problems and promise of the Orient, he said, as he is quoted in the New York *Times:*

> "Five revolutions are impinging at one time upon the swarming masses of Asia, any one of which is in itself sufficient to upset a civilization. Vast social, intellectual, religious, political, and industrial upheavals, which the Western World met over a period of 600 years, are being let loose on China, Japan, and India in the space of one generation. The chaos of a mighty world is rounding into form. The birthplace of mankind is awakening to the tempo of modern life."

Another brings warning of the responsibility of the American missionary movement in Asia. The Rev. Richard Ritter, a professor at Yenching University in Peiping, said at the annual luncheon of the World Association of Daily Vacation Bible Schools, in New York, that the American missionary movement in China is at present part of an imperialistic movement, and must be disassociated from it. "Americans," he said, as *The Times* quotes him, "should live in China the same way Chinese live in the United States." Furthermore, "if we are sincere in wanting Christian work to continue in China we must first disassociate ourselves completely from any imperialistic movement. Second, we must bring pressure to bear upon Washington to have the existing extraterritorial treaties abolished."

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned

ENGLAND'S poet laureate has just issued a long poem, "The Testament of Beauty" (Oxford University Press), which J. C. Squire in the London *Observer* calls "a mine of quintessentialized knowledge and a fountain of wisdom." Mr. Squire gives us a foretaste of its quality in citing Dr. Bridges's glance at a subject much discust to-day which we entitle:

ON MARRIAGE

By Robert Bridges

Refusal of Christian marriage is, as 'twer in art
to impugn the credit of the most beautiful things
because there were so few of them, and hold in folly
to aim at excellence where so few can succeed. . . .
Ethick and Politick alike hav trouble in store
Now mere impulse of sex,—from animal mating
to the vision of Dante—tho' strong in all degrees
is not the bond of marriage. Nay, if breeding ceased—
all motiv to it, liking for it and thought of it—
women and men would mate; and whatever might lack,
married life might be found a more congenial state,
and marriage of true minds have less impediment.
Happiness which all seek is not composable
of any summation of particular pleasures;
the happiness in marriage dependeth for sure
not on the animal functions, but on qualities
of spirit and mind that are correlated therewith.
So 'twas not of false ethic or weak prudery
when thatt old Hebrew poet, in his mighty myth
of man's creation, imagin'd Eve's predestiny
to be helpmate and comfort to God's perfect man;
nor in thatt strange fashioning of her from Adam's rib
fudged he his symbol; perfect man being in thatt theft
imperfected by loss of an original part
now personate in Eve, who should reveal to him
what was in first design confused in his nature,
and from that fleshly cleavage find true tally of flesh

"This is straight speaking," [says Mr. Squire] "from a man who has not merely thought, felt, and scrutinized his neighbours, but considered history long and candidly—a man who will refuse no fact, even if he can see no reason why the fact should exist—a man, in short, capable of accepting the divine. This he does. His conclusion is:—"

Truly the Soul returneth the body's loving
where it hath won it . . . and God so loveth the world . . . .
and in the fellowship of the friendship of Christ
God is seen as the self-essence of love,
Creator and mover of all as activ Lover of all,
self-express'd in not-self, without which no self were
In thought whereof is neither beginning nor end
nor space nor time; nor any fault nor gap therein
'twixt self and not-self, mind and body, mother and child,
'twixt lover and loved, God and man: but ONE ETERNAL
in the love of Beauty and in the selfhood of Love.

A gentle reminder in *The Cornhill Magazine* (London) that each generation comes "knocking at the gate":

THROUGH OXFORD TOWN

By A. V. Stuart

Through Oxford town the stream winds slow,
The mirrored towers within it glow;
Tranced as in dream, the silver tide
Thus, beauty-burthened, would abide,
And seems to pause for ever so.

Alas for seeming! Lean; look; know
The reluctant waters onwards go,,
Pressed on, that younger waves may glide
Through Oxford town.

We, also, youthful, long ago
Dreamed 'neath these walls, whose lovely show
Deep in our hearts their image dyed.
O youth, who thrust our youth aside,
Flow softly; 'tis but once you flow
Through Oxford town.

Older than the machine age, unnoticed because it makes no noise, yet a machine par excellence. In *Bozart* (Atlanta):

MACHINES

By Harry R. Trusler

So hard we strive to glorify machines
That glut our days with too much noise and light
And for our strength have too great appetite.
What do they offer us, these garish queens?
One living word, one syllable, that means
More life for those who hunger in the night?
What blood can steel automatons excite?
They are not life, but sorry go-betweens.

There is an old machine that time goes by,
(All others break and rust and need repair),
That hummed the songs of Homer and the sea
And all things else too beautiful to die.
Planes may subdue the skies, but everywhere
The heart has conquered death and destiny.

There's many a garden we are debarred from, and *The Canadian Forum* (Toronto) finds us nearer to Adam and Eve than we thought:

THE GARDEN

By Robert Finch

A far cry to Adam?
A far cry to Eve?
A nearer cry, madam,
Than you might believe.

In the naked city
Have you never seen,
Preposterously pretty,
A garden full of green,

Suddenly appearing
Up a barren street?
Ah, the eager veering
Thither of your feet!

Closer, you remembered
Wondrous well the place,
Such a still, Septembered,
Hospitable place.

There you sought abiding
Found that after all
Cruelly dividing
Was an unseen wall.

And you turned with bitter
Savour of past years,
While a sword-blade's glitter
Struck your torrid tears.

Come, confess it, madam,
'Tis, you do believe,
A near cry to Adam,
A near cry to Eve.

Something of eternal rest is suggested in this from *Scribner's*, tho the writer, like Jacob, took a stone for her pillow for the night:

ON THIS ROCK

By Bernice Kenyon

In the summer night it is good to lie
On a shelf of rock, with a warm stone pillow,
Heated through when the sun was high,
Washed by old rains, and weathered mellow,
Hollowed a little but not too deep,
Hard to the bones, but strong for sleep.

Some may seek a softer bed
But I like a stone beneath my head,
Stone that was shaped dim years ago
Under a glacier's grinding flow,
Smooth to the cheek and warm and sound,
Firmer than grass and yielding ground.

Hours long in the summer night
The sky flows, and the river flows,
And the murmuring leaves of the trees are bright
And flowing with moonlight, never still;
The leaves grow out as the night grows—
The trees mount tall and the rock-plants spread—
I like still stone beneath my head!
Stone that stands at the crest of a hill,
Whose length is certain beyond increase,
That cannot stir as the grasses will,
But is moveless and high and full of peace.

For who shall rest who feels in his sleep
How all things change beyond recall?
That grass can thicken and hide him deep—
On a single night the wheat grow tall—
Above him branches cover the air—
The night-flowers open one by one—
Under his head the quick roots run—
How shall he sleep, then, unaware?

But on stone, hours without number,
Quiet and dreamless I would lie,
One lone dark thing deep in slumber,
Heedless of change as time flows by;
Letting the still rock hold and keep
This known place in the long unknown
Of the summer night when, heavy with sleep
I drop to rest on my smooth stone.

From June to November come worlds of change, but who, asks the Chicago *Tribune*, remembers June in November?:

FRAGRANCE

By Judy Shea

You walked through a garden—
Do you remember—
But that was in June . . .
And this is November.

And you did not notice
Me at all,
For I was a tulip
Beside a wall.

But my ashes still breathe
Of a lady fair,
Who plucked me and tucked me
In her dark hair.

A lady who wept
That you did not remember
You kissed her in June—
When it came November.

ANDREW LOOMIS

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

A car for her, too!

Every day "a car for her, too" becomes increasingly desirable. Shopping tours . . . afternoon calls . . . committee meetings . . . trips to school with the children —only with a personal car, ready at a moment's notice, can the modern woman take care of the various business and social obligations that now devolve upon her.

A definite realization of this fact is coming to more and more women each day —and an ever-increasing number are solving the problem with a Chevrolet Six.

It is economical enough to fall comfortably within the average family budget and offers every feature that a woman appreciates in her personal automobile. It is powered by a great six-cylinder engine—whose smooth, quiet operation makes every mile a delight.

It is remarkably easy to steer and to park. The big non-locking 4-wheel brakes "take hold" the instant they are applied. Gears shift quickly and quietly. The driver's seat moves forward and back to exactly the proper driving position. And the beautiful Fisher bodies are tastefully appointed throughout.

If "a car for her, too" has become desirable in your family, remember that Christmas is at hand. Should you decide to make it a complete surprise—confide in your Chevrolet dealer. He will gladly take care of all the details—and deliver the car to her on Christmas morning.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The ROADSTER	$525
The PHAETON	$525
The COUPE	$595
The SPORT COUPE	$645
The SEDAN	$675
The COACH	$595
The IMPERIAL SEDAN	$695
The SEDAN DELIVERY	$595
Light Delivery (*Chassis Only*)	$400
1½ Ton Truck (*Chassis only*)	$545
1½ Ton Truck (*Chassis with Cab*)	$650

All prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Michigan

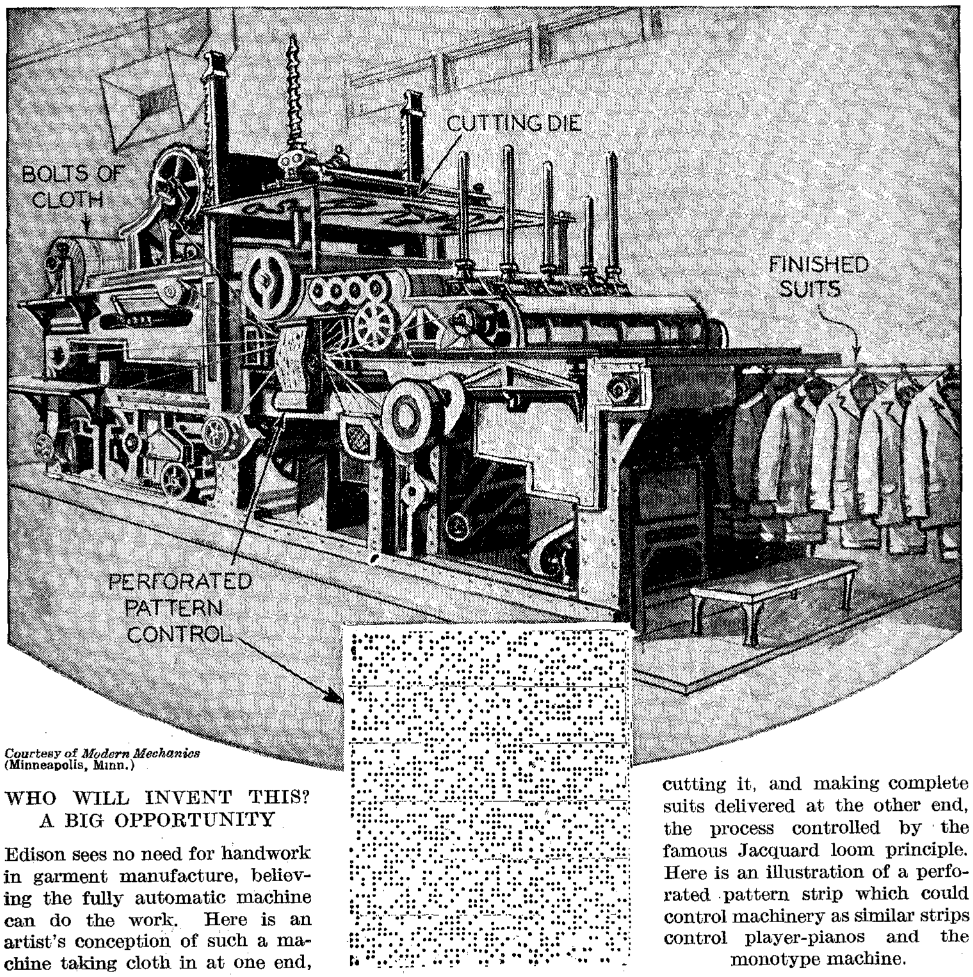
Consider the delivered price as well as the list (f. o. b.) price when comparing automobile values. Our dealers' delivered prices include only authorized charges for freight and delivery, and the charge for any additional accessories or financing desired.

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

FORD AND EDISON ON THE INVENTIONS OF THE FUTURE

HENRY FORD, IN AN INTERVIEW with M. K. Wisehart, author of "The Marvels of Science," tells of some of the inventions that we ought to expect during the years now coming. Mr. Wisehart, at the conclusion of his report of this interview, which he contributes to *Modern Mechanics* (Minneapolis), quotes also Thomas Edison to a similar effect, believing that both these men have in mind especially the increase and development of purely automatic machinery and the practical elimination of hand-labor. He writes:



Courtesy of *Modern Mechanics* (Minneapolis, Minn.)

WHO WILL INVENT THIS? A BIG OPPORTUNITY

Edison sees no need for handwork in garment manufacture, believing the fully automatic machine can do the work. Here is an artist's conception of such a machine taking cloth in at one end, cutting it, and making complete suits delivered at the other end, the process controlled by the famous Jacquard loom principle. Here is an illustration of a perforated pattern strip which could control machinery as similar strips control player-pianos and the monotype machine.

"Thousands of new machines will be patented by to-morrow's inventors. What will these be? What are our greatest needs to-day? Recently, in Dearborn, Michigan, I had an opportunity to put questions of this sort to Henry Ford. The answers he gave me are stimulating and informative to a high degree. To begin with, let me explain the point of view from which Mr. Ford discusses what is to come.

"'We already live in a comfortable age,' he said, 'but it is not as comfortable as it is going to be. We have made a beginning. Many things remain to be done.

"'It is sometimes said in criticism that ours is a machine age. It certainly is. But those who imply that men have been made machines, and that life has been mechanized, are reactionary in their thinking. The machine appears only through man's mastery of it. It has been invented and adopted and used by men, first, to save the dignity of their homes by centralizing work in factories, and second, to save time.

"'Those who assume that we have now reached the true industrial age are doubtless in line for a surprize.

"'What we have to show as yet for the hundreds of generations of labor that have preceded us is far too little. The real industrial age which we are yet to enter will be less noisy, more beautiful, more just, more conducive to higher levels of living for all, than is the present stage.'

"'Just what inventions would you say we are most in need of to-day to further this ideal industrial age?' I asked. Mr. Ford did not answer this question directly. Rather, he pointed out the needs of to-day and to-morrow by discussing the opportunities for inventiveness which confront our generation, and he spoke as tho much might be expected from the young mind, the unconventional mind.

"'If the young man of to-day wants to tie up with something that has a great future, he will go digging after the airplane,' said Mr. Ford. 'He will need lots of help. The first thing he ought to do is to find out what has been done to bring the airplane to its present phase. The fact is that to-day there is no such thing in existence as an airplane engine.'

"'Just what do you mean by that?' I asked.

"'Boys who are thinking about airplanes now do so without even knowing what kind of engine the airplane ought to have. It reminds me of the time when I was starting in. I was then thinking in terms of steam, because steam was in use in locomotives. It was only after much experimenting that I turned to the gas-engine. It's perfectly natural that boys should think that airplanes must be run with gas-engines. They think so because automobiles are run by gas-engines. But some day a boy will come along who will discover that gas-engines are not the thing at all.

"'What we now call airplane engines are really automobile engines in all their fundamental principles. Some of our experiments here at Dearborn may help discover what an airplane engine should be like. At present, we are giving our attention to the Diesel engine. The outlook is fairly promising.

"'No one knows just what the airplane engine of the future will be like, but you can be pretty sure it will have four characteristics: first, slow speed; second, reliability; third, perfect balance; fourth, it will use a fuel that will be four or five times more powerful than our present fuel. By the time the engine that will meet these requirements is ready, we may have a type of plane that can come down and make a landing at a speed considerably less than sixty miles an hour.'

"What will this fuel be? Whence will it come? He foresees no shortage of fuel for our internal-combustion engines in the future.

"'We can get fuel from fruit,' he says, 'from that sumach by the roadside, or from apples, weeds, sawdust—almost anything! There is fuel in every bit of vegetable matter that can be fermented. There is enough alcohol in one year's yield of an acre of potatoes to drive the machinery necessary to cultivate the field for a hundred years.'

"And it remains for some one to find how this fuel can be produced commercially—better fuel at a cheaper price than that we now know!

"'In all probability,' said Mr. Ford, 'American cities will in the future be heated by electricity. This means that our houses must be built different—better! We must find out how they can best be insulated. Then they will be cooler in summer and more evenly heated in winter.

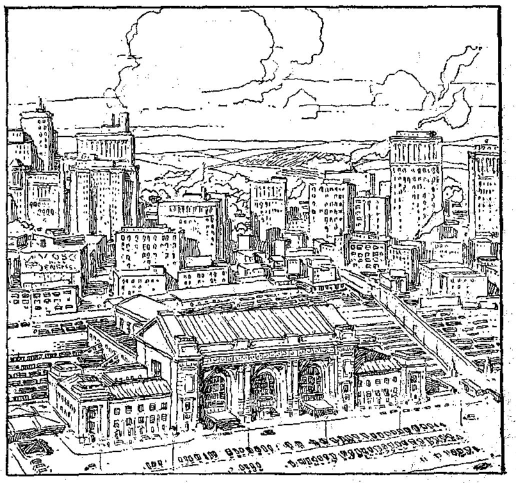
"'Why not convert coal into electric power by burning it

YOU ARE PAYING FOR A PACKARD

WHY NOT OWN ONE?

The important thing to consider in purchasing a car is the cost of *owning*—not the cost of *buying*.

Operation and maintenance costs are not less because first cost is less. And even if first cost is twice as much, final cost is no greater if the car is driven twice as long. Analyze ownership costs in the light of these facts and you will find that you can enjoy the luxury of Packard transportation—at no greater expense than for cars priced down to half as much.



PROVED BY OWNERS IN KANSAS CITY

Seven out of ten who buy Packard Standard Eights in Kansas City give up other makes of cars to do so.

They have discovered that driving and upkeep expenses for a Packard are practically the same as for any other car down to half its price.

And they have learned that the higher first cost of a Packard is completely offset by the fact that a Packard can be, *and usually is,* driven far longer than a lower priced car. As a matter of record, Packard cars turned in to Packard dealers in Kansas City have been driven on the average *twice as long,* lacking thirteen weeks, as other makes taken in.

Let us examine ownership costs more in detail, as between a Packard Standard Eight and a twelve to fifteen hundred dollar car. They are no different in Kansas City, comparatively speaking, than in any other American or Canadian city.

Gas, oil and tires—the principal operating costs—figure virtually the same for each car. Garage cost is the same. License and insurance are a few dollars higher for the Packard—but Packard upkeep expense is lower. Packard cars, because of quality manufacture and the protection of centralized chassis lubrication, seldom need repairs. If they do, Packard simplicity permits quick and easy work, at a minimum of repair expense.

Depreciation is the major cost of car ownership. And simple arithmetic proves that net depreciation on a Packard is no greater than on a car priced at half as much, if the Packard is driven twice as long.

If you have been buying and trading in a twelve to fifteen hundred dollar car every eighteen months or two years, the chances are you have been paying for a Packard without realizing it. Why not, then, enjoy the luxury and distinction of Packard transportation?

Once a member of the Packard family, your satisfaction will be complete and permanent—if ownership records are indicative. In Kansas City, for example, less than eight out of every hundred Packard owners have ever changed to other makes of cars *for any reason.*

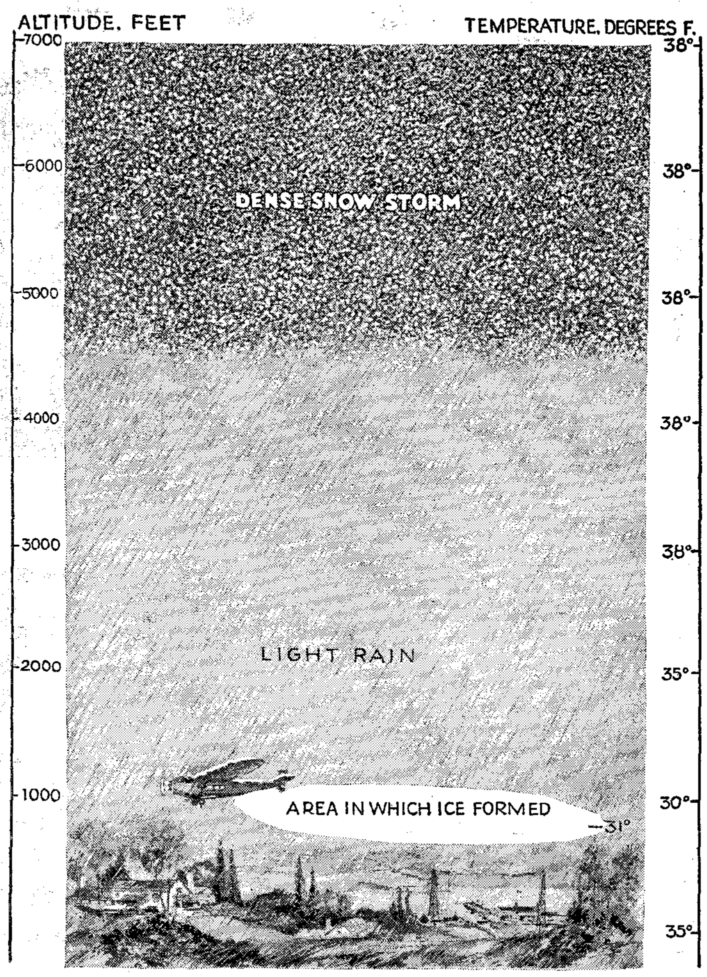
Let your Packard dealer show you how easily you may have a distinguished Packard Eight. He will gladly accept your present car as cash, and arrange the balance so that you may purchase out of income, if you prefer.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT · MICHIGAN

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

underground and sending it to the city from the mine without ever bringing it to the surface? That's what they'll do in the future.'"

Mr. Ford, as reported by Mr. Wisehart, says that a big opportunity for inventing something that meets the needs of the time confronts every man who has a job that is too hard for him. "If I had a job that seemed too hard for me," he said, "I would set to work to find out how to make it easy. A serious attempt to take the drudgery out of a job will start a man to creating something. Remember that individually men invent but little. We accomplish most by combining new ways, principles, and devices previously discovered." He went on:



Courtesy of *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago)

REGION WHERE ICE IMPERILS THE PLANE

"What has already been done is not necessarily the best that can be done. From where we are, we are going ahead. Many changes are just around the corner. Think of the waste in time, money, and effort involved in cooking in thousands of different homes in a single community! Let a young man turn his attention to inventing a kind of kitchen that can feed a hundred people! The day is coming when cooking will no longer be done for individual families. In years to come we shall undoubtedly use rubber for floors and thousands of other purposes for which we do not consider it to-day. In Switzerland, it is now being used for roads. Will the roads of the future be built of rubber? That question is worth thinking about."

Mr. Wisehart says he remembers when, early in his experience as a newspaper reporter, Thomas A. Edison talked with him about inventions and needs of the day much as Mr. Ford did recently. In one respect these two men take an identical attitude when discussing this subject. Both refuse to be didactic and to name the one thing of which the world is most in need. The simple truth of the matter is that there are too many needs to-day for any one to be said to overtop all the rest. Mr. Wisehart goes on:

"And yet, my impression is that both have something in particular in mind—and that has to do with the development of full automatic machines. Hear what Mr. Edison has to say on this subject.

"'Machines of a semiautomatic character have given us most of the great conveniences of our new industrial age, including the eight-hour day. The time has come when we are ready for the full automatic machine, which is in use only to a limited extent.'

"Mr. Edison sees no reason why any handwork should be necessary in the manufacture of a garment. Why should not a machine be designed to take in cloth at one end and drop out the finished coat or trousers at the other?

"And he speaks of the principle of the Jacquard loom, a great mechanical principle, as yet limited in application mainly to the manufacture of silk and to the player-piano. This he calls the great 'reserve' principle of the future—'the principle which brings into action the various parts of a machine in accordance with a perforated pattern traced on a steel card or as on the paper roll of a player-piano.' As a means of control, this principle can be applied to any machine.

"'The full automatic machines now in use give us an indication of some of the savings that we may expect,' says Mr. Edison. 'Full automatic machines are now making screws and all kinds of small parts. These machines require very little attention, if any at all, one man being sufficient to attend a dozen of them. Hence, the costs of screws and small parts are very low.

"'We have the Naval Academy and the Military Academy to develop sailors and soldiers. Why should we not have a government school of automatic-machine designers? Our delay in adopting full automatic machinery is due to a lack of men who can design it.'"

ICE ON AIRPLANES—Tests conducted by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, and described in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago), have revealed important facts concerning the menace of ice formation on airplanes while in flight. As we learn:

"Aviators long have recognized the danger, as, under certain conditions, ice coats the edges of the wings and struts, 'mushrooms' into irregular shapes, and seriously impedes the flying efficiency of the ship, or forces it down; but, contrary to popular belief, the greatest hazard, the experiments revealed, is confined to a limited range of temperatures, and ways are available for avoiding the perils resulting from ice gathering, altho adequate means to prevent the formation are not known. The real danger zone was found to lie in a narrow temperature belt just below thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, when clouds, fog, or rain were encountered. At thirty-one degrees, for instance, or slightly lower, dangerous clear mushroom ice was deposited.

"The tests showed that this menacing ice can be identified by its lack of color and that, by means of distance thermometers set in the wings and enabling the pilot to determine the temperature of the air through which he is flying, the danger zone can be avoided by going to levels where warmer or colder air will be encountered. At temperatures well below thirty-two degrees, ice gathered on the plane, but it was pure white in color, more like snow, did not produce formations detrimental to flying, and often blew off as fast as it gathered. Neither kind of ice presented a hazard due to extra weight, the experiments indicated, as the weight of the deposit practically canceled the weight of the fuel consumed. It was found that oil, grease, wax, and paraffin were of little good in preventing the formation of ice; in fact, the substances were a greater hazard than the plain surface."

GROWING BONES IN TEST-TUBES—A most amazing case of living tissue grown outside the animal body is the change of embryo gristle or cartilage into bone, says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). This remarkable transformation has been accomplished by Miss Honor B. Fell working at the Strangeways Research Laboratory in Cambridge, England. We read:

"When the proper conditions of nourishment and temperature are maintained, isolated cells from animal embryos have been seen to grow and develop in the test-tube just as if they were still in the animal body. Miss Fell, using a technique similar to one devised by the late Mr. Strangeways, has thus cultivated tiny pieces of gristle from six-day old embryos of fowl. During cultivation, they increased to more than three times their original length, and developed along practically normal lines. Besides growing, these test-tube cultivations have actually manufactured a substance called phosphatase, an enzyme, which is of immense

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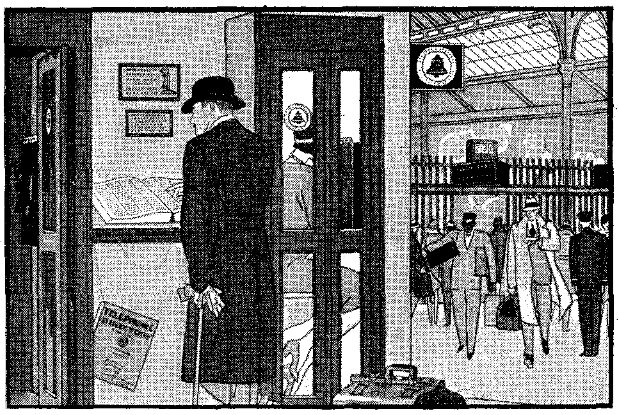

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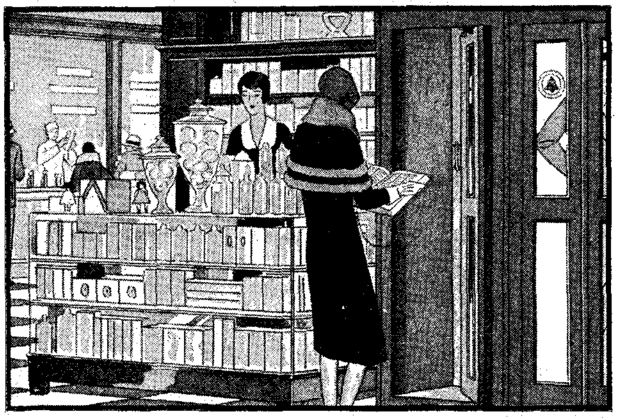

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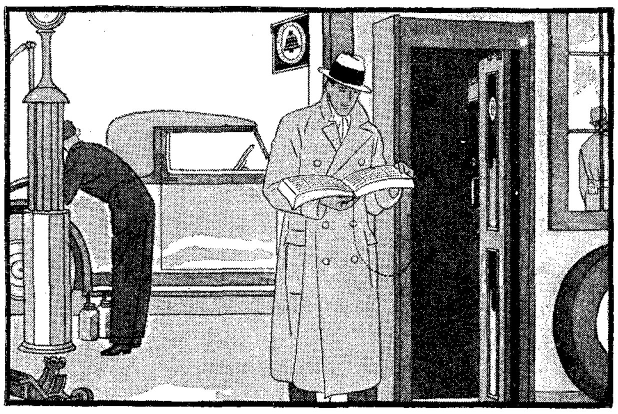

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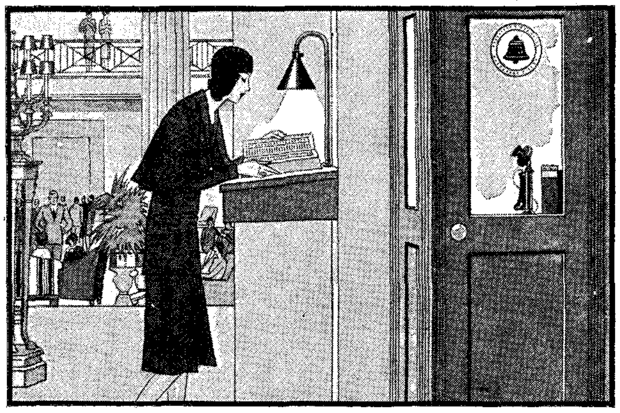

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RAILROAD STATION . . . drug store . . . highway . . . strange city . . . wherever you see the blue Bell seal, this convenient reference book is always near at hand, to direct you instantly to the places which sell the things you want to buy.

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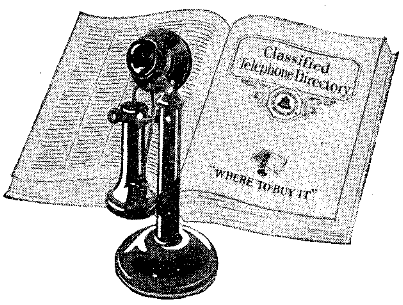

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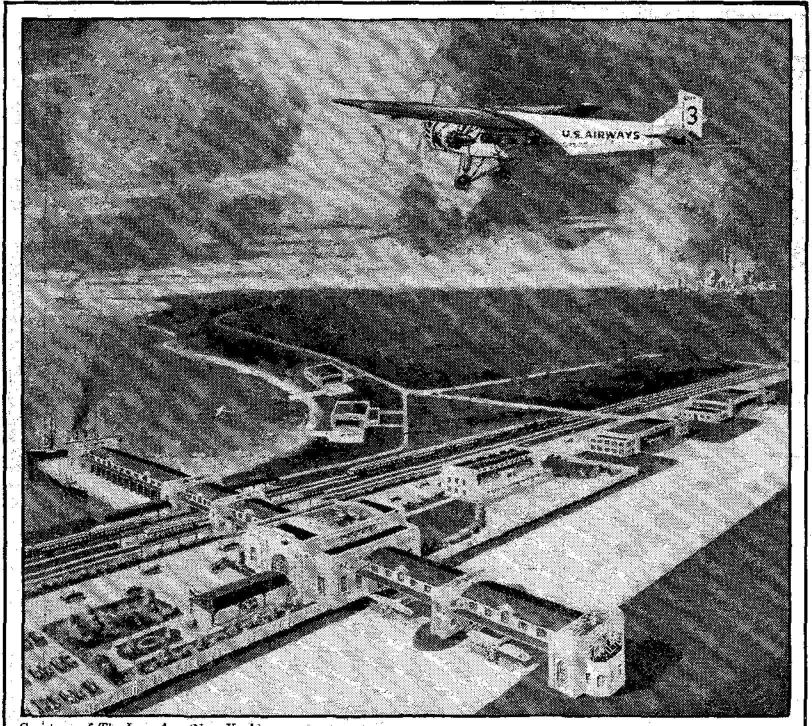
interest to biochemists, Miss Fell and R. Robison of the Lister Institute, London, have reported. When the tiny pieces of gristle were taken from the embryo, they contained no phosphatase at all."

PASSENGER STATIONS FOR AIRPORTS

TERMINALS, SIMILAR TO THOSE OPERATED by railroads, are being planned to provide comfort, safety, and convenience for air-travelers, who are now in many cases compelled to land in open fields. In the near future, we are told by the writer of an article in *The Iron Age* (New York), passenger facilities at airports will compete with those now to be found in the terminal stations of important railway lines. We read, in the magazine named above:



Courtesy of *The Iron Age* (New York)

A VISION OF THE AIRPORT TERMINAL OF THE FUTURE

"Not long ago airports, with few exceptions, were little more than landing-fields. It is only two years ago that a waiting-room and ticket-office for airplane passengers, said to be the first in this country, was erected at the Ford Airport, at Dearborn, Michigan. Since then airport building has been going on at a rapid rate, and the number of airports in this country is now said to exceed 1,500, but provision for adequate passenger terminals is still in its infancy.

"The tremendous increase in the building of commercial airplanes, the large amount of new capital that has been put in this industry during the past year, and the recent tying up of rail and air transportation by some of the larger railroads by providing part rail and part airplane transportation from coast to coast are indications that the carrying of passenger traffic by airplanes is getting well beyond its experimental stages, and that the general public is learning to accept the airplane as a convenient and safe method of transportation. Air travel has shown remarkable growth in this country in the past two or three years, which doubtless is partially due to the building of larger and safer planes and the provision of comforts for passengers. The country is now overlaid with a network of air lines from coast to coast.

"While there have been developments in the construction of airports, so far they have had to do largely with requirements growing out of the operation and maintenance of aircraft or the necessities of companies operating planes. These include more convenient as well as larger hangars to accommodate the larger planes now being built, repair shops, rooms for the weather bureau and radio-operating offices, and better lighting facilities. Hangars have been improved in design and in architectural appearance. However, little attention has been given to providing for the comforts, safety, and convenience of air travelers with adequate passenger terminals. While a few principal airports have passenger depots and comfortable waiting-rooms, it is claimed that most of the existing airports are nothing more than open fields. The lack of terminal provisions for air travelers, it is pointed out, is in sharp contrast with the safety features and provision for comforts in the newer types of passenger planes.

"Competent airport engineers are now being consulted to provide more adequate passenger terminal facilities, which, it is believed, will result in a marked increase in airplane passenger business. While a few airport depots have convenient waiting-rooms, few if any have a system of traffic control similar to that at a large railroad terminal. Passengers in good weather and bad still embark and alight on the airport field, which not infrequently is muddy, and face the hazard of whirring airplane propellers.

"The air depot of the future, as conceived by some engineers, will follow closely the methods of modern railroad terminals. Passengers will go through the depot to concourses that will take them to waiting planes, which they will enter without leaving cover. Such a depot will consist of artistically designed two-story building units connected by steel bridges which will serve as concourses, the buildings themselves serving as piers for the spans of covered concourse bridges. The space beneath the spans and between the piers will form covered loading areas for the planes. When a passenger arrives at the depot, he will enter the waiting-room under a marquee at the entrance, purchase his ticket, and go to the passenger concourse on the mezzanine floor. When the plane is announced, he will descend a stairway built in one of the piers and walk across a portable railed-in passageway, similar to a ship's gang-plank, and through the open door of the plane directly to his seat. A variation from this plan is to have a passageway in the form of subways underground instead of building overhead bridges.

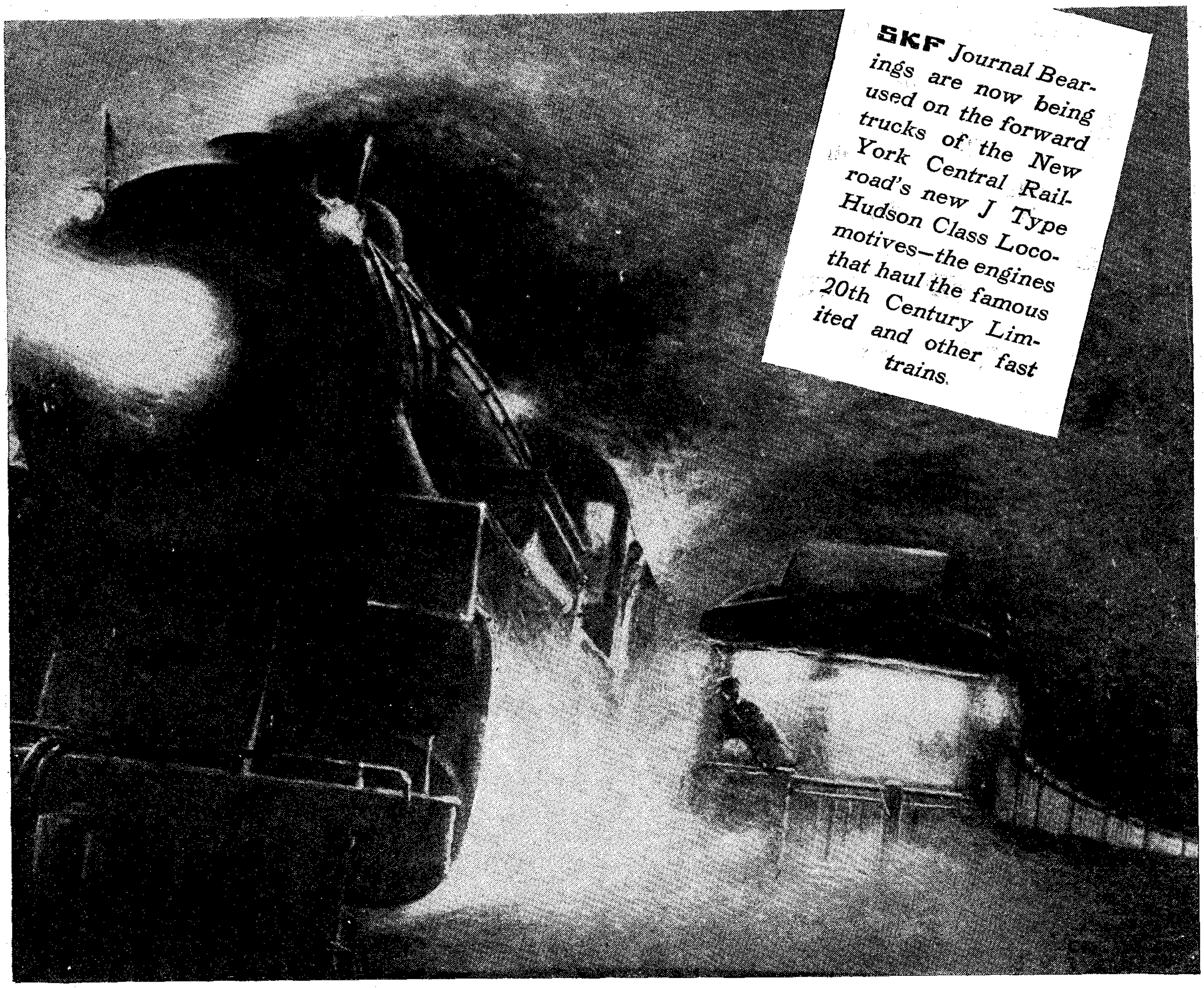
"In addition to having a waiting-room, the main building will have rooms for ticket and other offices, baggage-room, restaurant, and rooms for various other purposes. The small pier buildings will provide room for radio equipment, light control, dormitories for field pilots, and rooms for other uses. This general plan, of course, is subject to various modifications in detail.

"The airport depot of the future, if some of the present elaborate plans materialize, will result in considerable increased demand for steel in this field. A passenger terminal of the proposed type, with structural steel bridges for concourses, will require up to 1,000 tons or more of steel, depending on the size, and additional steel will be needed for ornamental stairways, passageways, and various mechanical equipment."

IS EUROPE DOOMED?—The increase of mental deficiency, the falling birth-rate, especially prevalent among the more intelligent classes, have aroused the fear among medical and social authorities in Europe that a crisis is approaching which if not met successfully will mean a most serious state of affairs. Some pessimists indeed go so far as to declare that the nations of Europe are doomed, reports a London correspondent of *American Medicine* (New York). He writes:

"At a meeting of Catholics, held recently in Westminster, London, Dr. Halliday Sutherland said that the birth-rate crisis was common to most of the nations of Western Europe, and unless the decline was checked the fate of such nations was inevitable. In modern warfare, machines canceled machines, and victory was determined by man power. Even without war such nations were doomed, since they had neither the physical strength nor the moral right to withhold undeveloped territory from some more virile and prolific race. The suicide of an individual required resolution, but the suicide of a race needed none. The cataclysm which might end our civilization was a lack of Europeans. He went on to say that two problems were involved; an increase in the birth-rate of the intellectual classes and an improvement in the health of children of normal and unskilled laborers who in Britain were at present maintaining the numbers of the population.

"Speaking at the same meeting Dr. Letetia Fairfield said that at the highest only about 10 per cent. of mental defectives could be traced to parents who were mental deficients. Nevertheless, it was ridiculous to deny that the intelligence of the parents had nothing to do with the intelligence of the offspring. Sterilization as a means of solving the problem was a more complicated subject than might be imagined. In order to make it really effective not only the 10 per cent. of mental-defective parents,



SKF Journal Bearings are now being used on the forward trucks of the New York Central Railroad's new J Type Hudson Class Locomotives—the engines that haul the famous 20th Century Limited and other fast trains.

Let her *Ride*, Mr. Engineer, let her *Ride!*

THERE she goes—hurtling her tons of iron and steel and humanity through the night—roaring her way along the rails—turning the minutes into miles. Now on the straightaway—now leaning to the bank of the curve—following the lead of her forward trucks! Let her RIDE, Mr. Engineer, let her RIDE.

A real job for bearings that—up ahead on the forward trucks where wheel flanges grip the rails and change the direction of tons of hurtling, swaying steel. But let her RIDE, Mr. Engineer, let her RIDE.

Those bearings on the forward trucks are SKF Bearings—built *up* to the job and not *down* to the price—They're "The Highest Priced Bearings in the World". Let her RIDE, Mr. Engineer, let her RIDE.

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If *you* design, build or buy anything that runs on anti-friction bearings, it's well to remember that while you *can* always buy a bearing at a bargain, you'll never get a bargain out of USING it.

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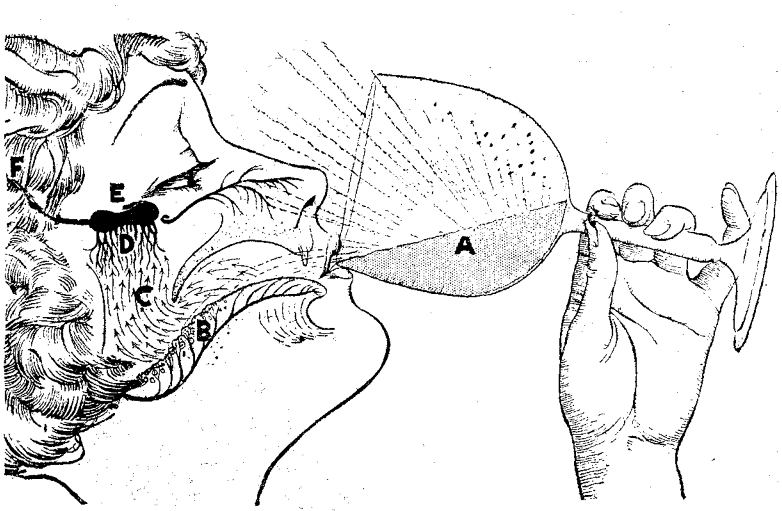
but children of no intelligence and their perfectly normal brothers and sisters, would have to be sterilized in order to produce an A1 race. In her opinion sterilization must be rejected on biologic as well as humane and religious grounds."

SMELLING BY EAR AND TASTING BY EYE

THAT CURIOUS MIXTURE OF THE SENSES called by physiologists "synesthesia" is responsible for the fact that certain persons can receive a brain-message corresponding to one sense when another sense is stimulated. The most common case is that of "color-hearing" where certain sounds produce the sensation of colors; but a writer in *The American Weekly* (New York), tells us that there are instances where a smell provokes the sensation of sound, where a color produces a taste, and so on. Several theories are advanced to explain this curious effect, and the author prefers that which accounts for it by supposing some sort of a "short-circuit" between different brain-centers, so that the sensation that ought to affect the center of vision stimulates instead that of sound, for instance. We read:



Courtesy of *The American Weekly* (New York)

RELATION BETWEEN TASTE AND SMELL

The relation between taste and smell is more easily explained than the relations between other senses. This diagram shows how the taste and smell nerves work together: A—As the food or drink enters the mouth, the smell enters the nose. B—The tongue, showing the taste nerve fibers. C—Course taken by food vapors which rise through the nasal passages. D—The organ of smell in the nose through which vapors pass. E—Nerve branch which conveys the taste-smell sensation to the brain, F.

"A radio listener in Paris recently presented French radio engineers with a puzzling problem. When he listened to the church service broadcast from the Cathedral of Notre Dame, this listener said, he also smelled the smoke of the candles in the church. Was it possible, he asked, that smell sensations might be picked up accidentally by the microphone?

"Radio engineers thought not, but were undecided about the real explanation. Certainly nothing of the character of a smell can possibly be sent out, everybody agreed, over radio waves.

"Fortunately for the candle-smelling Parisian, psychologists came to his rescue. He was the victim of a curious mental abnormality called 'synesthesia' or the mixing of sensations. These instances are most likely to occur in people above the average in mental powers, education, and culture.

"In the Parisian case the listener got his hearing sensations mixed in his brain as they came in. Some of the nerve impulses leaked across the brain to affect the center for smells. That the listener seemed to smell burning candles is explained by past association.

"In the records of laboratories of psychology are accounts of individuals whose taste sensations got mixed with sounds or with sensations of color; of individuals whose smell sensations called up colors or scenes; of still other persons whom sounds made to feel pain or whom pain made to hear imaginary sounds. Apparently nearly every possible mixture of one sense with the other has been detected in at least one abnormal individual.

"Some such mixtures are familiar. Taste sensations, for example, are not infrequently produced by the sight of food. The fact that the body feels the taste impulses unconsciously is indicated by the common observation that sight of food often 'makes one's mouth water.'

"Another instance is the fact, well known to musicians, that sight of objects possessing strong taste may interfere with the position of the mouth muscles. A cornet player, for example, may be broken up completely in a solo on his instrument if he chances to see a person in the audience sucking a lemon. The automatic reaction to the acid lemon juice produced by mere sight of the fruit draws the cornetist's mouth into a shape which makes production of a good tone all but impossible.

"By far the commonest of these abnormalities are color sensations called into being by ideas of other kinds. 'Color-hearing' is one of the commonest cases; a condition in which the hearing of some sound always calls up in a person's mind the sensation of a definite color."

There can be no doubt, we are assured, that these color experiences on hearing sounds are perfectly real to the persons who experience them. Not long ago in Germany a Dr. Anscutz, musician and psychologist, broadcast by radio an appeal for persons possessing these powers to present themselves for psychological study. One hundred and fifty individuals came forward, which must indicate that an immensely larger number of such persons exist. The writer goes on:

"Dr. Ponder, Dr. D. F. Fraser-Harris, of London, and other experts located many other cases. Something like 12 per cent. of the average population possesses, Dr. Ponder believes, traces of this color-hearing power. It belongs, he suspects, to an actual majority of young children, altho it often fades as a child grows up.

"Dr. Ponder has several acquaintances, he reports, who see colors and color combinations when they hear the horns of taxicabs or other automobiles on the street; usually a different color for each horn. Accordingly, these persons amuse themselves when walking on the street by 'looking' at the colors of the horn blasts and other street sounds entering their ears. Two other color hearers are recorded as quarreling bitterly about the precise color of the sound of knives and forks being rattled in a restaurant kitchen.

"In a smaller number of individuals, several of whom have been studied by Dr. Fraser-Harris, the sound is not necessary to call up the color. A mere idea is enough. Dr. Fraser-Harris calls these individuals 'color thinkers,' and describes one who thought of Sunday as yellow, Wednesday as brown, and Friday as black.

"As an example of mixture of taste sensations with others, Hibbert records the case of a lady to whom milk tasted yellow, sweets tasted blue, and all unpleasant tastes were brown."

PERILS OF HOME—Accidents can by no means be avoided by staying at home, as is shown by statistics printed and discust in *The Ohio Health News* (Columbus), according to which 37 per cent. of all deaths in that State due to falls, during the first seven months of 1929, resulted from mishaps in homes. At the same time, the National Board of Fire Underwriters announces that 66⅔ per cent. of all lives lost by fire are in homes, and that 31 per cent. of these are of children under ten years of age. Says *The Health News* in following up the subject further;

"During the first seven months of the current year there were filed with the division 523 records of deaths giving the cause as due to falls. Many other records were received ascribing the deaths to 'injury,' which, when additional information is obtained, undoubtedly will increase the number chargeable to falls.

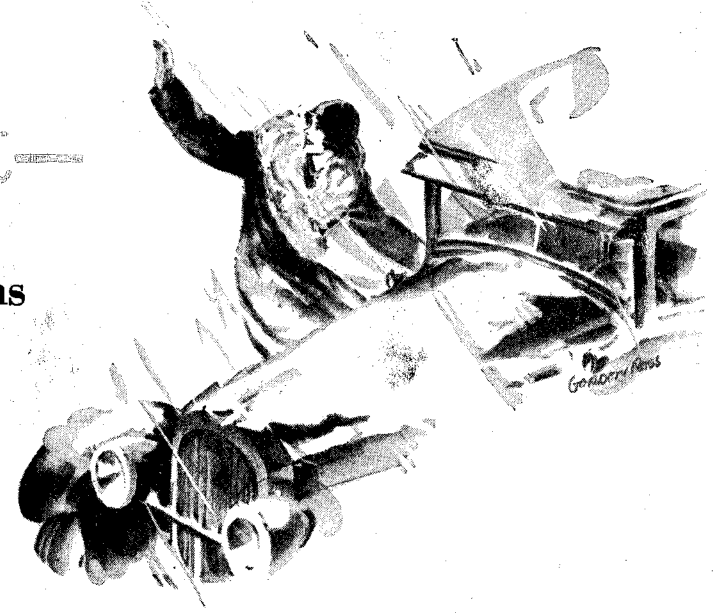
"It was found that 194, or slightly more than 37 per cent., occurred in homes, with the most common causes given as falling down-stairs, falling from or over chairs, falling from a stepladder or tripping over carpet. Falls in industry accounted for 89, such as falling from a building, ladder, or scaffold. Miscellaneous causes were involved in 91, the most common being falling in the street, over an embankment or around home premises. Reports lacking information as to place or nature of the fall accounted for 153, or 29 per cent.

"In checking conjugal conditions, the curious fact developed that more widows die from falls than widowers, and more women than men. In 1928 deaths from this cause involved 151 widowers, compared with 410 widows. The ratio is noted over several years."

Your husband may forget this—

but you won't—

you know that being careful means more money for other things



Treated right, a good battery should last you between two and three years.

But under the terrific strain of cold weather starting—with a heavy summer oil in your crankcase — that good battery wastes its very life-blood. It will die months before its time.

Cold-weather starting with heavy, thickened oil means *dry*-starting—pistons, cylinder-walls, bearings are *dry*—the oil is so thick that it can't *circulate*. This means friction, and engine wear.

If you will drain out that heavy oil, and fill your crankcase with the new Mobiloil Arctic, winter-starting will be practically as easy as summer-starting, even in below-zero temperatures.

And *after* starting—you have the full rich body of Mobiloil Arctic to thoroughly lubricate your engine from the first turn.

Mobiloil Arctic combines easy starting with full lubricating value.

Mobiloil Arctic is the international winter oil, used in every cold country in the world. Change to it now and stop worrying about winter battery-strain.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (Freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Models T, TT, use *Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"*)

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929		1928		1927		1926	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	....	....	B	Arc.
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

Mobiloil "CW"—*the new winter gear* and transmission lubricant

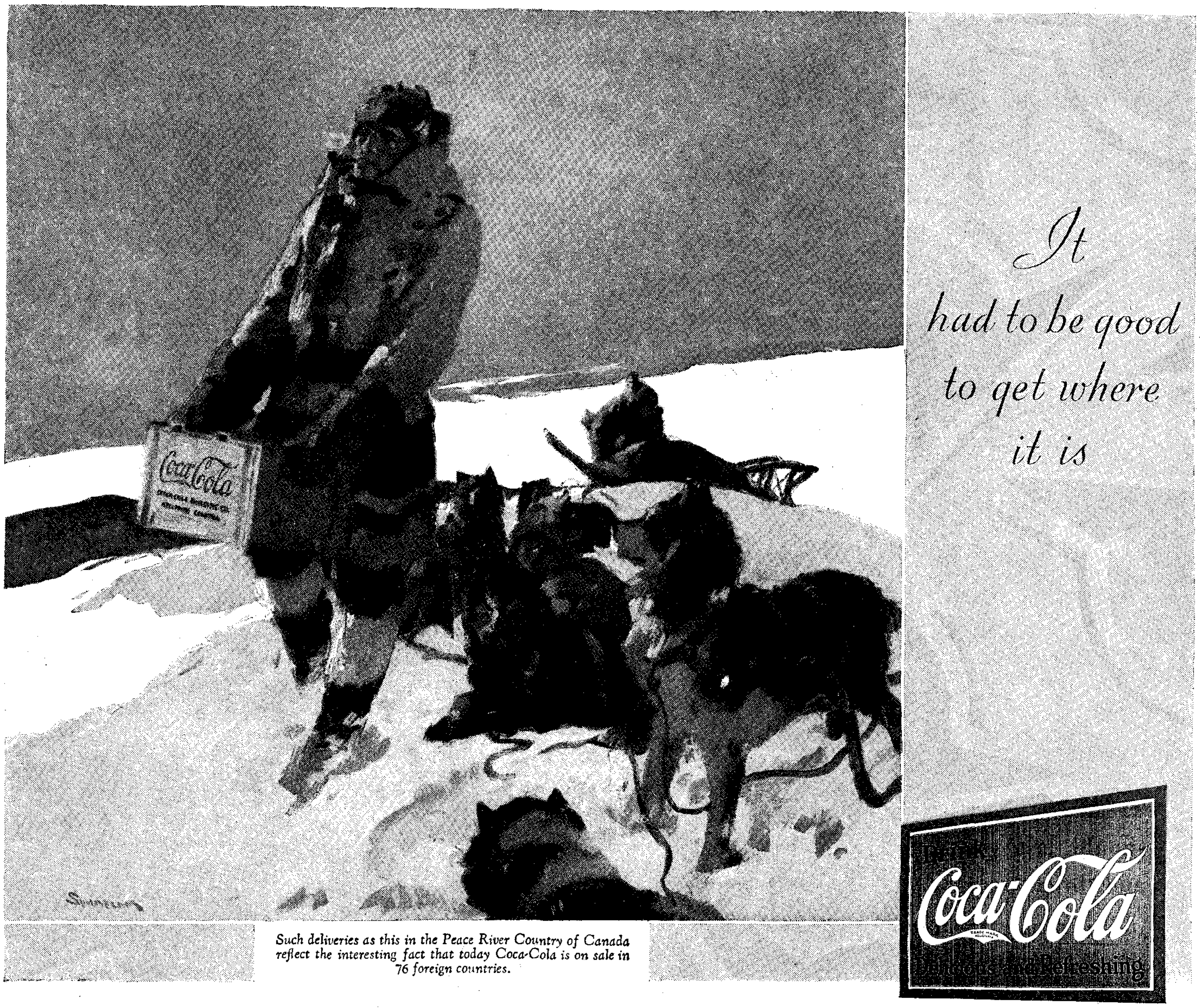
Until this winter, the motorist has had to choose between a heavy lubricant which stiffened in cold weather, and a light grease which might give easy gear shifting but which might also break up in service and fail to cling to the gears. The new Mobiloil "CW" gives a full, rich body of high lubricating efficiency, that always remains fluid. Regardless of cold, it clings to each gear tooth. Easy starting, easier shifting and smoother winter performance result when Mobiloil "CW" is used.

the New

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

ARCTIC



Such deliveries as this in the Peace River Country of Canada reflect the interesting fact that today Coca-Cola is on sale in 76 foreign countries.

Where only huskies can haul ... because all men desire *the pause that refreshes*

SOMETIMES it is so cold that the atmosphere, on a clear day, shakes with frost, fine as diamond dust. Every particle of moisture in the air has turned to ice. Deep snow stretches endlessly in white brightness. It is up in the Peace River Country of Canada—where you've got to dig snow before wheels can turn. But Coca-Cola's deliveries continue—on dog sleds with the cases covered with quilted tarpaulin and heated underneath with charcoal burners. For man does not outrun the need for *the pause that refreshes* . . . . North or south, summer or winter—ever the call comes to pause, relax and refresh yourself. And Coca-Cola, always served ice-cold, has proved itself the one great drink whatever the weather. With its tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, a short pause can be as wholesome and refreshing as a long rest. Over eight million times every day in the year Coca-Cola repeats the proof that there's no other drink so universally desired.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

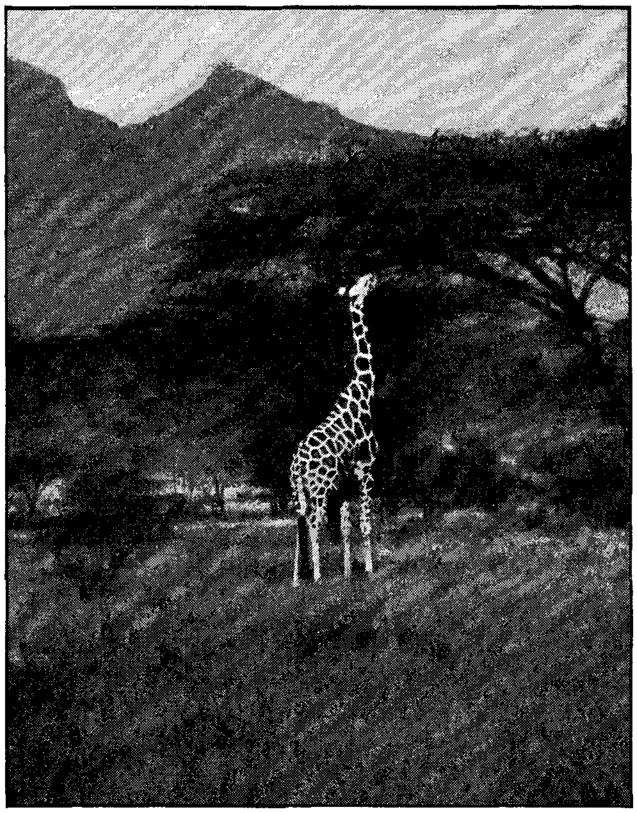
BEASTS ▾ BIRDS ▾ AND ▾ TREES

HOW AKELEY BAGGED HIS BIG GIRAFFE

INTO THE MOTOR-TRUCK leaped the lady hunter and her husband. Down went her foot on the starter. And away they went with chug-chug and backfire. There was hardly so much as a moment's hesitation in the wild drive. The truck knocked down trees three and four inches in diameter. It went over bushes as high as itself and four and five feet wide. But the determined chauffeuse clung doggedly to the wheel, her eyes ahead on the sixteen-foot-high, spotted and easily visible quarry which was being borne to safety on stiltlike legs. It was wild driving over wilder country in the heart of Africa, we read, but "it had to be done." Devil's club and alder thickets would have been greensward in comparison, we are assured. There was only one stop—when a thorn punctured a tire. But the game, a magnificent bull giraffe, got away. The late Carl Akeley and his wife, Mary L. Jobe Akeley, had to look elsewhere for a specimen for the giraffe group for African Hall in the American Museum of Natural History. Mrs. Akeley tells the story of this hunt and many others in her recent book, "Carl Akeley's Africa" (Dodd, Mead). The volume is the story of his last expedition into the dark continent, which ended with his death in 1926. He had gone to collect specimens for his pet project—African Hall, where animal groups are skilfully mounted in natural poses against backgrounds copied from the actual habitats. The book tells how Mr. Akeley conceived the plan to save specimens of rapidly disappearing African wild life for the benefit of future scientists and others, how specimens were procured, and how they were mounted.

Altho the giraffe chase we have witnessed ended in failure, a later one was a success, as most of Carl Akeley's plans were eventually successful. Of the long and painstaking search for a suitable bull for the group, Mrs. Akeley tells us:

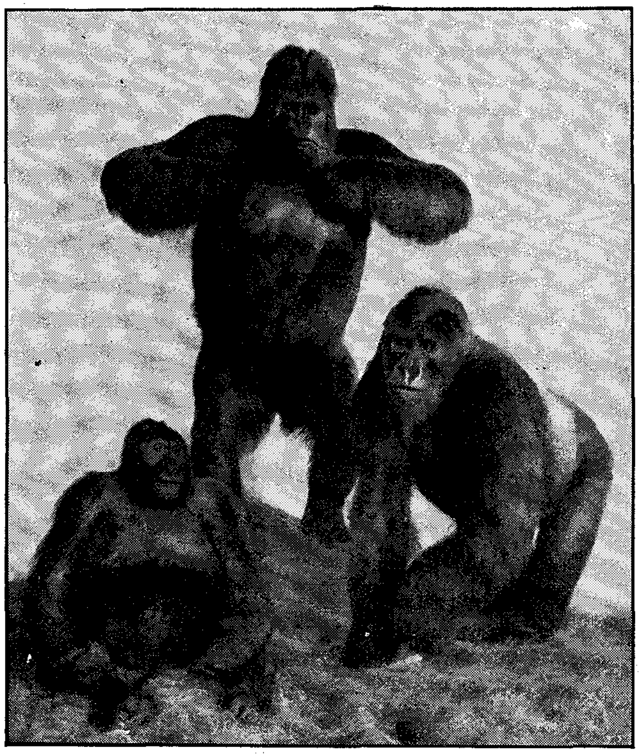
To the sportsman who may be permitted a giraffe, I am sure any giraffe will look big. He takes one of the first he sees, and consequently pronounces his hunt both easy and successful; but when a naturalist is looking for the very finest specimen of its kind, it is indeed another story. For sixteen days my husband studied the northern giraffe. We often saw small herds, and his methods were invariably the same. A grand old bull, a large mature female, and a calf were the specimens desired, and so he studied the herds from the standpoint of these requirements. Are the bulls and the cows really of suitable size, or are they only large in relation to the smaller members of the herd? This was the absorbing question. His method was to locate an animal feeding on an acacia tree, then to stalk him, and after the giraffe had moved on, to measure the limb on which he had been feeding. This he did by means of a string and weight attached to his gun barrel.



Photograph by Carl Akeley

GRAND-DADDY LONGLEGS (AND NECK) AT DINNER

A perfectly marked bull giraffe, a "notable and noble animal," and therefore a promising candidate for museum immortality.



HOW AKELEY BROUGHT AFRICA TO AMERICA

Three of his mounted gorillas in the American Museum of Natural History. Perhaps these specimens are as lifelike in their attitudes as the living giraffe above.

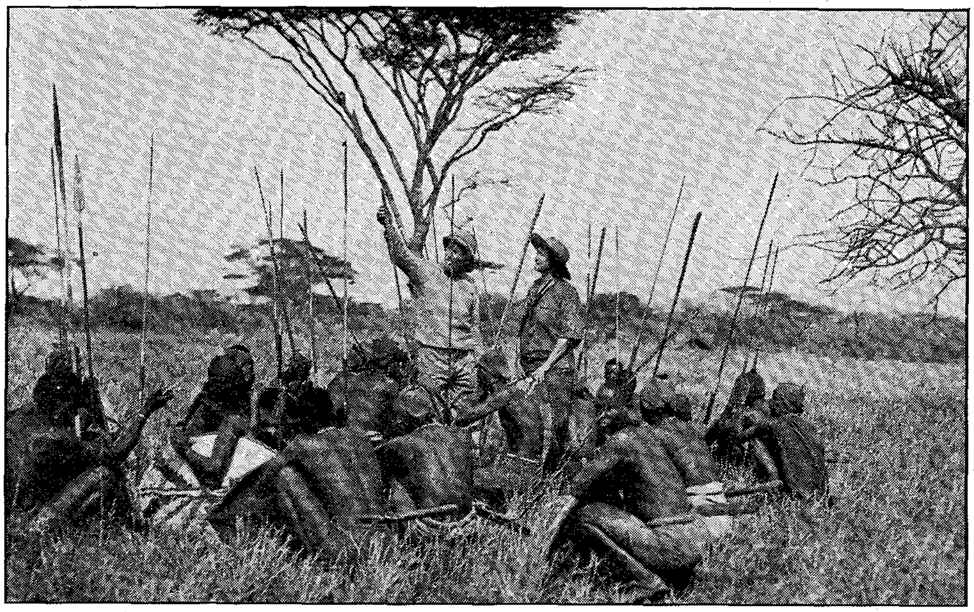
Rockwell, Carl's assistant, brought home a rather large calf early in the game, but finding the old bull was a more difficult matter. Philip Percival (who had been in this same camp for a week directing Mr. Eastman's hunt) had reported a fine old gray bull. We kept on the lookout for him, tho Carl had his heart set on getting a dark bull giraffe. We had hunted a week when he secured the female, and no bull of real importance had been seen in any herd. We were seeing giraffe in considerable numbers. In the day's hunt it was possible that we saw the same groups twice. For a long time we saw females—"*Mingi, mingi sana*" (Many, very many), in the native vernacular—females and calves everywhere it seemed, and with them only an occasional young bull not at all impressive.

Finally, one evening, half an hour before sunset, as Carl and I were coming along across the open veldt with one of our boys, we sighted a lone giraffe feeding on a large isolated acacia tree. He looked enormous, and was not the old gray bull. He was unusually dark. In fact, as he stood against the western light, he looked almost black across his withers. My heart raced. Much as I hated the thought of killing, I found myself wishing that my husband might be convinced that here was the specimen he was looking for, and have done with the long strain of hunting and waiting and disappointment. The bull was alone. A small bush was near by, and consequently he was in an excellent position for stalking. He looked at us in wonder and then continued to enjoy his evening meal from the top of the acacia tree. But how high is the tree? The eternal question. The tree may look high, but how high? And a giraffe of less than sixteen feet was not even to be dreamed of as a member of this, perhaps the most important group of African Hall. We said little.

"He looks big," cautiously from Carl.

"Yes, and he is very dark," I added warily and still hopefully.

"Well, I think I'll go up and measure that tree." Of course, the giraffe could not be expected to be obliging enough to wait to be measured, and then fall victim to our desire. And yet that almost happened. Carl stalked to within ten yards of the tree and the giraffe fed on. Then he came out into the low scrub, and the giraffe stopped eating, looked, came a few steps in his direction, then turned his long, gracefully sinuous body and slowly walked out of sight. I kept watching through my glasses. He was obviously a most gloriously dark animal and almost pure white underneath—a very individual marking and wholly different from anything we had seen at close range. How huge he looked under the tree and how increasingly huge and dignified as he walked away with head high up in the air! I wondered if on close approach Carl could resist shooting; but he did, and I next saw him with gun and cord measuring the limb the bull had been feeding on. He came back presently.



Photographs from "Carl Akeley's Africa," by Mary L. Jobe Akeley (Dodd, Mead) Photograph by Martin Johnson

"HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HAVE THAT COMING AT YOU?"

So Carl Akeley seems to be asking as he examines the weapon of one of a group of friendly Lumbwa spearmen, while Mrs. Akeley contemplates the deadly implement with proper respect.

"He was a big giraffe—that branch he was feeding on was more than seventeen feet above the ground," he reported. Of course we were both depress at the lost opportunity, but thrilled at having seen so closely such a splendid animal.

Now Mr. Akeley's constant quest was the big black bull. Again and again they covered the same course; they wore out the tires of the light car. Finally Mrs. Akeley began to drive the heavy truck. But, we learn:

The big black bull was not to be found. Then one day in the thorn scrub near the road made by heavily freighted ox-carts that pass year in and year out from Archer's Post to Marsabit and Moyale, Carl got the female for his group. There was no mistaking her. She stood in statuesque wonder, alone, amid tall thorn and acacias. She proved a superb beast of exquisite color, gaudily marked, and with the deep scar of a lion's claws the entire width of her beautiful flank, a scar considered by my husband to add untold value to the specimen.

I drove post-haste to bring the taxidermists to assist with skinning and skeletonizing. On my way back to camp I saw what seemed to me the giant black bull feeding with a herd of fourteen females and young males near the spot where we had first observed him. But the female had been killed, and, if its skin was to be properly preserved, no time could be lost in its preparation. The old bull had wisely chosen to reappear when all hands were fully occupied.

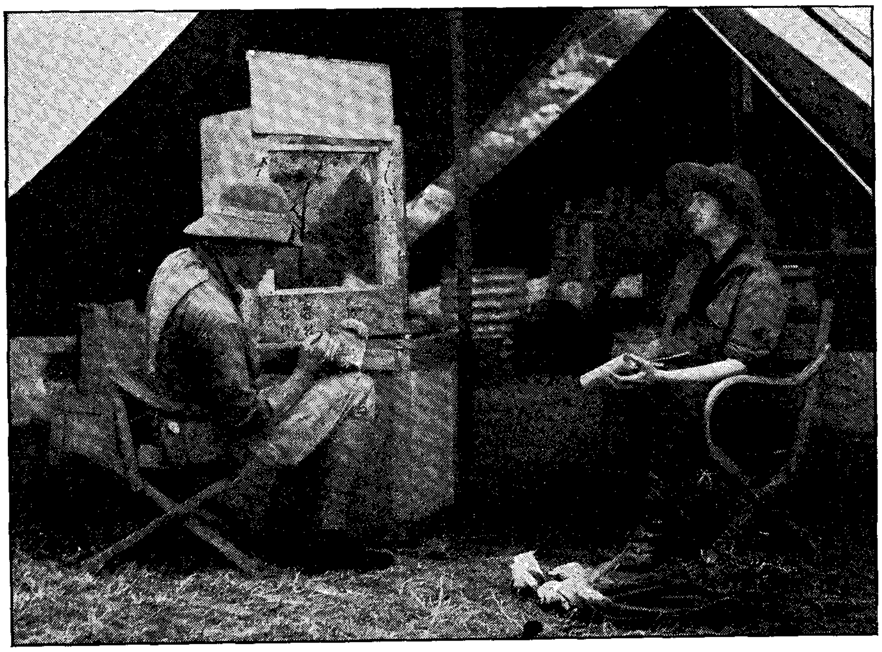
The next morning, as I took the painters, Leigh and Jansson, to the water pan where they were making studies for the background of the Water Hole Group, I saw the bull again, but by the time I could get Carl the herd had vanished, and with it its spectacular leader. Later it seemed a last appearance. In fact, all the giraffe in the country suddenly effaced themselves. The water pans had dried up and the Samburu told us the giraffe were watering at the river.

Finally my husband decided to try a new move.

The water pan one mile from camp, at which all the animals on the veldt had been drinking, had dried up. Now was it not reasonable, he argued, that if the water in the pan were restored the giraffe would come to drink again? He decided to make a new water pan. Near our camp was an ancient well of saline water, walled up with excellent masonry. It was apparently inexhaustible. The passing caravans used it copiously, and we had an abundant supply for baths, laundry, and dishwashing. Makasudi, our headman, informed us that we could easily fill the two thirty-gallon water tanks used to transport our drinking water from the Eusso Nyiro, without missing it.

That afternoon we filled the tanks and took them and our porters over to the pan. With *pangas* (native knives) they cut out a hole ten feet square and twelve inches deep. In this we placed a big canvas tarpaulin, covered it with a thin layer of the dislodged clay, and then removed as nearly as possible all traces of our work. We poured in the sixty gallons of water. It actually made a fairly decent hole. The next morning we found that a few animals had come to drink.

That evening, hoping that the improvised water pan would

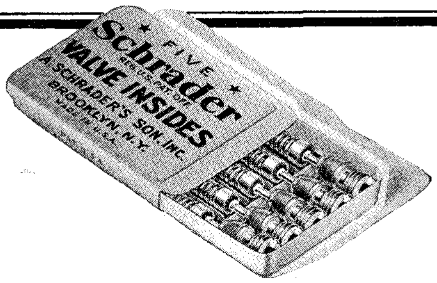


HOME IS WHERE THE TENT IS WHEN YOU GO ON *SAFARI*

Carl and Mary Akeley in the Lukenia Hills. Mr. Akeley is modeling a group of klipspringer for the field model of an African Hall group.

Would you read every word of this short message

to avoid having one flat tire?



LET'S go—

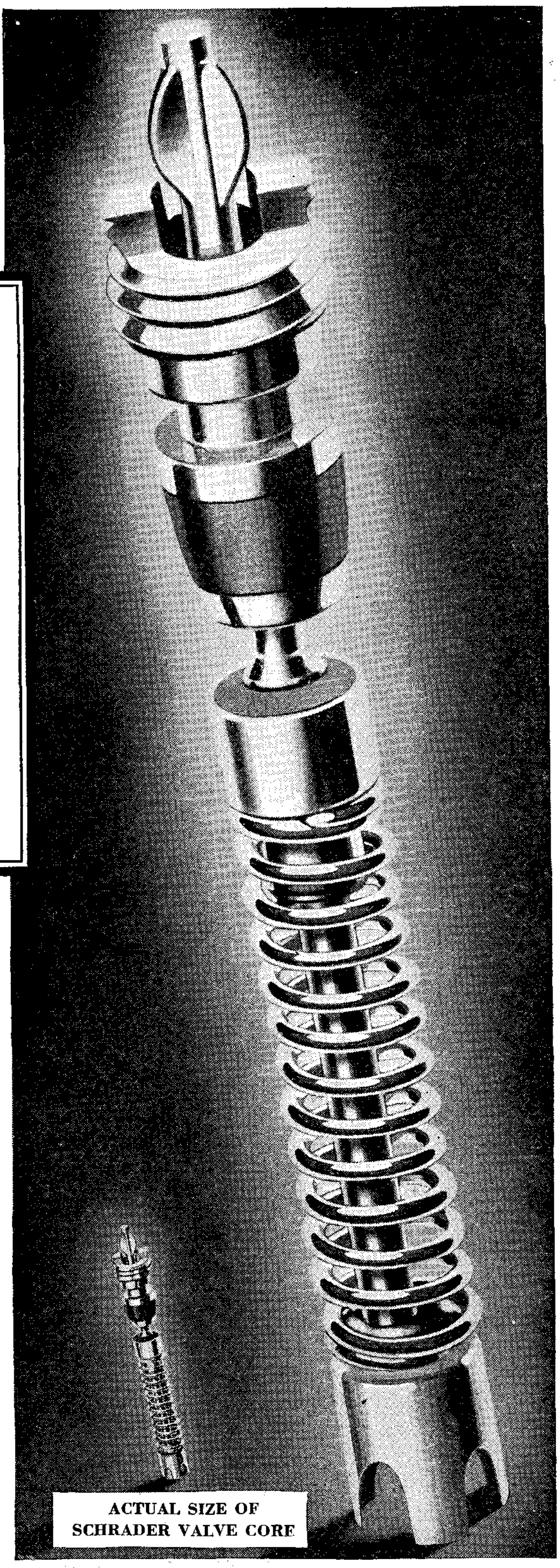
The thing that holds the air in your tires is a small article called a "valve core" or "valve inside."

The best ones that are made cost you only a few cents apiece, less than thirty cents for a box of five. The poorest ones that can be made cost you just about the same. It's a cinch you can't save much shopping for a valve core.

Valve cores cost so little, they are so insignificant in size and price, that many motorists think "Schrader makes them all" and *assume* they are getting Schrader Valve Cores when they buy, especially if they see a red box.

But Schrader doesn't make them all. Schrader makes a valve core that does not leak and does not slowly, steadily, go to pieces on a hot tire. To protect yourself you *must* take one second of your time in buying to look carefully at the small metal box and *be sure it's a Schrader.*

If you want to buy a valve core that we didn't make—FINE! Go right ahead. But if you want to replace with *new* Schraders the Schrader Cores the tire maker put in your tubes, then, for your own good as well as ours, LOOK when you buy. It takes one second to be sure.


ACTUAL SIZE OF SCHRADER VALVE CORE

Remember that with Schraders you are safe. They are used in 85% of all tubes made in this country. So why not save yourself possible trouble and insist on genuine Schrader Products always? It's worth it.

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves ▲ ▲ Tire Gauges

KREMENTZ GIFTS
for him

The CHRISTMAS PROBLEM SOLVED...

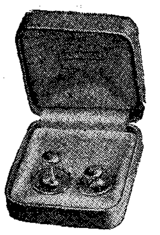
"What shall I give him for Christmas?

"If I could only think of something he would cherish—not only because I gave it to him, but because it was something he really wanted."

All over the country, mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters, and aunts are asking themselves this question. All over the country, the better stores are answering the question with Krementz Jewelry for Men in appropriate gift boxes.

The name Krementz is not only a "hallmark" for Quality, but for Style and Good Taste. Krementz stylists are continually in touch with what is accepted by the best dressed men at the fashion centers both here and abroad. Continental tendencies are minutely observed. Write us for names of stores near you. New Yorkers may phone our Fifth Avenue Office, LACkawanna 3123.

KREMENTZ & CO.
Makers of Fine Jewelry since 1866, Newark. N. J.



A pair of Krementz Collar Buttons in a gift box. 75c to $4.75

Krementz Links up to $5 a pair, in gift box

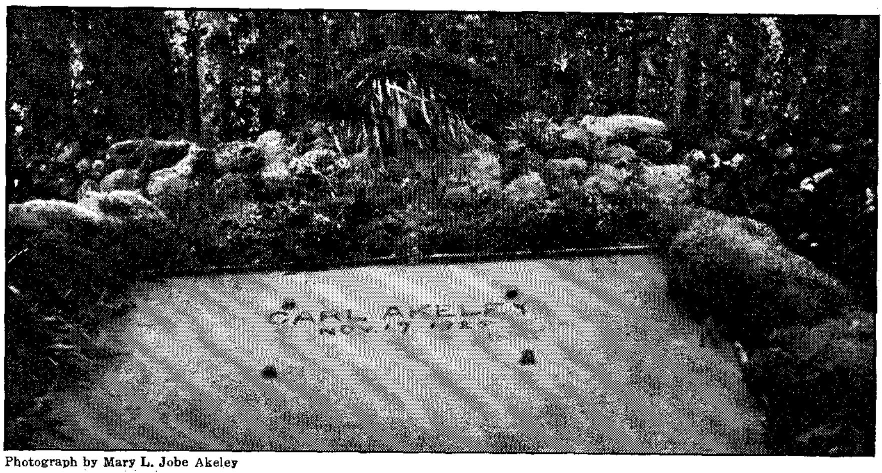
Krementz Tuxedo and Full Dress Sets, in gift boxes, $7.50 to $50

Krementz
JEWELRY FOR MEN

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

attract more game, the Akeleys hunted again. About four miles beyond the water pan they suddenly saw a herd of fifteen giraffe, and in it was "a most impressive bull," of which we read:

> He was unusually colored, and, somewhat disconcertingly, very gray with pure white markings. It could easily have been the one Philip Percival had remarked. Our big dark bull was not in the herd. Carl was in a position to stalk, so he slid out of the car, hid behind an ant-hill and slowly crept closer and closer. He was going up wind, and by dint of careful maneuvering he got very near the bull. Now the difficulty of stalking a big bull in a herd is that every female in that herd constitutes herself a committee of one to look after the safety of her lord and master. In the course of Carl's stalk the animals became aware of his nearness and ambled off.
>
> The next morning we traversed the same course, hopeful that the same herd might still be ranging there. We scanned every possible section of the range, but not an animal of any sort or description was in sight—not even a Grant's gazel moved on the landscape. The place was as deserted as a desert is supposed to be.
>
> "Well, we'll go on the usual course," my husband said.
>
> About a mile farther on we sighted giraffe. On close study and on nearer approach we saw a fine big bull. A half-dozen females ranged around him, feeding on the lower branches of the trees. He towered among them and fed from the tree-tops. I was thrilled almost past breathing. I knew Carl's heart had been set on the big dark bull—this one was dark indeed. He seemed strangely like the solitary bull that we had seen previously, and that he had so carefully measured the week before.
>
> At last my husband's painstaking efforts were rewarded. The big bull, now at close range, appeared colossal in contrast with the young bulls and females. He actually stood for us. Two shots, a short run of five hundred yards and the old monarch's reign was finished forever.
>
> The rest of the herd stampeded for a short distance only, and then traveled slowly away, stopping frequently to look back for their missing chief. Distress, dejection, amazement that this thing could have happened, were all depicted in their movements as they reluctantly left the spot where their leader had fallen. I doubt not but that they came again and again at nightfall to look for him.



Photograph by Mary L. Jobe Akeley

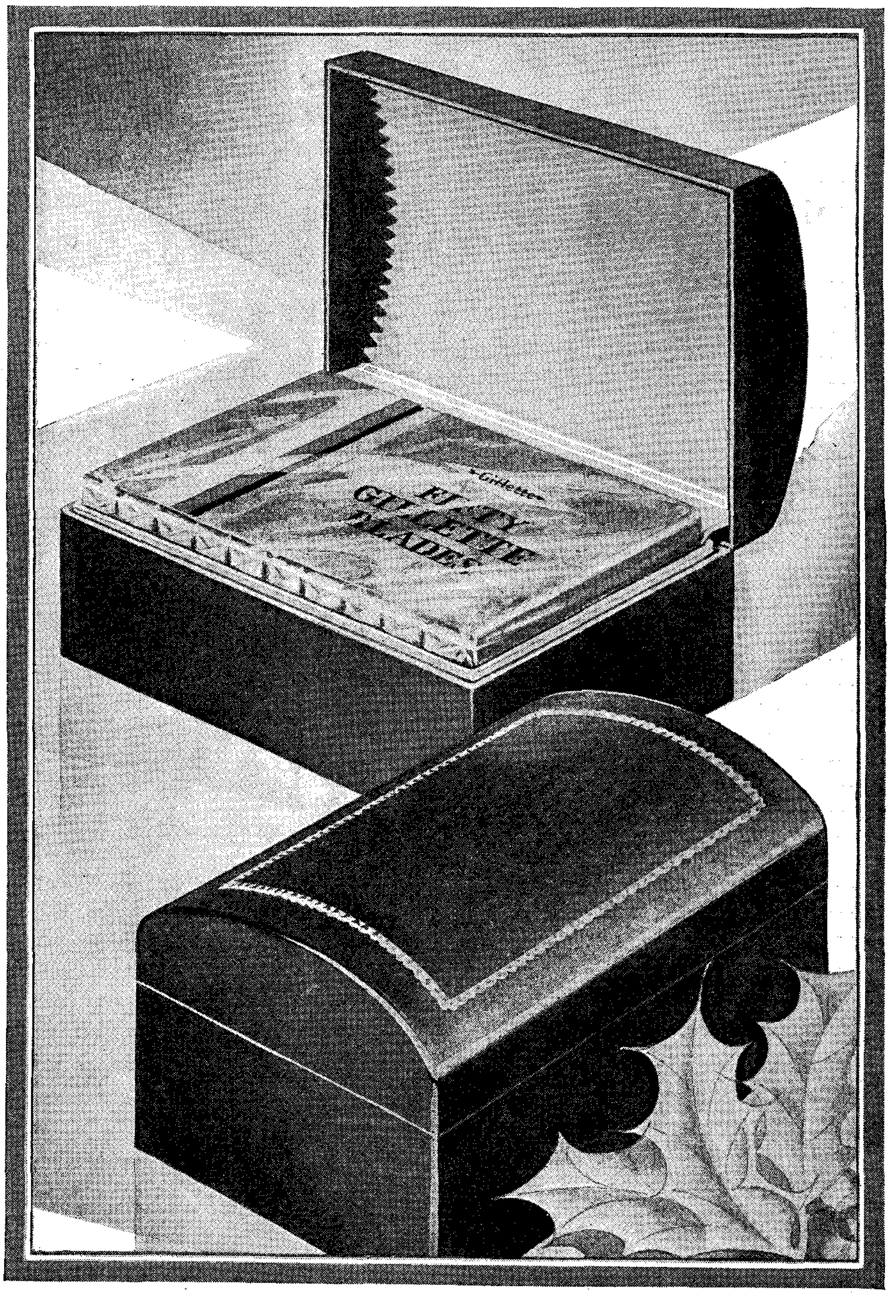
"HIS MORTAL BODY RESTS IN THE LAND OF HIS DREAMS"

Carl Akeley's grave on Mount Mikeno in Africa in the heart of the wild life he loved.

Then came the feverish work of preparing the skin and skeleton, a process of which we read on:

> Carl and Rockwell now made photographic studies and measurements of the giraffe, so essential as records for the correct mounting of the animal in the taxidermic workshop. He was a little more than sixteen feet in height! Meanwhile I dashed back six miles to camp for Raddatz, who came in the truck bringing with him a tarpaulin, four hundred pounds of salt, extra skinning knives, and all of our porters. A terrific day of work was ahead.
>
> Caring for the skin of any giraffe under extremely favorable circumstances is one of the most difficult jobs in the field of taxidermy. It is precarious work because of the large amount of water the skin contains and the consequent tendency to rapid disintegration which may mean the "slipping of the hairs" of the skin.
>
> The veldt was already shimmering in blazing heat, and the hottest hours of the day were still to come. The tarpaulin was quickly thrown up as a sun-canopy, protecting the giraffe. Altho the force was now augmented by Raddatz and four or five of the best native boys, the task was heavy indeed. After eleven hours in the field and six hours of grilling, back-breaking preparatory work, the specimen was loaded in the truck at four o'clock and taken into camp. The men gulped their afternoon tea, as they worked; they paused only for a brief half-hour at dinner, and then the lanterns were lighted and the work went on.
>
> All the following day the work continued. At last the giraffe skeleton was clean and hoisted high in a big acacia-tree out of reach of marauding hyenas; and that night we all gathered silently around the work-fly where by the light of half a dozen lanterns Carl and Rockwell and Raddatz were still doing yeoman service in making the big bull giraffe skin into the nearest possible approach to a piece of velvet, and Kambi, tall handsome Wanyamwezi, sang, in a childish voice, a hunting song, to the minor accompaniment of a one-stringed guitar—a requiem for the fallen prehistoric giant.

How to be *Generous*—
to a man at Christmas



JUST how does the Gillette Fifty Box qualify as the ideal Christmas gift for a man? Here's how—on these eight counts:

It is practical . . . Man, famous for his practical mind, insists on useful gifts.

Yet he probably wouldn't buy this for himself . . . From long habit, he is used to getting his blades in packs of five and ten. This will be a new and refreshing idea for him.

He'll be sure to use it . . . Blades are a daily necessity in every man's life. The Gillette Fifty Box is the most convenient way to have them.

It is personal . . . It's all to himself, for his own intimate, bathroom use.

It is good looking . . . Packed, as you see, in a metal box, velvet lined, with a spring-hinge cover. Blades are enclosed in brilliant Cellophane.

It is truly generous . . . With fifty smooth, double-edged Gillette Blades in easy grasp, a man can look forward to more continuous shaving comfort than he has probably ever enjoyed before in his life.

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Five Dollars

Gillette

Gillette

GIVE HIM shaving comfort in abundance with the famous Fifty Box of Gillette Blades

Give *yourself* this Christmas Gift

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TWINWORKS SOLINGEN
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TWIN BLADE

. . . a new experience in shaving

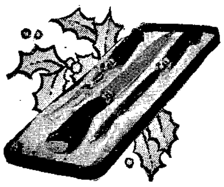
To many men no more need be said than that Twin Blades are made by J. A. Henckels, world famous cutlery makers of Solingen.

To others we make bold to suggest that they gamble on a package, or on a single blade, in the bare hope that the greatest maker of fine straight razors has made a real improvement in safety razor blades. We are sure you will not be disappointed.

Twin Blades are $1.25 for 10 and 65¢ for 5 at cutlery, hardware and department stores selling J. A. Henckels cutlery. Also at the better drug stores. Send 10¢ for trial blade postpaid.

J. A. HENCKELS FINE CUTLERY

For distinctive Christmas gifts you will find at your J. A. Henckels dealer a wide and varied assortment of the world famous Twin Brand Cutlery.



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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

THE TRAGIC ROMANCE OF A HERMIT EAGLE

A LONELY male eagle is living a life of solitude on Ramsey Island off the coast of Wales. Since 1911 he has been a hermit. Once he lived with other eagles on Skomer Island, where he had a mate. But she died and, possibly in sorrow, he left Skomer for Ramsey, abandoning the society of his kind. The life of a hermit is not pleasant, even for a bird, we learn from an article under a London date line in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and the loneliness of this old bird excited the sympathy of human observers who determined on the romantic undertaking of supplying the solitary widower with a mate. The *Post-Dispatch* account tells the tragic story of these well-intentioned activities. Chief among the big bird's sympathizers was a Mr. Lewis, who acts as bird-watcher for the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. Finally, the account continues:

> It was decided something should be done. The obvious thing to do was get the eagle a mate. His friends got busy. A mate must be found for the hermit, an attractive female eagle whom he might cast his eyes upon and, so doing, find to his liking.
>
> Capt. C. W. R. Knight, famous Golden Eagle photographer, was asked to cooperate. So were the London Zoological Gardens. Both the Captain and the Zoo not only agreed to enter into the pretty scheme, they agreed with fine zest. Sir Alexander Gibbs gave permission for his female eagle, which was at the Zoo, to be used in the romance. Captain Knight got busy.
>
> The Captain took the lady eagle to his paddocks at Seven-Oaks in order that he might prepare her to fend for herself.

After all, this whole business of matchmaking was to be subtly done; the conspirators did not wish to force the lady on the hermit. Instead, we are told:

> They wanted to give him plenty of time to think it over, to be drawn to her of his own free will. And, therefore, she must be able to care for herself until her expected husband was ready to take her to him.
>
> Captain Knight went about his job and accomplished it. The lady was ready; he took her off to Wales.
>
> First she was set upon a ledge of rock. She looked about her, she decided her whereabouts. Then her jesses were cut. At first she could not realize her freedom. And the watchers, hiding, waited impatiently for her first move.
>
> Then she of a sudden became alert. Something fluffy had moved in the coarse grass. And she was off. She launched herself, and crash!—her first meal had been captured; a fat young rabbit.
>
> "Now," said the watchers, "if only the male would come over, the day would be finished." Almost before the thought was uttered the hermit sailed majestically overhead, obviously curious as to what was going on below. Then, with a swoop, he came down and stood some yards away.
>
> Darkness came down and the closer approach of the birds could not be seen.
>
> "Ah, well," thought the watchers, "they will come together; they will mate; they will prosper." But they were doomed to disappointment. A few days later the body of the female was washed upon the shore.
>
> She had, evidently, become exhausted after trying to fly with her stronger mate, and fallen into the sea.

THE SCOFFLAW BEES OF NORFOLK

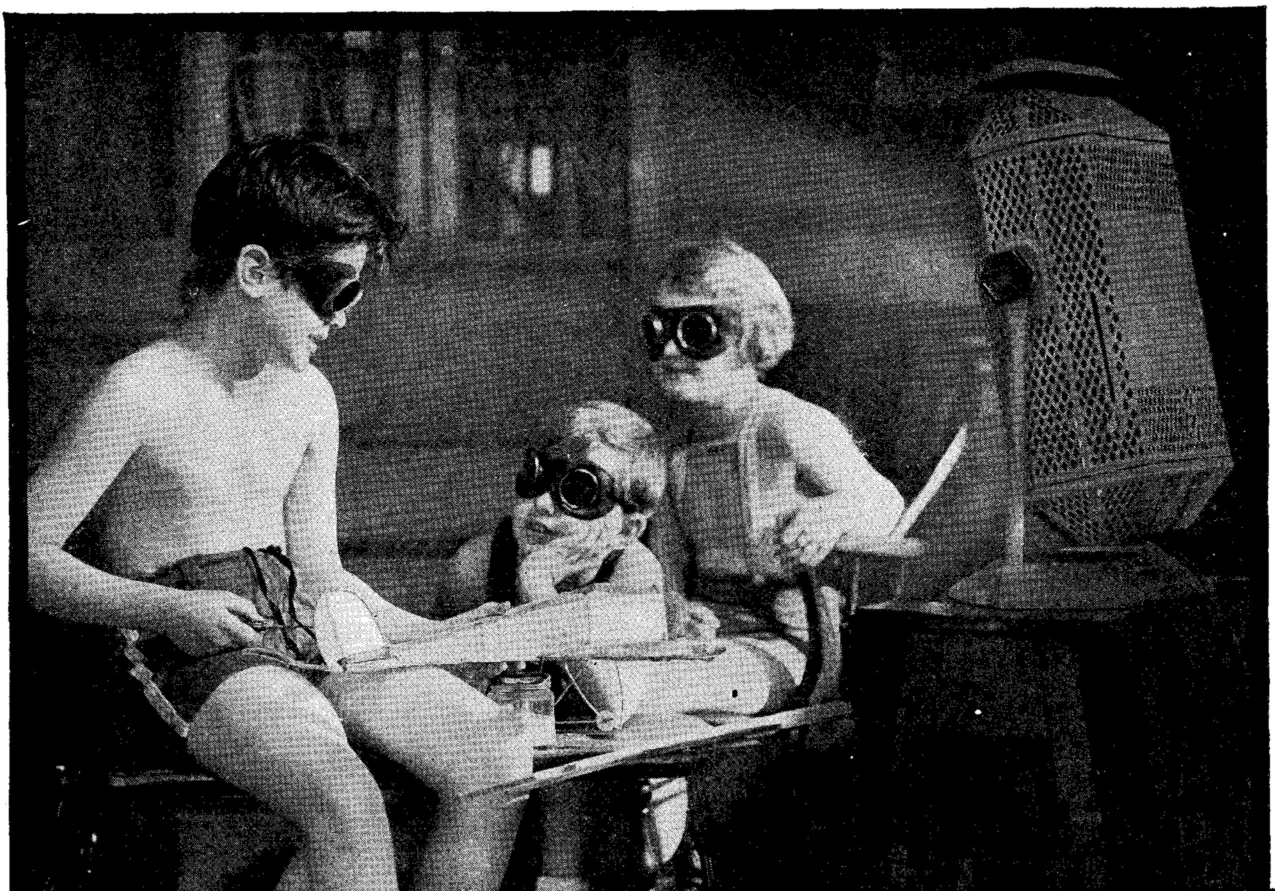
THE spectacle of a Prohibition agent trying to arrest a swarm of bees for violating the dry laws would add much to the joy of life, suggests an editorial in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, which carries the surprizing information that these busy little insects have turned to bootlegging. The news, we learn, comes from Norfolk, where there is a warehouse holding 60,000 tons of sugar. Not far away lives a man who keeps bees. Not long ago the bees discovered the sugar, and ever since they have been invading the warehouse and helping themselves to the contents for honey-making purposes. Says *The Transcript* further of the actual and possible consequences of these depredations:

> The honey is said to have "a kick like a mule," clearly indicating an alcoholic content in excess of one-half of 1 per cent. The news has gone abroad, and the beekeeper reports a rising demand for the product. There is created a situation of many interesting possibilities.
>
> In the first place, there is the interesting problem the industry of the bees presents to the men learned in the law. Does the law of the excellent Mr. Volstead apply in the premises? To the layman it does not seem that honey, even with a kick like a mule, could be described as manufactured for beverage purposes. But if the law is enforceable, are the bees to be adjudged guilty, or is their owner?
>
> The incident suggests future possibilities. It may create a simultaneous demand for bees and sugar. Bootleggers may turn to beehives for a stock in trade and become as busy as a bee. It is conceivable that the consumption of sugar will become so great that owners of plantations in Louisiana and beet-sugar fields in Utah will cease to care about the duty, relieving Senator Smoot of a great load of anxiety.

But the performances of the bees of Norfolk are a sad blow to many good people who have based their pious maxims upon the industry of the bee, laments this editorial as it runs on:

> There is the tribute of Isaac Watts, which has been relied upon by many a follower to turn youthful footsteps in the right direction:
>
> How doth the little busy bee
> Improve each shining hour.
> And gather honey all the day
> From every opening flower!
>
> Who will dare quote the familiar lines if the irreverent are likely to twist the second couplet to read:
>
> And gather honey all the day
> With anti-Volstead power?
>
> All this comment has been based on the assumption that the news from Norfolk is authentic. If it isn't, the story is still a good one.

WILL YOUR CHRISTMAS BE HAPPY AND HEALTHFUL OR WILL Lack of Sunshine AFFECT YOUR HEALTH?



The new Table Model Eveready Sunshine Lamp gives all the invigorating health rays found in summer sunshine

IN WINTER-TIME most large cities receive less than half the amount of sunshine they do in summer. The few beneficial solar rays that are present are partially prevented from penetrating to the streets by the dust and smoke of the city!

No wonder we sometimes feel as dull and heavy as the winter skies!

For, deprived of the important rays of health, we become easier prey to the many winter ailments. Thousands are keeping their summer-time health and cheer by irradiating their bodies with sunshine every day—with the Eveready Sunshine Lamp manufactured and guaranteed by National Carbon Company! Summer-time health will bring real Christmas cheer into your home.

The Eveready Sunshine Lamp, burning Eveready Sunshine Carbons, actually produces *all* the health rays in sunshine—the ultra-violet, luminous and ultra-reds, from any electrical outlet. These rays promote calcium metabolism, stimulate the blood stream and build body resistance to disease.

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Sunshine Lamp

Beauty and Health!

The Eveready Sunshine Lamp, burning Eveready Super-Tan Carbons, gives you a richer, deeper tan—as smart and as striking as a stay at Palm Beach or Carmel—a shade that is as indicative of your good health as it is fashionable.

It is just as natural to bask under Eveready Carbon-arc Sunshine as it is to lie under a summer sun. If you are sick consult your physician, as self-diagnosis is always unwise.

A remarkable offer

Women and men as well as children find Eveready Carbon-arc Sunshine good for them! (Illustrating the famous Floor Model Eveready Sunshine Lamp.)

Now! For only $10 down you can have the marvelous new Table Model placed in your home! Small monthly payments. Payments for larger model equally low. There's an Eveready Sunshine dealer near you! Prices $59.50 *to* $137.50.

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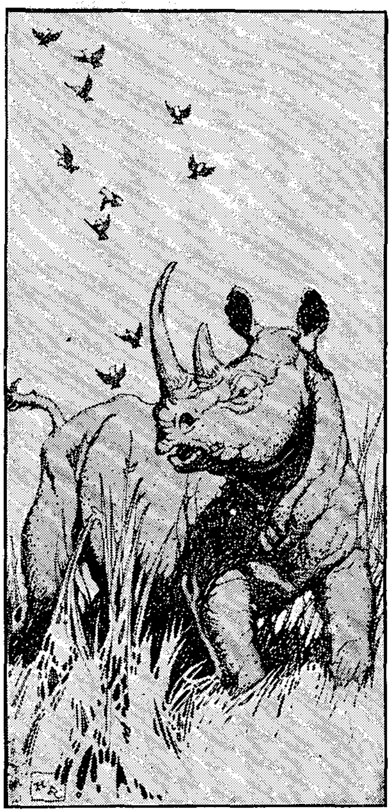
TOUCHY TEMPERAMENT OF A RHINO MOVIE STAR

NOW WAS THE TIME FOR STEADY NERVES. A split hair divided the two outcomes that seemed possible—the animal movie of the century, or two dead camera hunters. The star of the film, the angry rhino, broke into a gallop, head down, eyes full of hate. The charge of the rowdy, grouchy beast, full of malice, gained speed. And it was all in the finder of the camera as John Cudahy ground away, his eyes glued on the animated miniature of sudden death which expanded at a terrifying pace. Suddenly a terrific blast! The sheer force of percussion knocked Cudahy down. Abu, the native African gun-bearer, had fired. Another explosion followed. This time Pat Ayre, standing back with his high-powered rifle, ready for such an emergency, had done his stuff. There lay the rhino, prostrate, his heels spasmodically kicking. Mr. Cudahy, who tells the story in *The Sportsman*, explains that Abu, the gun-bearer, had broken a law of the *safari*. A gun-bearer must never fire the gun he carries, but hand it to his white leader. He had shot, but with the best intentions and without hitting his target. Mr. Ayre had finished the business by slaying the huge, armor-plated animal, just in time to save the life of Mr. Cudahy, cranking the movie machine. The show was over, Mr. Cudahy tells us, proceeding to describe the disappointing film afterward extracted from the camera:



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Sportsman* (Boston)

HIS DANDER'S UP, SO BEWARE!

Something needs looking into, thinks the surly pachyderm. And, scenting trouble, the little birds that ride on his back make themselves scarce.

> This is the way the picture develops: A massive gray boulder gradually assumes the definition of a rhino; he looks ugly, hostile; he advances toward the camera with stalking menace; he drops his head and comes in a rushing charge; then as you gasp with restrained breath, wondering what will happen—nothing happens, the stage is blotted, black, and out of the aching void emerges a fallen rhino, his solid, piano legs kicking convulsively, and the curtain is rung down. The rest is darkness. The play proceeds through the first and second acts with perfect craftsmanship, the element of suspense is flawless, as are the scenery and the supernumeraries; everything is perfect up to the climax—then hopeless void and inexplicable vacuum.
>
> Now it is the law of *safari* that a gun-bearer shall never shoot the weapon he carries. No matter how harrowing a situation develops, he must stand his ground and look to the white man for protection. If the white man bolts, the black man stands the gaff, like a rock; it is all in the day's work. The part of a gun-bearer demands a far higher order of courage than wading in with a smashing weapon targeted to the minute fraction of an inch. But the rule against his shooting is a wise one, and inflexible in its application. The only exception is when the white man is knocked down and entirely at the mercy of a charging beast; under such circumstances *safari* law permits the gun-bearer to use the firearm he carries. Two very sound considerations direct this rule: First, the black man can not hit a barn broadside, as was demonstrated by Abu Sheri on the occasion under review, and second, the white man may at any instant reach back for his auxiliary gun as his weapon of last resort.
>
> So now we looked daggers at the guilty Swahili, who hung his head and looked very dejected and crestfallen. "Bwana," he pleaded, before we could relieve our feelings. "I thought the bwana would be killed; he had no first gun, and the rhino came so fast I had no time to hand him the gun in my hand."
>
> After all, there was something in what he said. It was a unique situation, this, and one for which a gun-bearer should have been specifically instructed. We were at fault ourselves, and we knew it. But what good did that do? Would that fill the void in what should have been, what started out to be, what almost was, the greatest rhino picture in all natural history?

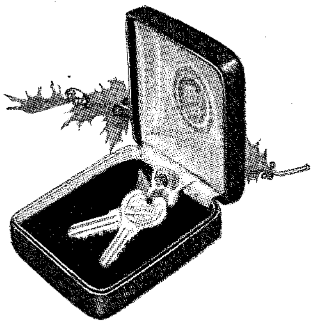
Yet the show was a great success in its own peculiar way, the writer assures us. Going back to the beginning, it must be said that the plans were all right, anyway. Cudahy was to grind the camera and Ayre was to do the gun work, if any. And, as Cudahy remarks:

> This seemed an excellent arrangement. Ayre was a deadly accurate shot, and never got rattled, and the two black men were experienced and knew their business—so we thought. Ours was an act which needed no rehearsing. We all knew our rôles perfectly; it was very simple, the star, or center-stage, performer being discovered, we approached in a column of twos, the white men ahead, the blacks bringing up the rear, Abu Sheri, a Swahili, carrying my big fourteen-pound gun. The Swahili are not traditionally a hunting people. The race is part Arab in origin and has dwelt in the indolence of coconuts on the tropical coastal belt of Africa for countless generations, and it was only the white man with his *safari* and his shillings that coaxed Abu to forsake the ways of his ancestors and follow the chase; therefore, tracks and trails and firearms were all artificial in his make-up and—but now we are getting ahead of our story.
>
> To resume, of a pleasant Kenya afternoon, the star or villain of the piece, as the case might be, was revealed on a side hill in the slanting rays of a retiring sun, for once engaged in minding his own business—which consisted in browsing on the meager forage of the country. He was covered with a garish make-up of white clay, like the ghastly face of a circus clown, which made him rise to enormous bulk in the camera, formidable and very close.
>
> However, not till the sound of the whirring camera disturbed him did he play up to the regulation rowdy rhino rôle; then he snorted, cocked his hoodlum ears, and milled about disagreeably—it was obvious he was annoyed. All this was recorded, and when the last of the film was exhausted, we retreated to a safe range in organized fashion and reloaded. Then, as the war reports used to say, forces were consolidated and returned to the attack. This time fifty paces would not satisfy us—we kept edging up closer and closer—you could see the immense form grow larger and larger in the finder, and still larger, as we crept closer, an inch at a time. He started our way cautiously, as if treading treacherous ground; then abruptly, his head lowered, he broke into a gallop.

The end of that gallop we have already seen. This, however, was not Mr. Cudahy's sole adventure with rhinos. One of the others, for example, he describes thus:

> He looked grouchy and ill-favored, like a disreputable old rake the morning after, with his baggy, pouched, recessed little eyes, his saggy, corrugated jowls, and the truncheon that ascended like a malignant root from behind his nose. And he seemed to think he owned all Africa, for when we came along our peaceful, law-abiding way he stamped and snorted and squinted malevolently out of his swinish eyes, trying to make out these two big, barging objects which were motor lorries where we sat awaiting developments.
>
> At the distance of about a third of a city block he lowered his sour-looking head with its wicked, malformed horn, and galloped toward us. A Springfield bullet kicked an oblique sputter of dust near him, and with no noticeable check in his rampageous career he lunged at it and kept going till he vanished beyond the close horizon of the rufous-hued desert land—a rampant misanthrope with a nasty, mean disposition indiscriminately extended toward the universe.
>
> The old hands at the game say the way to meet this crashing, head-on charge is to step aside with the grace and dexterity of a dancing master just at the moment the thundering pachyderm is on the point of impaling you on the end of his swooping horn, for having started in a given direction he will continue wrathfully on, without deviation, as is always the way with the

(*Continued on page 49*)



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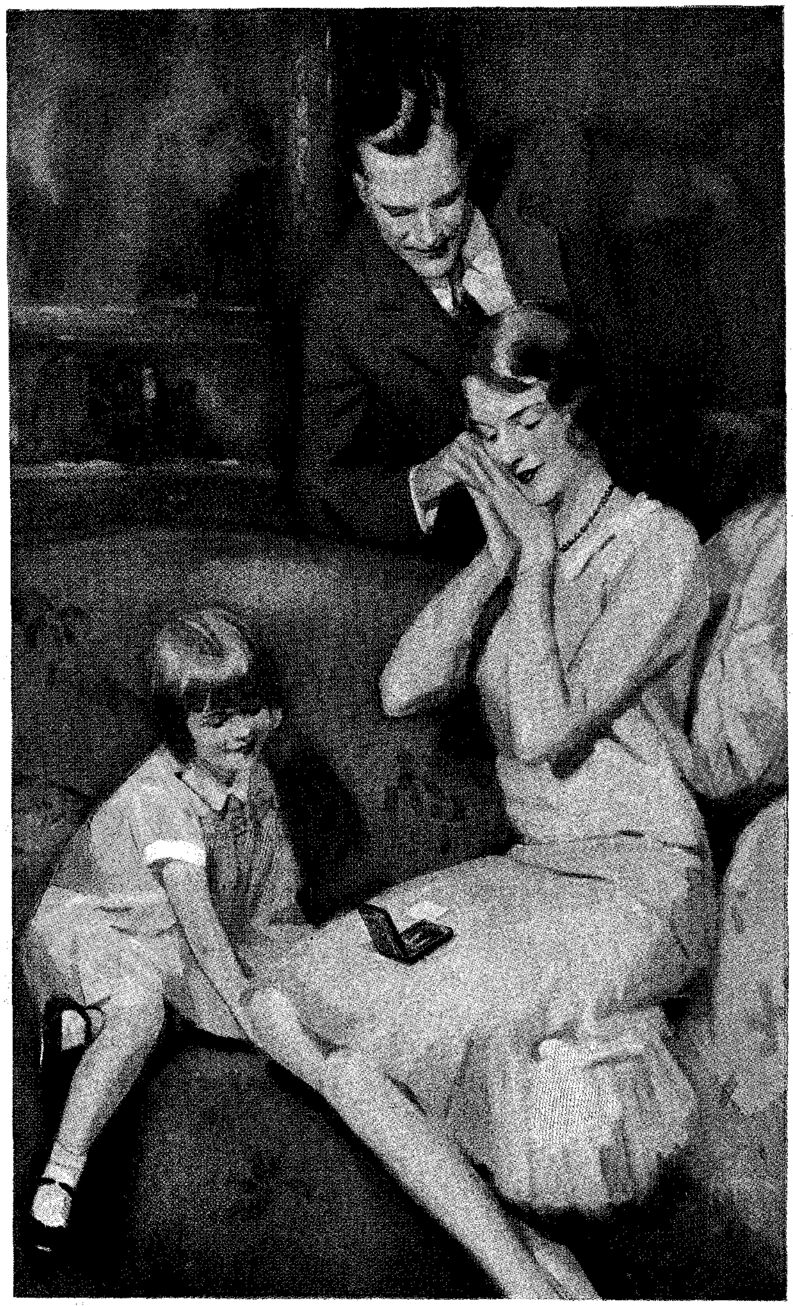

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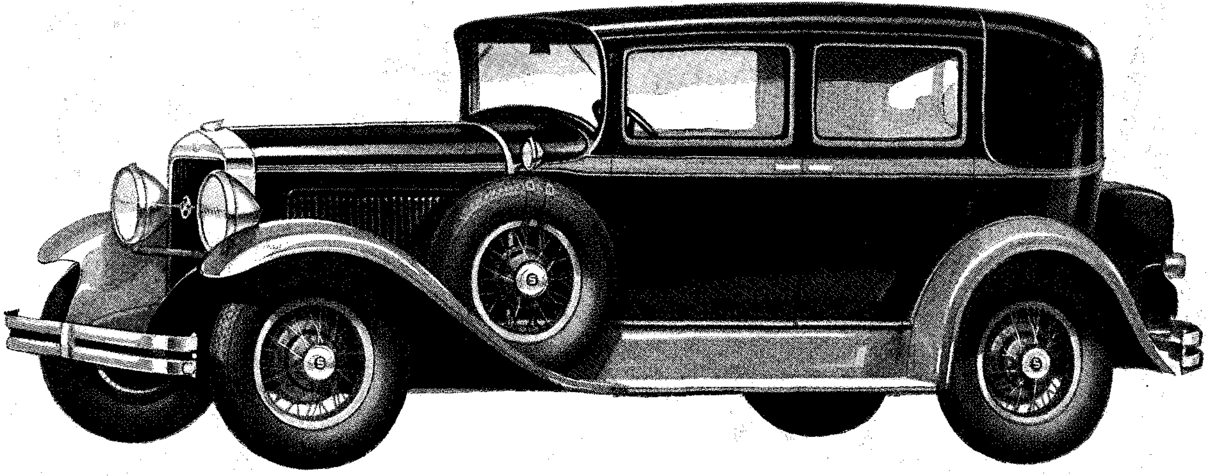

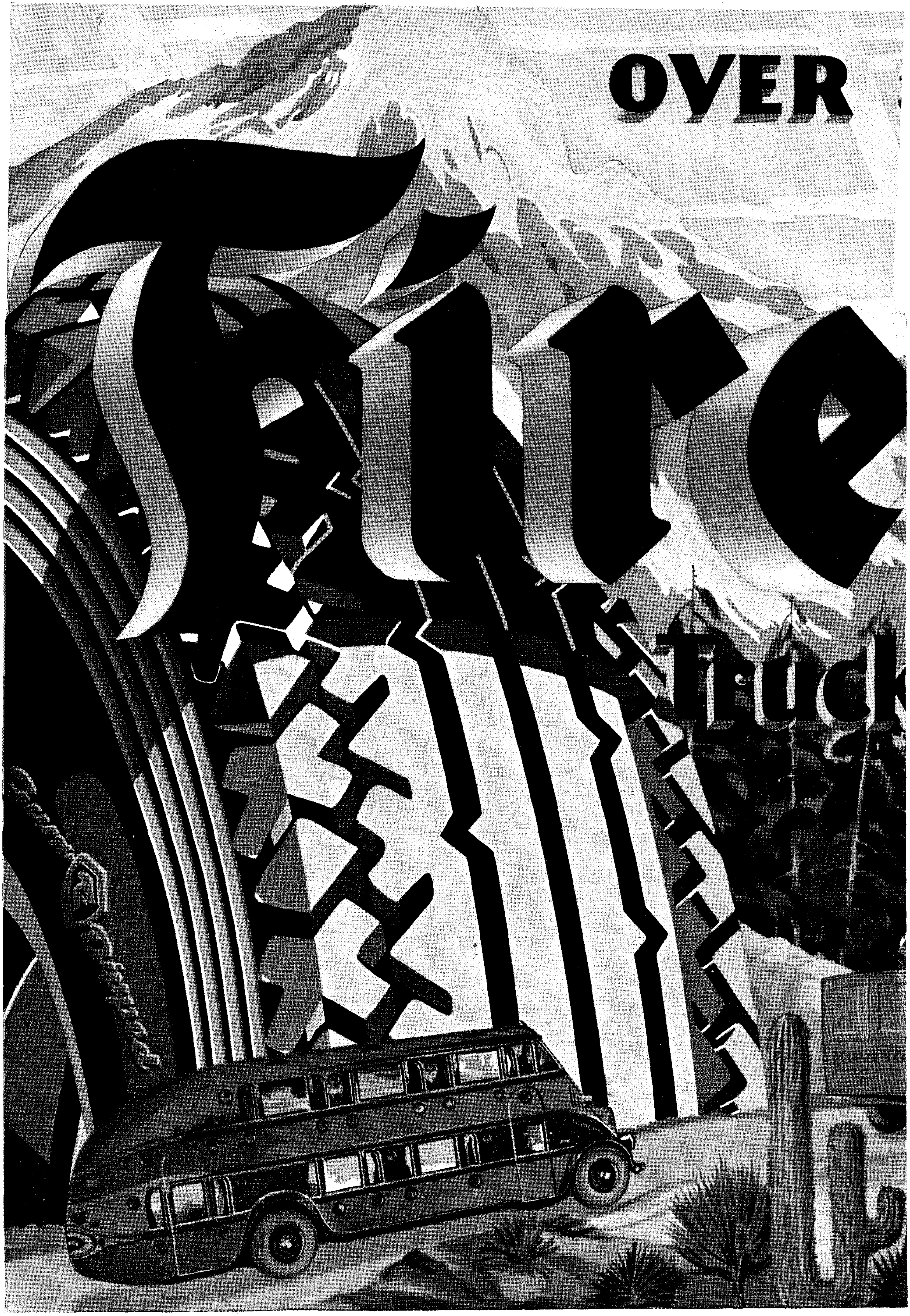
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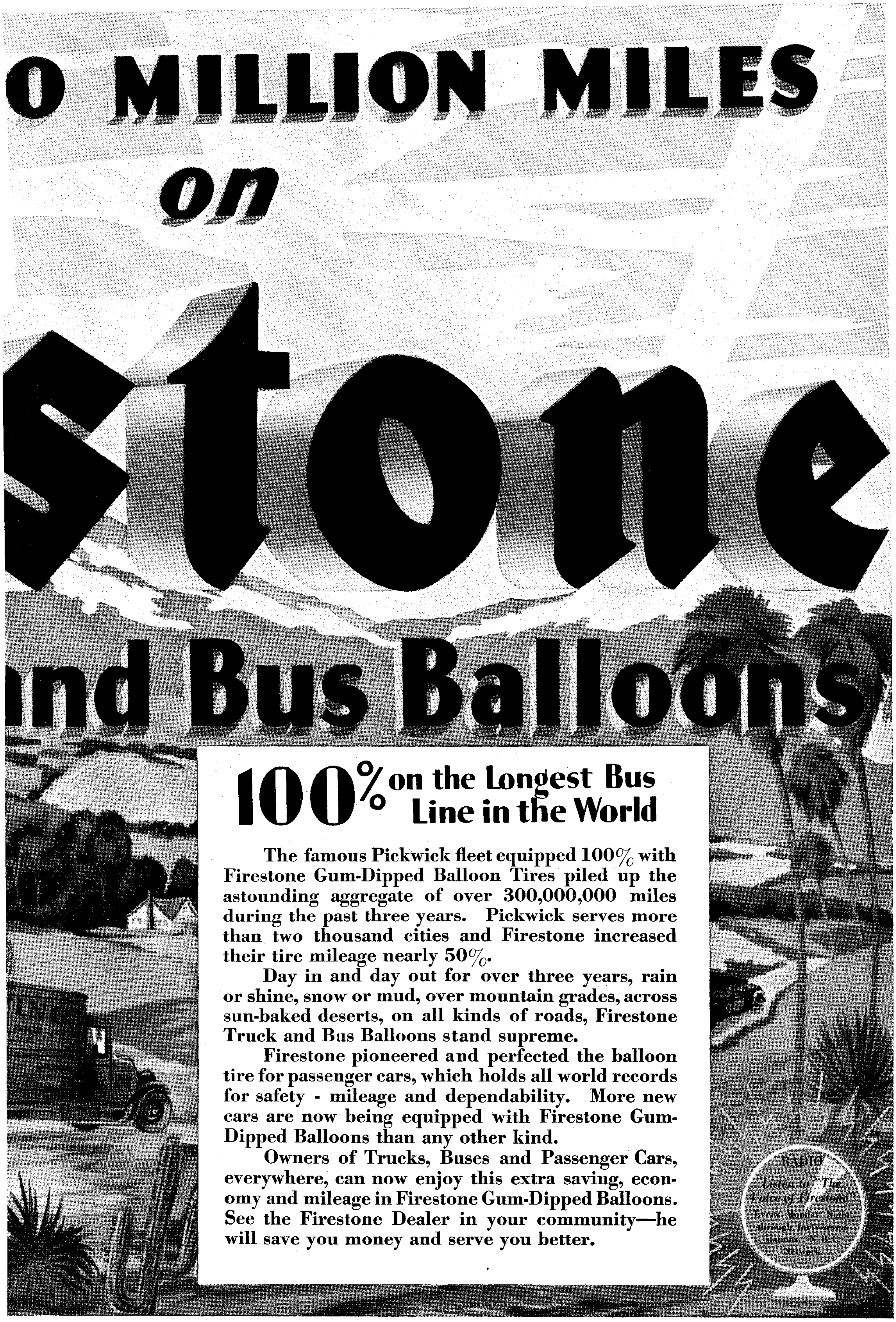
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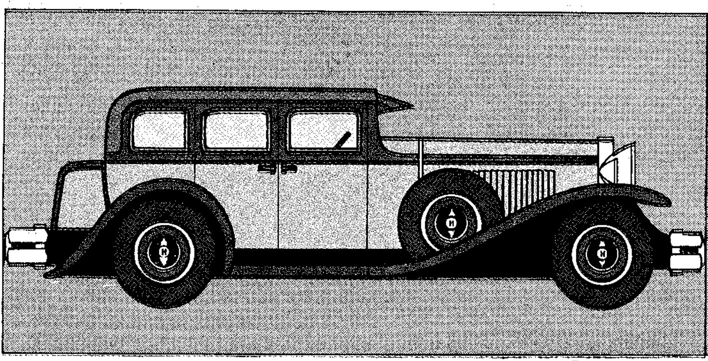
Give a *next* year's car *this* year. Step a year ahead of the Christmas buying parade, as Hupmobile has stepped a year ahead in motor car performance and design . . . Perhaps *next* Christmas there will be cars to match the whizzing speeds, the overwhelming power, the original and distinguished beauty of these new Hupmobiles . . . Perhaps *next* Christmas the ease of control, the safety and the luxurious riding qualities of these revolutionary new Sixes and Eights will be a twice-told story . . . But it's a *new* story now . . . The newest and most fascinating story in motordom . . . One look, one ride, and a half-hour at the wheel tell the tale . . . A true tale of achievement that confirms, for the twenty-second year, Hupmobile's right to be called *"The Car of the American Family."*



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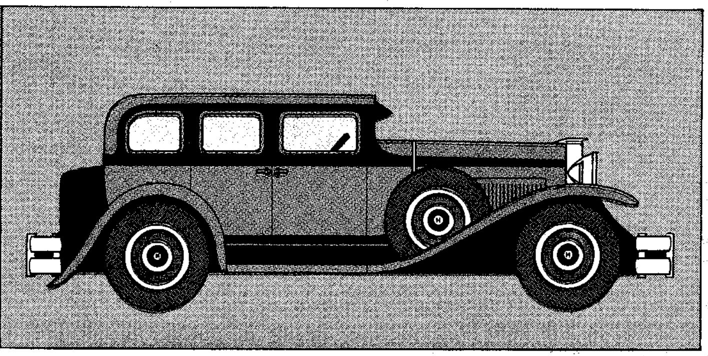
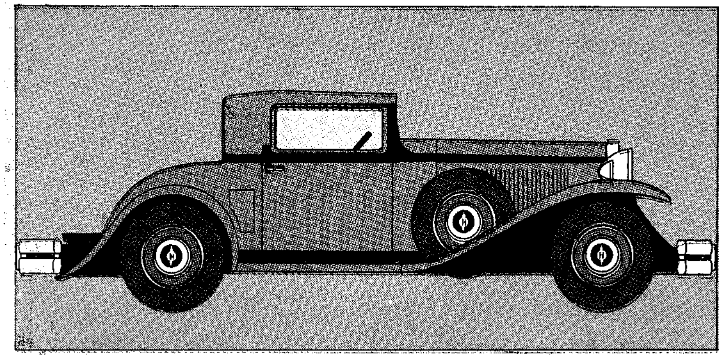
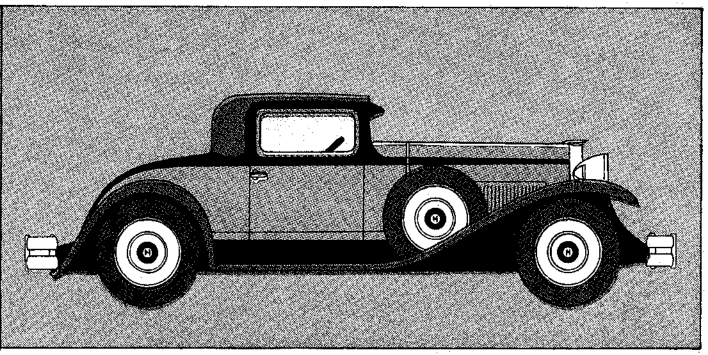


1930 HUPMOBILE SIX FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN . . . Standard equipped $1060 . . . Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.



1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT TWO-PASSENGER CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET. Standard equipped $1670. Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.



1930 HUPMOBILE SIX TWO-PASSENGER COUPE . . . Standard equipped $995 . . . Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT

80 miles per hour . . . 100 horse-power. Acceleration from 5 to 50 miles in 16 seconds . . . The first motor car ever designed by which a single style motif is used throughout, presenting a unit of harmonized beauty . . . Dual elimination of vibration by counterweighted crankshaft and vibration damper . . . Oil delivered under pressure to 46 points in engine . . . New hydraulic shock absorbers, deep cushions, greater spaciousness and comfort. Prices f.o.b. factory.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE SIX

70 miles per hour . . . 70 horse-power. Acceleration from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds; 5 to 50 m.p.h. in 20 seconds . . . The famous Hupmobile engine improved with counterweighted crankshaft. 4-wheel Hupmobile steeldraulic brakes . . . A big car, 50½ inches across rear seat, 49 inches across front seat . . . more leg and head room . . . Smartened by cleverly tailored sheet metal and sweeping fenders of the new French type . . . Prices f. o. b. factory.

(*Continued from page 44*)

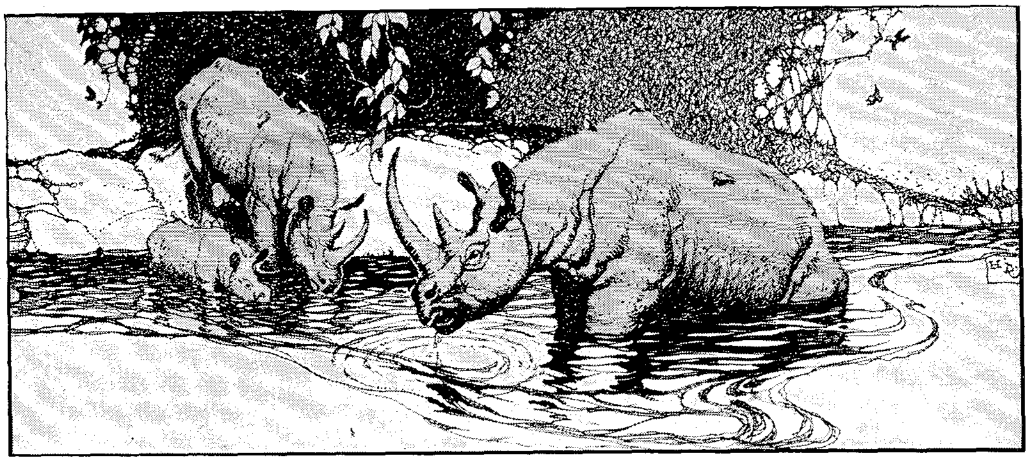
> thick-skulled, single-track mind. Be that as it may be, some of us there are who cherish no ambition to test that experiment.
>
> Speaking personally, I prefer a safety zone of twenty paces about my person; if any rhino crosses that chalk line he is a dead rhino or a powder-driven slug has missed its objective. It's not so much that he is vicious as it is that the rhino is a combination of truculence and stupidity confined in the bulk of a small locomotive. Turn a locomotive loose, invest it with satanic qualities, and watch it go careering down the highway. Every one capable of hopping would hop to cover; but the trouble with most of the country where the rhino hangs out is that no cover is provided wherein to hop; the ground is flat as a table top, and what trees there are are little affairs with projecting thorns long and sharp as darning needles. And making a run for it is madness, like drawing a red herring across the path of the rampageous beast and offering yourself as the sacrificial goat. No, the only thing to do, if your cartridges miss, is to take the advice of the old-timers and step nimbly and gracefully aside, remembering to wait till the last psychological moment when the wicked prong swings to connect with your posterior proportions.

Of all the rhinos Mr. Cudahy met, from the Sarengetti plains in Tanganyika to the Lorian swamp near Tana Land, "not one extended a pleasant greeting; without exception they looked pouty and peevish and petulant, as tho all and singular they suffer from chronic dyspepsia." This, however, can not be the case, he continues, for "the whole tribe has the ample girth of flawless assimilation and that well-fed look one always associates with laughter and song." Reading on:

> Yet, without exception, they turned a sour and surly face toward the visiting stranger. The little brown birds who took up their abiding place on the pachyderm back and feasted on the feast thereon, would go fluttering off at our approach, whereupon their rheumy host would snort and cast about savagely to find the intruder before annihilating him. In this he was at a disadvantage, for his glittering, ratty little eyes could not define an object, except vaguely, unless it was almost under his hideous nose. So he would snort and stamp his flat feet, take a few steps this way, that way, and mill around, his offensive beak thrust at an ireful angle. Then, of a sudden, an impulse would seize him and off he would go on a tangent, with a stiff-legged, springing trot, his tail rigid as a ramrod. That was, unless he got down wind, when he would raise his snout interrogatingly for an instant till the scent struck it. Then down would come his head and he would make for us, goaded to a frenzy.
>
> The only way to stop him then was to whip a bullet in the ground alongside, if he were far enough away. That usually convinced him his enemy was the whining dust spot, and having taken after it he would keep going till he blustered out of the picture. But if he crossed the chalk line of thirty paces, which is about one-quarter the average city block, the fireworks were not so precautionary. Then we would let him have it for all there was in a 577 rifle, shooting one hundred grains of cordite powder with a slug of 970 grains, and a push as it bursts from the muzzle of over six thousand pounds, which can knock down an elephant as if he were struck by lightning.

Another rhino, before the one whose last charge we have already witnessed, had to be stopt in this way by Mr. Cudahy's party, which at that time included Osborn Goodrich as well as Mr. Ayre. The writer tells us of the stirring encounter thus:

> We sallied forth one day, the three of us, bent upon photography. Our subject, a charge at close quarters. Goodrich was to manipulate the motion camera. I would take still pictures until the rhino approached to an intimate close-up, then reach back for my trusty gun; and Ayre would be on hand with his big artillery for unforeseen emergencies.
>
> That was the program and that, too, was the performance—up to a point. The rhino was revealed, a massive, iron-clad figure rouged with the reddish dust of the countryside, standing motionless alongside a thorn bush, in a setting an artist might have chosen, with a typical kopje of rocks near by and a wide reach of picturesque landscape sweeping to the skies.
>
> At seventy yards, the tick-birds, with a lamentable lack of cooperative spirit, fluttered off with an agitated tweeting; directly the immobile beast snapt out of his statuesque pose and became a snooping, animated picture of terrible wrath, as he poked about the air currents searching for a lead of something to assault. But luck was on our side, for the aroma of our presence, which in Africa answers the purpose of a calling-card, was blown away from the inquiring snout.
>
> At a distance of fifty paces the photographic subject stamped so violently that for a moment a thick cloud of dust obscured him, then something, an eddying breeze or a sharp movement, betrayed our location, and he whirled, rip-snorting and on the gallop. The big rifle smacked him on the corrugated flank, and away he went—clumpety, clump; clumpety, clump.



WHEN THE ROWDY RHINO RELAXES IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY

The head of the house, the Missus, and Junior forget their natural irritability to combine a bath and a drink.

> Even in the tense occupation of the moment the quiet behavior of the motion-picture machine struck me as peculiar; it was operating with a singular silence. But Goodrich made haste to clear up that strange phenomenon.
>
> "Blast that blasted outfit," he bellowed, only "blast" and "blasted" were not his words. In truth, so fluent and fervid did his vocabulary arise to the exigencies of the situation, so florid and fiery was his diction that he then and there and without further demonstration qualified as an expert muleteer, beyond which there can be no eloquence. But the import of his observations was that, photographically, the performance had been a dud, a blank, a washout, a total and complete loss. This he made even more definite and certain a moment later when, with divers and sundry other torrid remarks, the lid of the camera was jerked away, thus exposing the naked film to a violet-ray treatment of the equatorial sun.

THE LAUGHING GULL'S DINNER—Human pirates no longer infest the Tortugas Islands in Florida waters. But feathered pirates remain, says Dr. E. W. Gudger in *The Scientific Monthly*. They are laughing, or black-headed, gulls, and their victims are pelicans. Of the depredations of these gulls of the Tortugas, Dr. Gudger writes:

> One day, while watching the sharks in the lagoon, I saw a laughing gull light squarely on the head of a pelican. The pelican automatically arose in flight, the gull hovering closely around him, but seeing beneath him a fish swimming near the surface the pelican dove down and seized it. Floating on the surface, he lifted his head and stretched out his neck and bill to get the fish in position to swallow head first, to prevent any casualties from its spiny fins catching in his throat, when the saucy gull again alighted on his head, reached around, deftly seized the fish and flew away with it amid a chorus of derisive ha-ha's from its fellows. This interesting thing happened several times that afternoon. I thought that I had witnessed a thing in bird behavior absolutely unknown to scientific men.
>
> But, alas! "There is no new thing under the sun." A few weeks later I visited friends, who lent me a copy of Dr. Charles F. Holder's charming book, "Along the Florida Reef." From 1859 to 1869 Holder's father, Dr. J. B. Holder, resided at Fort Jefferson, while engaged in the study of the growth of corals. Charles F. Holder spent most of these ten years here, and accumulated a vast lore of sea things. Among other things, he witnessed an identical performance by the birds in this identical lagoon.

...with the guns it's

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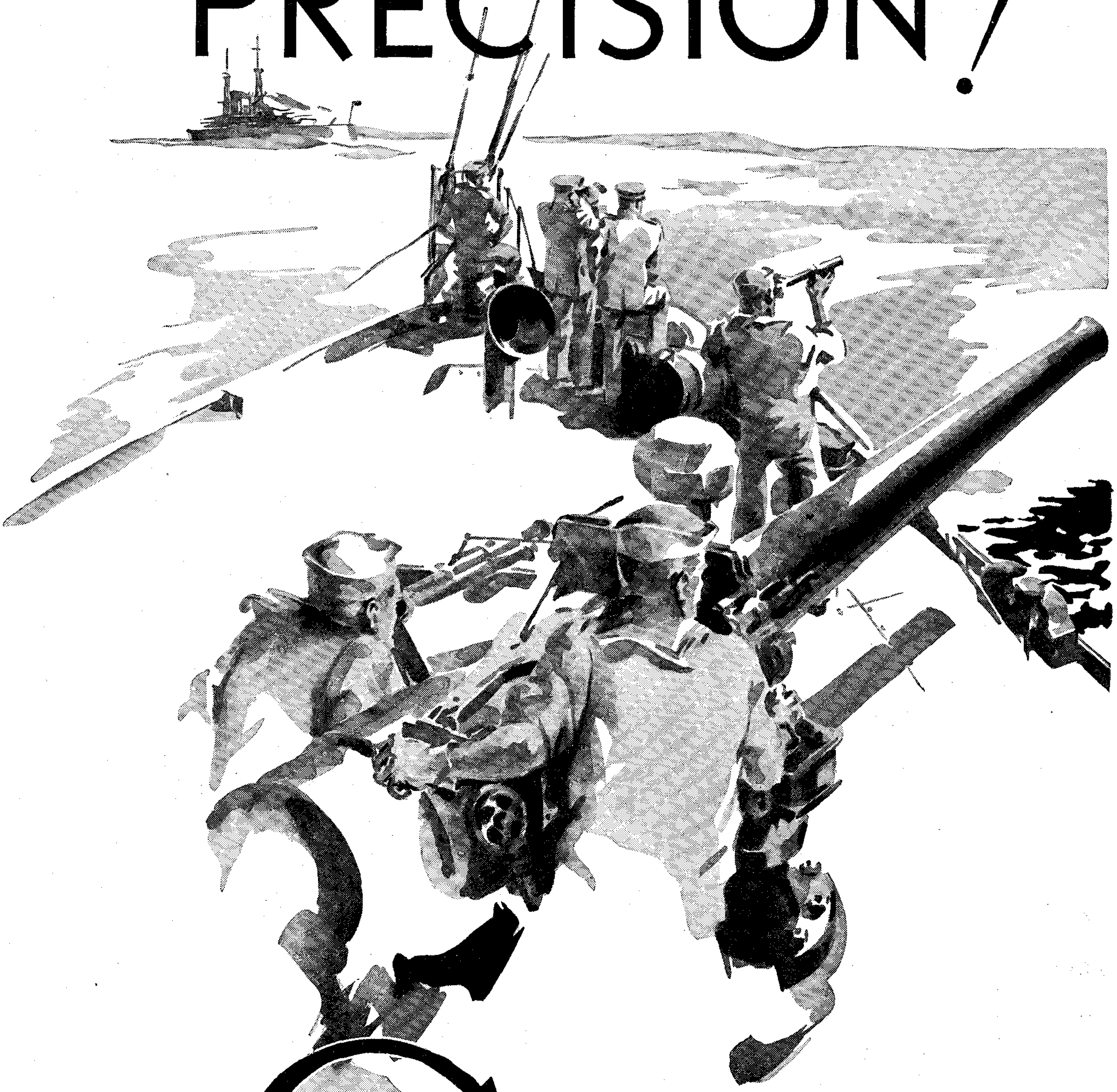

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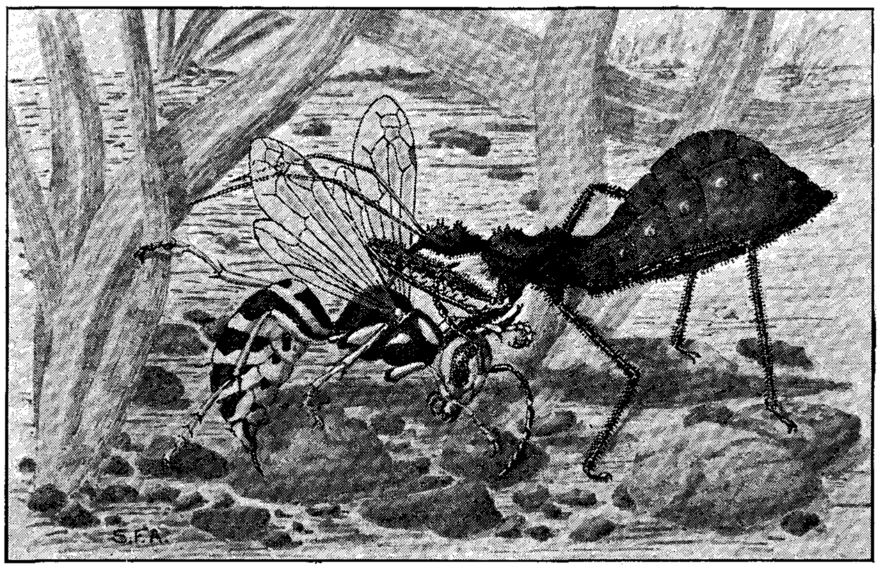
THE KILLER INSTINCT IN BUGVILLE

READY FOR TROUBLE and able to finish almost anything he started, the big, armor-plated water-bug darted to the fight. There was no particular reason for the attack. The bug was not in danger any more than he was afraid to mix with a bigger antagonist. And now Battling Bug was out to whip a banded water-snake, a small one, but much larger than himself. And whip the snake he did. He seized the little reptile midway between head and tail-tip and began biting, wrapping his legs around his victim. The snake thrashed, writhed, and tried to bite back, but he could not loosen the insect's murderous hold, nor could his teeth penetrate the bug's hard shell. The snake was indeed in a desperate pass. His blood was oozing away rapidly. He weakened. His twistings became feebler and feebler; and finally he collapsed, a victim of the voracity and belligerence of an insect that looks harmless enough to most human eyes.



Illustrations by courtesy of *Nature Magazine*

THE "ASSASSIN"-BUG IS TRUE TO ITS NAME

Its long proboscis is a deadly weapon. Here we see it easily overcoming a yellow-jacket.

But such an incident is not unusual, according to S. F. Aaron, who describes it in an article on "Six-Legged Warriors" in *The Nature Magazine*, Washington, D. C. Mr. Aaron relates many cases of the pugnacity and killer instinct in the denizens of Bugville, saying:

Let us correctly consider the rapacious insects as mere hunters and huntresses, the latter sex, of course, greatly predominating. Many of them, no doubt, experience what would be to the human mind excessive thrills from the manner of overcoming their prey or quarry, but there is no evidence shown of the spirit of sport, as among some of the higher vertebrates: the wolves and wild dogs, the cats, and others. Man, of course, leads in the sheer and useless cruelty of killing, being practically the only animal that is frequently eager to destroy his own species.

Warriors the insects are, however, possessing a courage equal to that of Saint George, or the god Thor when he journeyed to Jotunheim. Some of the warlike exploits among the six-legged insects are, indeed, not unlike the human heroics of old; the foemen are often more than worthy of the stings or lancetlike beaks of the aggressors.

Most voracious of all the winged insect butchers are the many species of robber-flies, Mr. Aaron tells us, as he proceeds to recount some of the doings of this insect, which looks like and often attacks the bumblebee:

While years of field study will be rewarded by seeing these marauders seize upon such victims as can not give them battle, it is rather rare to find them engaged in overcoming other killers quite as bloodthirsty as themselves. My own description of the meeting between a sandhill-hornet and a giant black robber-fly, in which the latter suffered death, was one such chance; it has been quoted too often to bear repeating here in detail. Another opportunity was that of seeing a robber-fly attack a wheel-back bug, the latter taken at a disadvantage from the rear and unable to employ its deadly proboscis, tho its defense was none the less effective, for it merely lifted its long hind leg, and before the robber's sharp beak could be employed, kicked, or rather shoved, its more active foe to an inoffensive position.

Contrary to statements too often repeated, robber-flies do not commonly take their prey upon the wing. Probably they never do unless the victim flies close by and very slowly, as perhaps a honey-bee returning to the hive and heavily laden. Robber-flies are frequently credited with a superior wing power and eyesight that they do not possess. They can not be sure of the object of their attack beyond ten or twelve inches, for arthropod eyes are exceedingly limited as to distance and the recognition of form. Tho they are normally speedy, the robbers can not capture a swift fly in midair. I have watched these insect marauders seizing honey-bees about the hive. They invariably lay in wait and pounced upon the unsuspecting prey after it had alighted, and so most robber-flies hunt at all times.

Hornets, sand-hornets, paper-nest wasps, and even the long-bodied, spider-killing digger-wasps are eagerly attacked, but not always successfully, especially the diggers; with their long-petioled abdomens, they can reach far enough to puncture the robbers. Most interesting it is to see a medium-sized robber-fly of slender build attack a ground-spider, the winged insect invariably coming off victor.

One of the most pathetic and truly repugnant instances is that of a bee-resembling robber-fly pouncing upon a busy bumblebee and killing it. The peaceful-minded honey-gatherer is unable to use its sting against an enemy perched upon its back; the robber's long and powerful legs hold it beyond danger while the stiletto-like bill gets in its work.

Assassin-bugs are little less daring than robber-flies, altho they lack the dashing boldness and unhesitating vigor of attack that characterize those already described marauders. Reading on:

The big wheel-back bug before mentioned and various smaller black and red, dull brown, and shining black forms may be, among insects, likened to the cat family of mammal life because of their stealthy movements. Some of the smaller species fly swiftly, but are much more at home on their legs, and tho they are almost abnormally bloodthirsty, they never give chase.

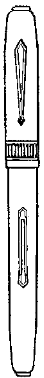
It is not difficult to stage various contests with the common wheel-bug as a participator. Simply place one of these killers on the ground among rotting fruit, or wherever insects of all kinds are attracted. The first eager searcher that comes its way and hesitates long enough close by, is approached with extreme caution, suddenly to be stabbed by the terrible bill which transmits a salivary venom, and is also a tube through which the juices of the victim are pumped into the interior of the hungry bug.

Thus the redoubtable paper-nest, white-faced hornet is attacked, the irascible yellow-jacket, the paper-nest wasp, the bumblebee, and almost anything else upon which the assassin may dine. In all cases, as with the robber-fly, defeat attends upon inability to use weapons of defense, the attacker choosing position. In one instance a small, voracious, dark "assassin," which had previously killed a yellow-jacket, seized a paper-nest hornet a little larger than itself and in such a manner that the latter could employ its sting. There was a quick interlocking of twelve legs, and the bug was dead or dying in a jiffy. I have always deplored the fact that I could not see this scrap clearly enough among some clover to make a faithful sketch of it.

Among the "most interesting of the predacious insects" are the tiger-beetles, and those other ground-runners with killer habits, *Carabidæ*. Of their propensities the writer continues:

It is well-nigh impossible to cage these creatures so that they will undertake to make captures or to meet each other in combat, for they become bent chiefly on escape. A naturalist friend tells me of seeing a fight between the little common black ground-beetle and the brilliant, shining blue tiger-beetle, each intent on

(*Continued on page 56*)

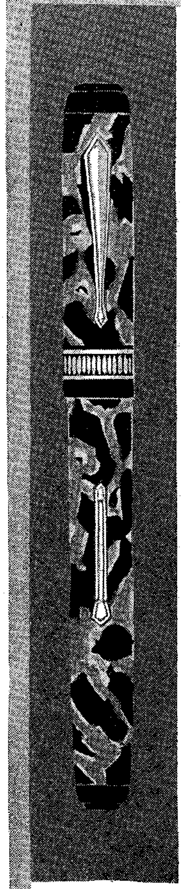


This Christmas there is something NEW —Waterman's Patrician, a fountain pen so fine, so beautiful, that it is really a piece of personal jewelry.

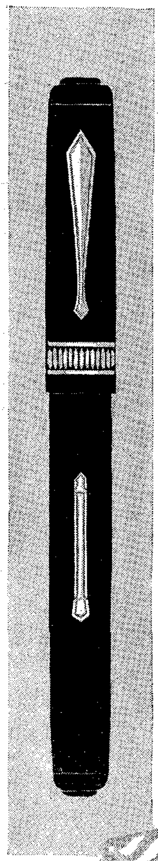
Forty years of pen-leadership lie behind the beauty of the exquisite Waterman's Patrician set of matching pen and pencil shown below. Tawny streamers shoot through the creamy whiteness of its Onyx barrel. Rich gold bands it.

What other gift so choice for only fifteen dollars? What so prized and desirable? Or so perfect an addition to your own appointments?

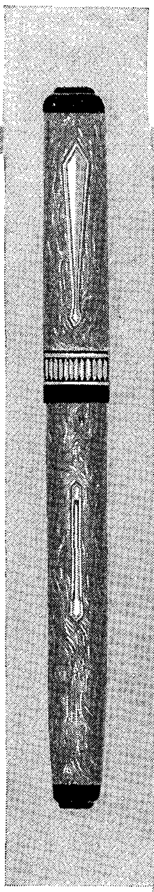
Then there are these four other Patrician beauties: Turquoise, Emerald, Nacre, and Jet. All with those writing qualities that can come only from Waterman's HAND-CRAFTING of the pen point, HAND-FINISHING of the precious iridium pen-tip, and the patented Waterman's spoon-feed. These improvements have long made Waterman's the leader, and these features are now at your service in every Waterman's pen from the lowest priced to the Patrician.



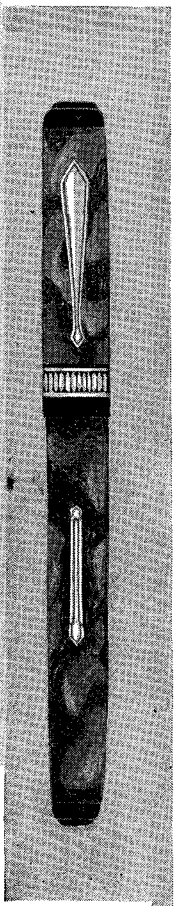
NACRE
The pen....$10
The pencil ..$5



JET
The pen..$10
The pencil.$5



EMERALD
The pen....$10
The pencil ..$5



TURQUOISE
The pen....$10
The pencil ..$5

Waterman's
patrician

ONYX
The pen . . . $10
The pencil . . $5

Waterman's

EXTENDING the Limits of

Only a few generations ago the life of man was circumscribed by his own physical limitations . . . the dexterity of his fingers, the strength of his back, the speed of his limbs, and the labor of domestic animals. . . . The interchange of commodities was slow, difficult. There were no good roads, as we know them today, nor any way to travel swiftly, surely, over these roads. The deeply rutted wagon trail was a long, hard trail. . . . Though boundless acres were all about, it was only the adventurous few who traveled far. Many a man lived and died without ever having been more than fifty miles from home. . . . Then was born an idea that was destined to reshape the frontiers and the future of the entire country—the idea of making a small, strong, simple automobile so low in price that it might be placed within the means of all the people.

THE coming of this new means of transportation not only changed the industrial life of the nation, but helped to change the private lives of every one for all the generations to come.

It leveled hills, extended horizons, created new opportunities, furnished the means to earn more money and to enjoy the leisure which that increased income should bring.

In creating and building a small, strong, simple automobile at a low price, and in using it, man became accustomed to thinking of machinery as a servant. He made power work for him.

More and more as time went on, in industrial plants and on the farm, heavy labor was taken off the back of man and placed upon the broader shoulders of the machine.

THE Ford moved everywhere, blazing the way over miry roads and rocky mountain trails, through gumbo and sand, creating a rising demand for swifter, smoother travel that resulted in the construction of hundreds of thousands of miles of cement and macadam highways reaching to all parts of the country.

The benefits resulting from the

Man's Opportunity

introduction of the low-priced automobile have done more than perhaps any other single thing to increase the standards of living and to make this a truly united country.

ALL the people are blended together by the flexibility and swiftness of automotive transportation. The prairie farmer, the industrial worker, and the city business man are governed by similar impulses, similar tastes, similar demands upon highly specialized machinery to serve them.

This civilization can show no greater example of disciplined machinery than in the operation of the Ford Industries.

The great miracle is not the car, but the machines that make the machine—the methods that make it possible to build such a fine car, in large numbers, at a low price.

Craftsmanship has been put into mass production. Millions and millions of parts are made—each one so accurate and so exactly like the other that they fit perfectly to the thousandth of an inch when brought together for assembly into complete units.

Men by the thousands and the hundred thousand are employed at the Rouge plant alone and there are hundreds of acres of plant equipment. Yet the purpose today is wholly the same as when the equipment of the Ford organization was housed in a single small building.

Everything that has been done has been done to give further scope and expression to the Ford Idea.

THAT idea is not merely to build automobiles—not merely to create so much additional machinery and so many millions of additional horse-power—but to make this a better world in which to live through providing economical transportation for all the people.

For that purpose the first Model T was made twenty-one years ago. For that purpose the new Ford is made today. In 1929, as in 1908, it is again helping to reshape the frontiers and the future of the country and to further extend the limits of man's opportunity.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Keep June Warmth IN YOUR CAR

LET the freezing weather come! Let the cutting wind sweep down from the North! You'll feel none of the outside cold as you drive along, if your car is equipped for winter with a

TROPIC-AIRE

The Original Fan-Equipped
Hot Water Automobile Heater

It fills the car with the genial warmth of June. For no source of heat is so great, clean and steady as your engine's hot water, as used directly by this efficient heater.

SIMPLY TURN THE SWITCH. An electric fan circulates the heat throughout the car, using no more current than a tail-light.

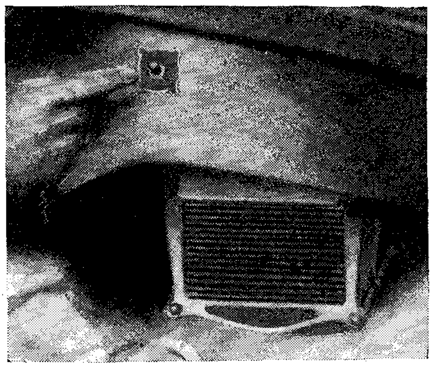
FAN USED ALL SUMMER, TOO! The hot water is easily turned off so that you can use the fan for cooling ventilation on hot summer days.

FOR ALL CARS. Made in three styles including a special style for Model "A" Fords. Tropic-Aire Hot Water Heaters are sold and installed by dealers and garages in every locality.

Look for the TROPIC-AIRE sign and display, or write us for circular and name of nearest distributor.

TROPIC-AIRE, Inc.
51 Eleventh Ave. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
In Canada: 14 Breadalbane St., Toronto

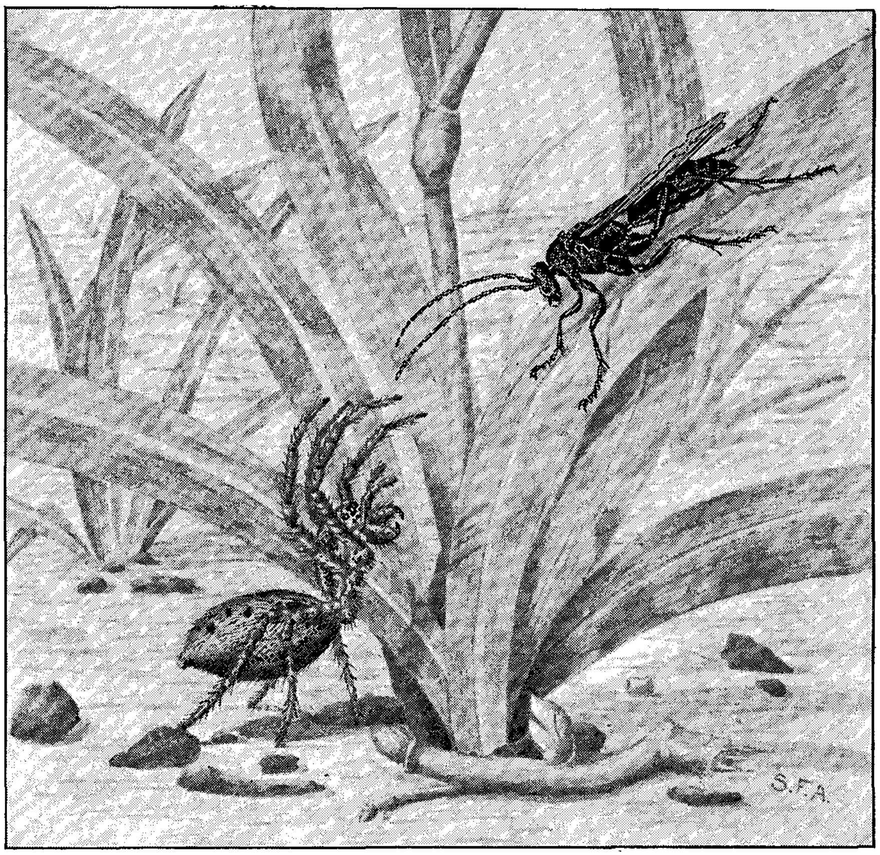
Pat. Nos., 1581761, 1668491, RE17131. Others Pending



"For Those Who Don't Go South"

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

> feeding upon the other. But no sooner had they clinched, the Carabid seizing the tiger-beetle's leg and the more agile fellow trying to make a dent in the thick armor of its foe, than the bright blue insect became aware of its being outclassed, and leaving a part of its foreleg behind, took to wing.
>
> All of the solitary wasps are warriors bold—hunters, most of them seeking nearly helpless caterpillars, grasshoppers, crickets, plant lice, and flies that depend for safety only on their ready wings. The big sandhill-wasp and members of the family *Pompilidæ* are all seekers of big game, the former overcoming a creature as powerful as itself, tho not endowed with a sting, the cicada, the others killing spiders often larger than themselves.



Illustrations by courtesy of *Nature Magazine*

THE OPENING GUN OF A BATTLE ROYAL

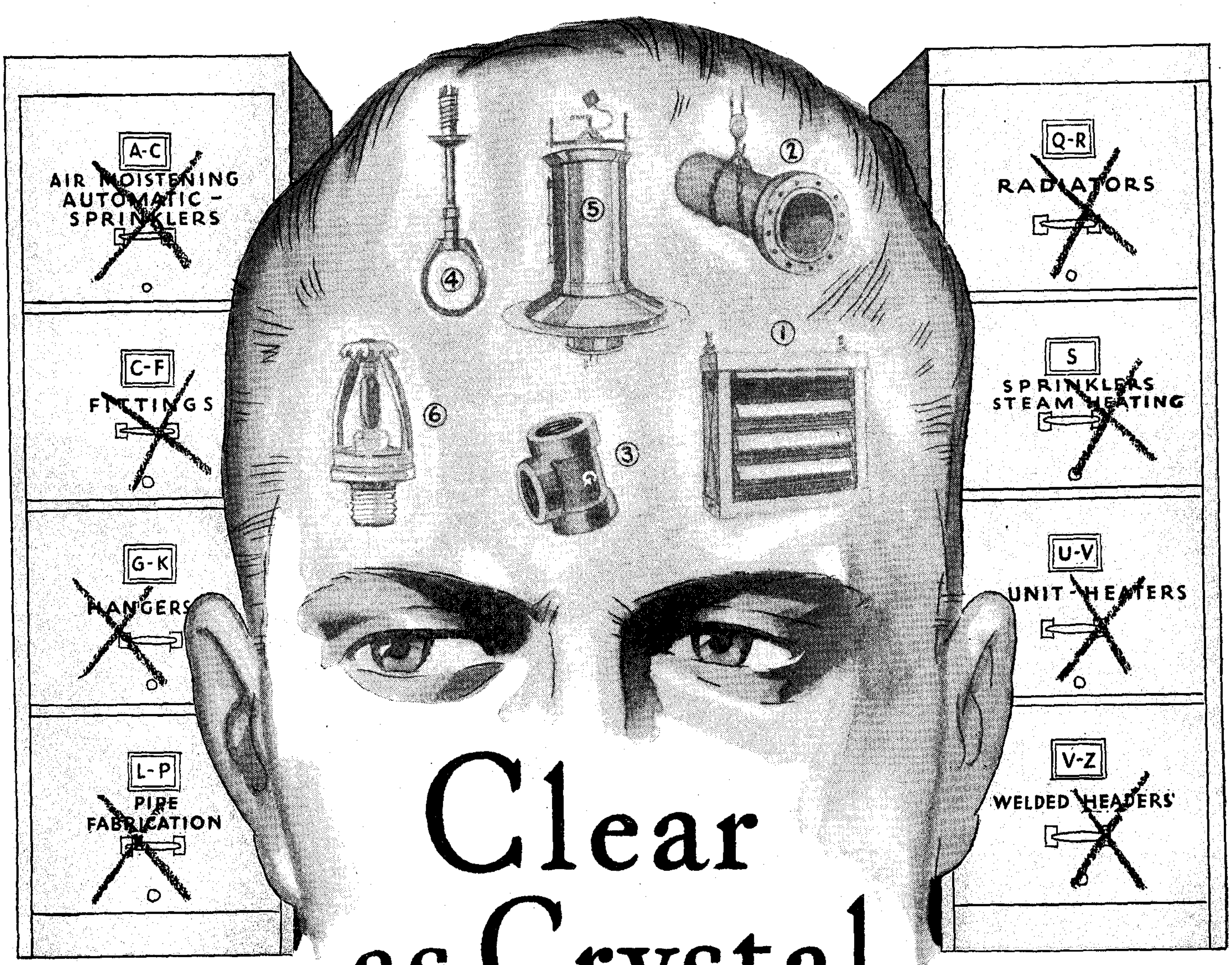
Mr. Aaron's drawing shows a digger-wasp and the ground-spider which it wishes to paralyze before laying eggs in it and storing it up as a living larder for a flourishing wasp family.

The rear horses, or praying mantises, are valiant fighters, too, among the most warlike in the insect world. But sometimes they are worsted, as we shall see:

> I sometimes wonder if it were not just as well to spell this word "preying," for that they do more than offer orisons, depending entirely upon their own prowess. These creatures look and move as tho they had little sense, but they are cleverly discriminative, rarely, if ever, attacking the stinging insects or the so-called "assassins." I placed one of these, the two-thirds-grown larva of our common Eastern States form of mantis in the runways of the big black carpenter-ant, and at once the long-bodied grasper had seized the small worker ant by the leg within its own spurred femur and tibia. The struggle that ensued was most amusing. The ant was so far from being a ready victim that, while it could not escape immediately, it met every attempt of the mantis to bite by using its own pincerlike jaws, the result being that the rear horse saw the futility of its attempt and turned to flee in its ungainly fashion, tho failing to liberate the ant at once, and dragging the black fellow along, biting fiercely and almost stalling the mantis's progress, for some distance. When the ant at last did get free, it seemed none the worse for the rough treatment. Over caterpillars, moths, small butterflies, and leaf-eating beetles the rear horse is always victor, but I witnessed another laughable incident when a captured specimen was presented with a long-horned grasshopper about its own size. This the mantis seized by the hind leg and before that member came loose, according to the usual custom, the leaps and struggles of the jumper carried the mantis along with it at a terrific rate, so that the wonder was that it did not let go.

Many members of the well-known "stink-bug" family are predacious, but early in life depend on a vegetable diet. Mr. Aaron compares them with the "assassin"-bugs, thus:

> They are no more agile than the "assassin"-bugs and in much the same manner approach and stab their prey. I have seen our commonest, medium-sized species attack a large jumping spider which immediately fled, a larva of the golden-eyed fly, which likewise got quickly away, and the full-grown larva of a lady-bird beetle. Following is an entry in my note-book on September 18: "Found adult *Podisus* that had stuck its long proboscis in the first prothoracic segment of a lady-bug larva,



Clear as Crystal

WHENEVER this industrial manager thinks of these six essentials of industrial piping his mind is clear as crystal. From experience he has learned the lesson of judging a product by the producer. He knows the futility of trying to reach a decision by puzzling out mechanical and structural points from data sheets. He recognizes the folly of forming opinions by listening to high powered sales talks.

When it comes to the six products listed below, he closes his data files and becomes "Grinnell minded." He knows Grinnell Company's long record for dependable products and service. New inventions and improvements have convinced him of its progressiveness. Long since he realized that its reputation and great financial responsibility could only have been built on products which adhered to sound standards.

He chooses these industrial piping products by the maker, secure in the knowledge that no product is ever better than the firm that produces it.

1 **Thermolier** the copper unit heater. A better and cheaper means of heating many types of industrial and commercial buildings.

2 **Pipe Fabrications.** Pipe bends, welded headers and the Triple XXX line for super power work.

3 **Pipe Fittings** perfectly threaded, accurately machined and rigidly inspected.

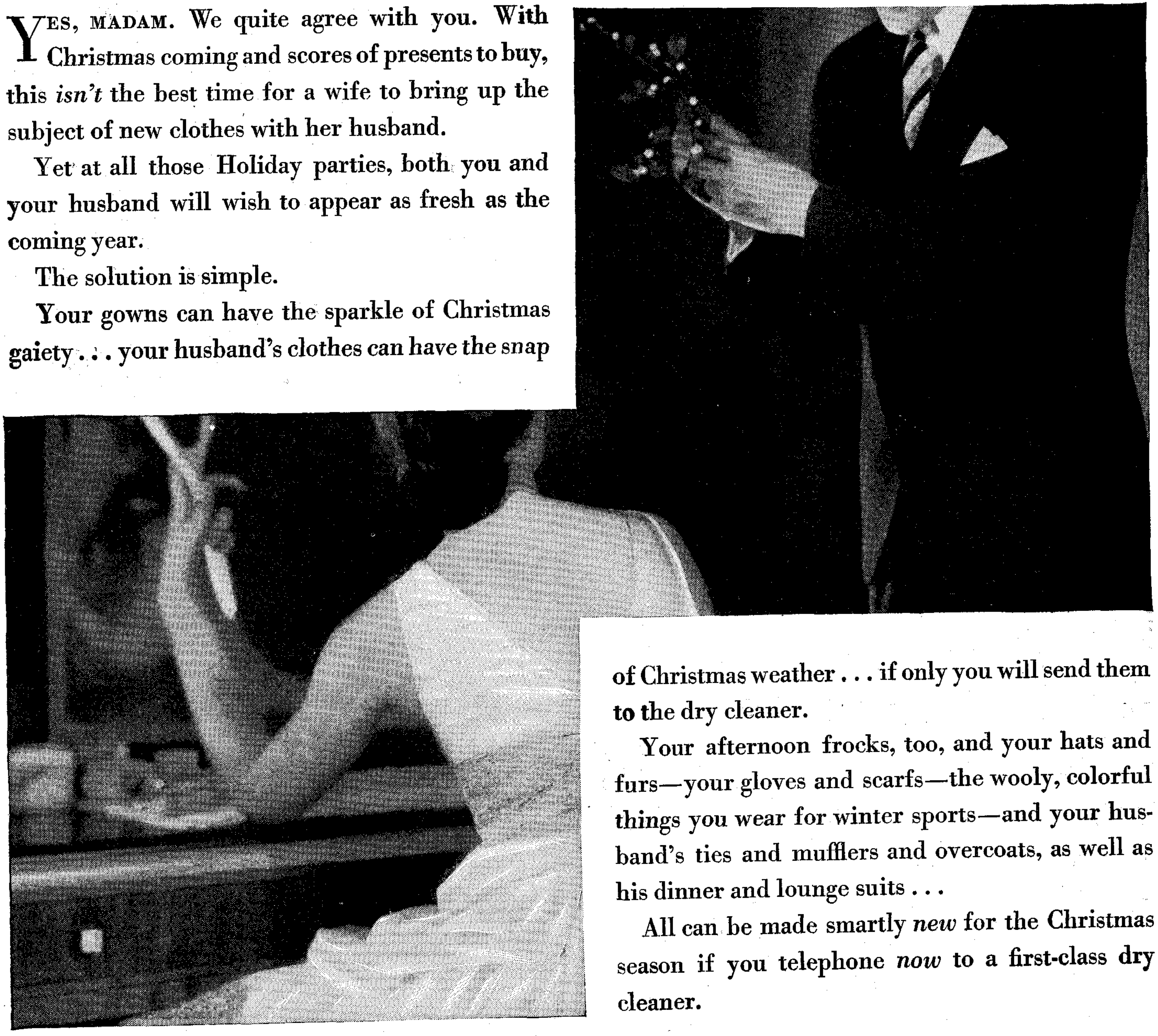
4 **Pipe Hangers** featuring easy adjustability after the piping is up.

5 **Humidification Equipment.** Complete systems employing the unique automatic control, Amco; furnished through American Moistening Company, a subsidiary.

6 **Automatic Sprinkler Systems.** The world's largest sprinkler manufacturer and contractor. The famous Quartz Bulb head is far quicker to operate than old fashioned solder heads. Its operating element is proof against corrosion and loading.

GRINNELL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Branches in all Principal Cities Executive Offices: Providence, R. I.

Putting the sparkle of Christmas *into your Christmas clothes . . .*



Yes, madam. We quite agree with you. With Christmas coming and scores of presents to buy, this *isn't* the best time for a wife to bring up the subject of new clothes with her husband.

Yet at all those Holiday parties, both you and your husband will wish to appear as fresh as the coming year.

The solution is simple.

Your gowns can have the sparkle of Christmas gaiety . . . your husband's clothes can have the snap of Christmas weather . . . if only you will send them to the dry cleaner.

Your afternoon frocks, too, and your hats and furs—your gloves and scarfs—the wooly, colorful things you wear for winter sports—and your husband's ties and mufflers and overcoats, as well as his dinner and lounge suits . . .

All can be made smartly *new* for the Christmas season if you telephone *now* to a first-class dry cleaner.

clothes *do* help you win
—dry clean them oftener!

Published in the interest of the Dry Cleaning Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

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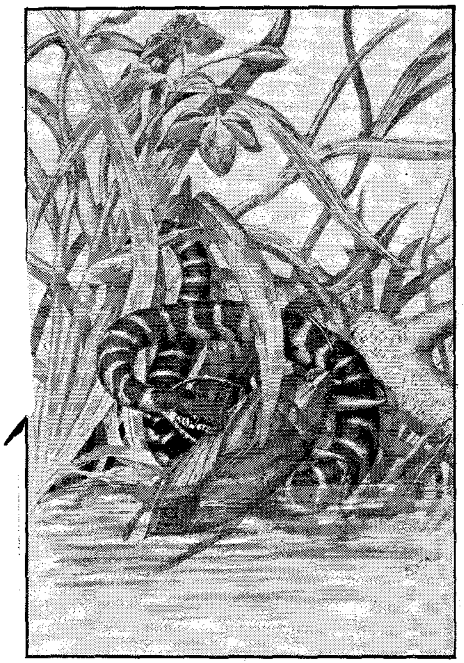

SEA-SERPENT STUFF

A giant water-bug tackles a water-snake, and comes off victor.

which was struggling actively, but a little ater became quiet as its juices were sucked out. In ten minutes the larva is about all n and is dragged along on its back. Twenty minutes later larva dead; no movement of legs. At first dragged *Podisus* about and compelled it to maneuver, but finally the larva is lifted and held aloft as the bug crawls along."

HAPPY ANIMAL MARRIAGES

THE happy home, composed of father, mother, and children, is not peculiar o mankind. It is common among animals, writes Dr. Lily Wagner in the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung*. She offers this evidence to show that monogamy is not restricted to humans:

> The gorilla, for example, when living with the herd, is in all probability strictly monogamous in his marital relations, and not polygamous as was formerly supposed. What is more, it is not a question of a seasonal marriage, but a marriage which lasts or years and years, during which the animal remains absolutely faithful to its mate. Both parents occupy themselves n the education of their offspring altho, t must be said, the male chooses the better part, for he not only instructs his children but his wife as well, to gather fruits for him.
>
> In addition to the ape, there are a number of other animals which practise monogamy, many of them for the entire duration of their lifetime. The fidelity of certain kinds of birds is almost proverbial: avens, cranes, storks, and swans remain ogether until one of the couple dies; certain dwarf parrakeets are supposed to ollow one another into death. Others are ess sentimental. Altho storks and certain birds of prey are much attached to one another, the survivor will choose another mate to finish the education of the young. As is the case with human marriages, there s no lack of intruders who seek to undermine the marital happiness. Quite often wo males will contend over the possession of the female, and in many cases, the husband is aided and abetted by the female.

ONE LITTLE PIG FOR MR. PANTHER

'TWAS at a spot where two game tracks met at the jungle's edge beside a water-hole. On his arrival at this promising rendezvous, Mr. Panther carefully washed his hands and face—not forgetting his ears—just like a tame little pussy-cat. Every now and again he would "freeze" to listen to some minute sound from the teeming and steaming Ceylon jungle. But, smart tho he was in jungle business, he had no idea that he was under observation by a white man and a native tracker, screened on a platform of sticks among the branches of a tree, and equipped with camera and rifle. The white man was K. W. S. Mitchell, a seasoned British traveler, sportsman, and author, who relates this panther story in "Tales from Some Eastern Jungles" (Cecil Palmer, London), an illustrated chronicle of adventure with various beasties ranging from elephants to cobras. And now the panther, having titivated himself thoroughly, rolled over on the grass and played with some dry leaves. "What a grand beast he looked with his broad head, massive shoulders, and lithe body!" exclaims the author, continuing:

> Suddenly an old sow came trotting out of the jungle, about four yards from the panther, and after testing the wind, grunted for her family, which trotted out after her. There were five small pigs, all with manes that made them look quite fierce. The mother then, with several halts, approached to within three yards of the water and made a feint of running away—to draw any hidden enemy.
>
> She did not see the great feline. "Why?" If I had not seen him take up his position I should not have known he was there—he looked so like the ground he was on when crouching flat; and the sow could not scent him, as the wind was blowing gently from her. I could not make out what he was waiting for, but he never moved, and at that moment I would not have fired for anything.
>
> Presently, six nearly full-grown pigs came out of the jungle, and, led by a truculent young boar, went straight to the water to drink. The old sow and the porkers then followed, but one lagged behind and came nearer to the panther. Evidently that is what he had been waiting for. With a lightning rush he was on to the youngster, missed his grip of its neck, but got it by the snout, and in a flash was gone, taking the porker with him. It was so sudden that neither of us watchers could say exactly how the panther moved his prey; but he seemed to straddle it and go at a gallop, with the porker between his forepaws.
>
> The other pigs looked up at the scuffle—that fatal pause—just long enough to allow the panther to reach the jungle. Then, like a squadron of cavalry, they all went straight for the place where "Spots" and his prey had disappeared. Mark you! No squeals or grunts the whole time. There was a savage snarl in the jungle and the sound of much scuffling; then all was still. In about an hour's time we heard three or four faint squeals close by.
>
> Next morning we found a few odd parts of what had been the young pig. The slayer had evidently had time, between capturing the porker and fleeing from the avenging pigs, to paralyze it with a bite in

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Waltham
Hamilton
Elgin
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Illinois

Gifts of precious metal..

. . presented many a Christmas ago, are still faithfully serving their wearers . . still bringing to mind grateful thoughts of their givers.

YOUR JEWELER is a specialist in these endearing gifts . . and to your selection he brings a professional gift counsel to be found only in the jewelry store. Illustrating the high quality of all he offers are the articles shown here. For gifts long remembered, consult your jeweler!

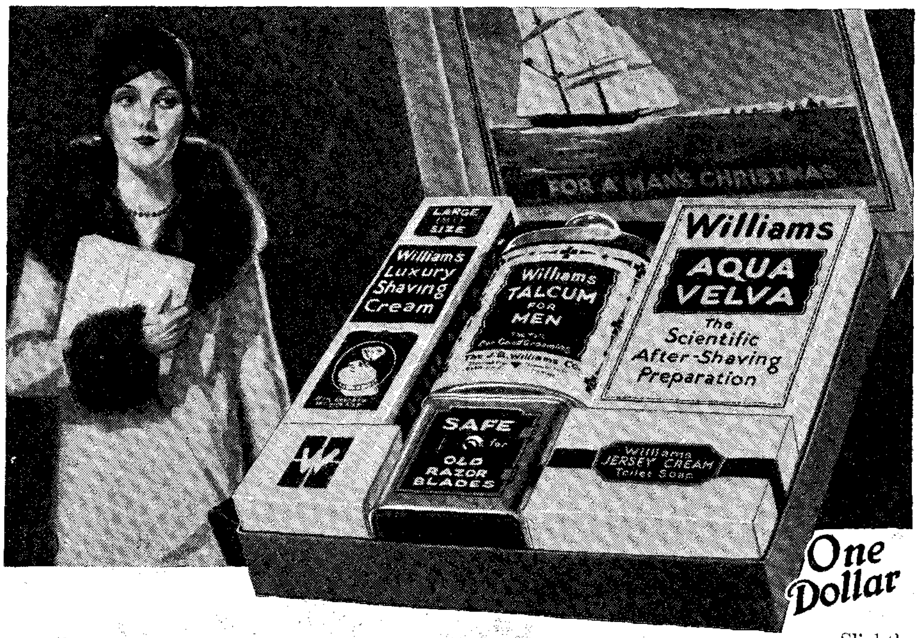
THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY, DAYTON, KY
Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Elgin
Hamilton
Gruen
Illinois
Douglass Lighter
Waltham
Wadsworth Belt Buckle

SHOWN on these two pages are examples of gifts of precious metal that your jeweler can now offer you. The fine watches illustrated are by well-known makers, with cases by Wadsworth. The distinctive Wadsworth Watch Bands for both men and women are in gold-filled, priced at $5 to $12.50. The Wadsworth Belt Buckles are in sterling silver, at $3.25 to $7.50 for buckles alone, $6.25 to $15 for sets including watch chain. Douglass Lighters in silhouette cases by Wadsworth, from $25 to $150.

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS


FOR A MAN'S CHRISTMAS
LARGE SIZE
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
Williams TALCUM FOR MEN
Williams AQUA VELVA
The Scientific After-Shaving Preparation
SAFE for OLD RAZOR BLADES
Williams JERSEY CREAM Toilet Soap

One Dollar

Slightly more in Canada and other countries

Give him the
Williams Holiday Package

FOR a Man's Christmas! For any man . . anywhere . . The Williams Holiday Package. No useless fol-de-rol is this Christmas Package. Far from it. Sensible in price . . . *One Dollar.* Beautiful in its holiday red, green and gold. Useful in the highly necessary articles it contains—Shaving Cream; Aqua Velva for *after-shaving*; Men's Talc; Toilet Soap; and an attractive metal box for old razor blades, always a bother to dispose of. Your gift problem solved . . . for *him!*

This Holiday Package fulfills every requirement of usefulness, good sense and beauty. An ideal gift for executives to give their associates, or their business friends.

Williams Shaving Cream is remarkable for its uncolored purity, its coolness, mildness; its fine effect upon the skin. The Williams lather has been standard for close to a century.

Aqua Velva, made just for *after-shaving*, completes the shave. It healthfully stimulates the skin. Cares for tiny nicks and cuts. Protects from dust, germs, roughness, chapping. Keeps the skin all day long as the Williams lather leaves it, flexible and Fit!

Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva make it easy and pleasant to keep one's face smooth-shaven and Fit. They have long been prized by exacting, well-groomed men. They are contained in this holiday package.

Your dealer has this Holiday Package. Ask for it by name—

The Williams Holiday Package.

Price, One Dollar in U. S. A.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONNECTICUT—MONTREAL, CANADA

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM——AQUA VELVA

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

the neck down to the vertebræ. He ther returned to kill and eat the small anima at leisure, after the sorrowing and wrathfu pig family had gone off.

On a later occasion Mr. Mitchell wa again in the district on a shooting trip and as the ground was fairly wet ther were many fresh tracks. "Among other was one of a very large panther, which m tracker told me was my friend of the wate hole incident." Reading on:

> After a while we came to a place where the panther tracks were very distinct, and the tracker pointed to the right forepaw print, saying: "He was wounded in the foot, three years ago, over a kill, one toe being shot away, and ever since he has killed many cattle in the wet season, but he has never returned to a kill."
>
> About a year later, I set myself to try to destroy this crafty old animal. Many a night I sat up by myself at the junctions of lonely jungle paths, and twice had shots at the panther, but missed each time.

Mr. Mitchell became "more than interested in this old brute," he tells us, and wa sorry when his tracks disappeared fron the immediate locality. However:

> I soon heard of him again. He ha found the coolie lines of a new road tha was being constructed, and, as you ma know, goats go with Tamil coolies.
>
> At the "road-head" lines, if I may coi a word, the goat-keeper was an old Tami man, beyond work, assisted by two littl boys. But in spite of their vigilance th goats would disappear, just a silly rush o the flock from the scrub or jungle, looking back, one goat the less, and th panther contented. When the coolie kept the remaining few goats in a stout pen and fed them on leaves collected in the jungle hard by, the panther came at dead of night, tore down the door (or made another entrance), and took a goat when he wanted one.
>
> At last the Tamils held a council of defense, and decided that as they could not kill the panther, they must sell all the goats, except one pair to raise a fresh flock after the slayer had shifted his feared and detested presence. The old man volunteered to keep the goats in his room and fetch them food and water, or when he let them out to take them on a rope.
>
> Next day being Sunday, the other coolies went off, and returned after a successful sale of the goats, with a bottle or two of arrack, the local fire-water. That night the old man put the goats for safety in his room, tied to a log, and lay down to sleep on the veranda across the door of the room; swearing, due to "Dutch courage" born of the arrack, that the panther should get him before he got the goats. However, he forgot to close the door properly.
>
> Next morning, at daybreak, the coolies awoke, and the old man went to look at his precious charges. When, *Aiyo!* he found one terrified goat, the inside of the second, and the pug marks of the panther where it had leapt over his prostrate bedrugged form, when taking the remains of his meal to the jungle. The goats must have been lying down, and when attacked were too terrified to move or make a noise.

One morning, at about 6 A. M., a distracted villager came running to the hut I was in, panting for breath, and crying "*Aiyo! Aiyo!*" He sank down, and when I could make him talk intelligibly he said that that night he was sleeping on his veranda, and his mother, wife, and children in the room of the hut they called home. As the night was very hot, his poor wife, who had been suffering from fever, came out of the hut and lay down beside him on the jungle side of the veranda. They had both fallen asleep when he was awakened by the most awful screams, and felt his wife clutch at him, at the same time hearing her yell "*Yakka! Yakka!*" (The devil! The devil!) He sprang up, and there in the moonlight saw her sprawling on the ground with a huge panther tugging at her body. For a fraction of time he stood spellbound with horror, when the panther ran away.

When Mr. Mitchell arrived at the hut he found the victim beyond human aid—"for the panther, evidently thinking that she had a baby in her arms, had tried to tear it from her; and the man had actually seen the hungry brute wrenching at the poor woman herself." And now for the last episode:

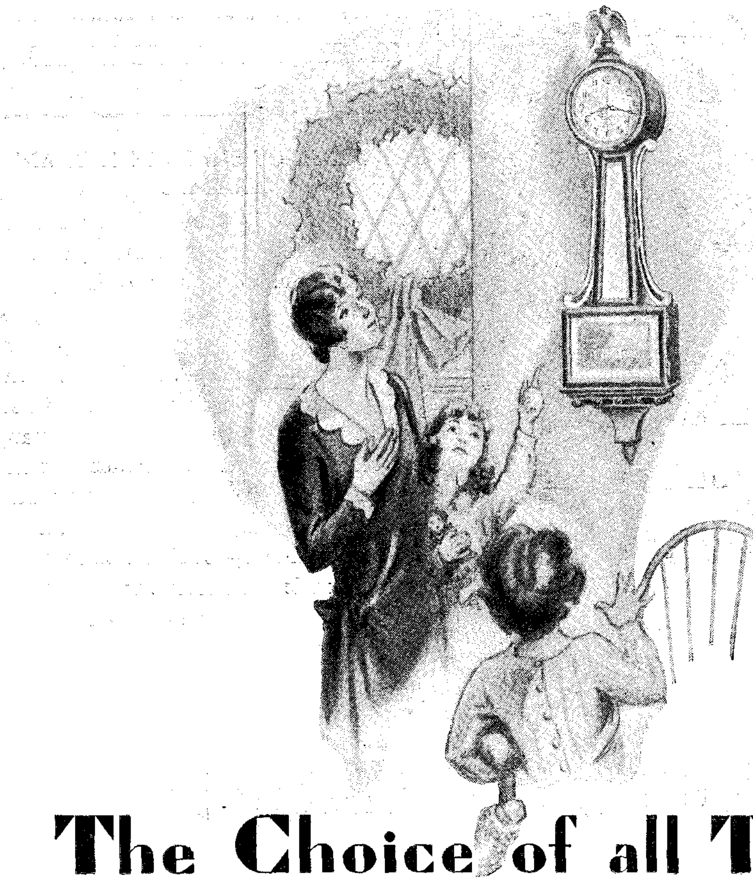
It was Christmas eve, and I had been out all day trying to bag a deer for the pot, as my one precious turkey had been stolen by a jackal two days before. I was sitting down, leaning against a tree on the edge of a small glade, across a path which ran diagonally, when suddenly I heard that familiar sound—a panther's challenging roar. In half a minute it was repeated, and I crept behind an ant-hill that had a bush growing on it, through which I could see the path clearly and yet not be seen, provided I remained still.

I had hardly taken up my position when a barking deer sent forth its harsh alarm note close by, and then some spotted deer, evidently coming to feed, took up the alarm. I hardly breathed, but looked for signs. So when I heard some birds in the jungle close by chatter excitedly, I lowered the safety catch on the rifle. Then, out into the open, straight along the path strode a large panther, not ten yards away. As I was still within his line of vision, I did not move, but waited for him to advance so far as to be unable to catch sight of me out of the tail of his eye.

I remember now as vividly as during those fateful moments all the details. He looked huge, with his head carried low, eyes searching the path and jungle's edge in front, ears twitching, back slightly hunched, ready to spring to kill or to safety, tail carried in a graceful curve; with the muscles rippling under his sleek hide, which appeared quite a light yellow. On he paced, placing each foot down silently.

When he had covered three-quarters of the way across the glade he stopt, and suddenly looked into the jungle away from me. I moved my rifle round, and the sight covered the point on his side under which I judged his heart to be. Even then I think he must have sensed danger, or heard a slight noise, for suddenly round came his head with his mouth half open. At that moment I prest the trigger, and he sank down. Twice again my rifle cracked, when he suddenly reared up, sprang into the air and, with a fierce, gurgling growl, dropt dead.

When I went up to him I felt sorry he was dead, but on raising the right forefoot saw that one toe was missing.



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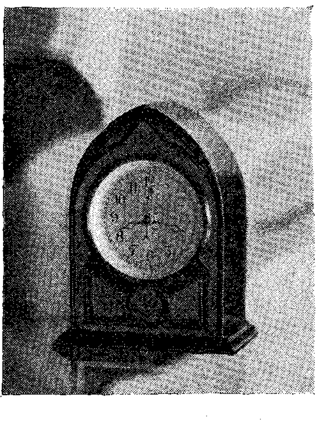

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

THE SENSE OF SMELL IN MEN AND ANIMALS

PARTICULARLY in animals: for we have largely lost ours through excessive civilization. Henry de Varigny, writing in the *Journal des Débats* (Paris), gives numerous instances, derived mostly from the works of the late W. H. Hudson, the English naturalist, who was much interested in the subject, and observed many facts connected with it. Evidently there is around us a "world of odors," which means little to us, for whom nature is rather an assemblage of sights and sounds. But to animals the odorous world may be much the more important. Writes Mr. de Varigny:

> The dog lives in a world of odors. He recognizes and distinguishes a quantity of them that escape us, fortunately for him, for he is not tall; he lives close to the ground, and his visual horizon is limited. He does not dominate his surroundings like the man, the deer, the ostrich. In the tall grass he can not be guided by sight, and he must depend on smell. Watch him in a quiet street or in the fields. His sense of smell is extraordinary, and he utilizes it continuously. Man is much less well provided, especially so-called civilized man.
>
> The savage has often a good odor-sense, and he uses it as we can not in the conditions in which we live in cities, where we encounter many uninteresting odors, not to say unpleasant ones. Lumholtz, during his stay among the cannibals of Queensland, found that they hunted boas by their odor. Lumholtz placed himself on all fours and sniffed his best, in the places indicated by the savages; he could smell absolutely nothing. He was unaccustomed to the job, and lacked practise; his civilized sense of smell, so rarely exercised, had neither development nor acuity.
>
> Perhaps, also, in such cases, psychology is even more at fault than physiology. Perhaps there is more lack of attention than of perception, owing to the fact that civilized man has little occasion to use his sense of smell, since his sight serves him so well.
>
> Hudson recalls a fact often observed by visitors to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. All are struck, when returning to the outer air after several hours, with its powerful odors. Sometimes the sensation is so strong as to be disagreeable. They have been surrounded for hours by a still air, not renewed, in which no odorous particles are floating. Passing suddenly to the outside air, charged with smells from trees, shrubs, grass, and the ground itself, they give to these a degree of attention that custom usually prevents.
>
> In like manner, says Hudson, when landing from a vessel after a voyage, or entering a village after a trip across a plain or a mountain range, one notes odors that would otherwise have escaped our attention. Custom blunts sensibility. Most owners of dogs declare that the dog has no odor; that the disagreeable smell of the dog is an invention of his enemies. The dog himself proclaims that his race has an odor, and a very strong one. A delicious odor, suggestive, rich in information, declares the dog; an unpleasant odor, says man, the dog's so-called friend.

The strength of odors to which we habitually give no attention is particularly noticeable just after a sea-voyage, Mr. de Varigny notes. Hudson, who had lived long in South America, relates his first olfactory impression on landing at Southampton in the month of May. He could not define it, but the odor seemed a heavy one, suggestive of Russian cookery and Russian leather — an "agreeable and happy" odor. Hudson decided that it must be "the odor of England"! He inquired about it; but the only answer he got was that there was no particular odor; that he must be dreaming. Little by little, as he stayed in England, he noticed that this English odor became more rare. But one day, in London, there struck him a powerful whiff of it. It increased as he advanced, until he found himself in front of a brewery. The "odor of England" was that of one of its great industries! de Varigny goes on:

> Hudson's remarks on odors in general are of great interest. He found in them a widely variable quality—some were delicate, others base and material. Among flowers they were very capricious. Some were strongest at midday; others—those called by Linnæus "melancholic"—were most noticeable at night.
>
> The world of odors is very extensive, and with animals it plays a great part. Hudson says that in Argentina, herds can tell at thirty miles' distance the direction in which they will find water or abundant pasturage.
>
> The same herds, informed by their odor-sense, are taken with panic at certain times. The whole body—fifty thousand cattle, perhaps—begins to move all at once, tumultuously and confusedly. And they do not move in all directions; all avoid one particular direction. Why? Because the Pampas Indians are on a raid. They are still perhaps thirty miles away, but their odor is perceived by the animals—horses as well as cattle. It should be said that the Indians in question have a strong odor. They never wash, but anoint themselves with rancid fat. The horses seem to perceive the odor first, and they act as if they knew what it meant. They run and the cattle follow. As for the men, they do not smell the Indians until they are close at hand.
>
> We are often astonished at the very unequal sensitiveness to odors observed among men.
>
> Thus, Hudson once visited an old lady, bed-ridden with bronchitis. The room was shut up, and two dogs in it gave out a very strong odor. But the sick woman did not notice it; olfactively she was not the equal of the dogs. A maid entered, fresh, rosy, smiling, and stayed about ninety seconds. Whereupon the sick woman asked to have all the windows opened wide; she could not stand the odor. Hudson thought the doggy smell disagreeable, but perceived no other.
>
> Every human race has a characteristic odor. The negro perceives in the white man a smell of putrefaction. Dugald Stewart says that subjects deprived of part of their senses, but retaining that of smell, have the latter strongly developed. He tells of a blind, deaf-mute boy who had it to a remarkable degree. He was always able to tell when a stranger entered the room, and to give an opinion of his character, entirely through odor. This is only what a dog does daily.

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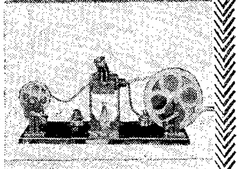

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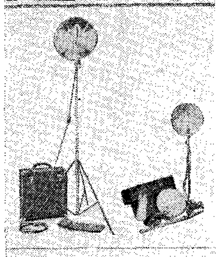

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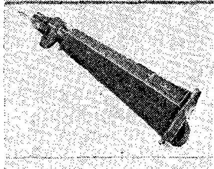

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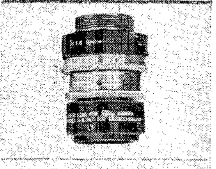

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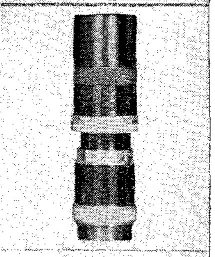

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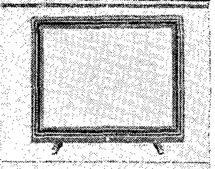

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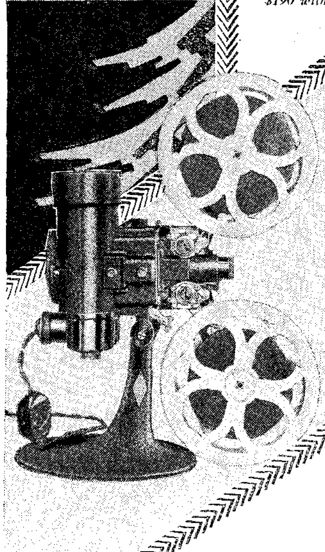

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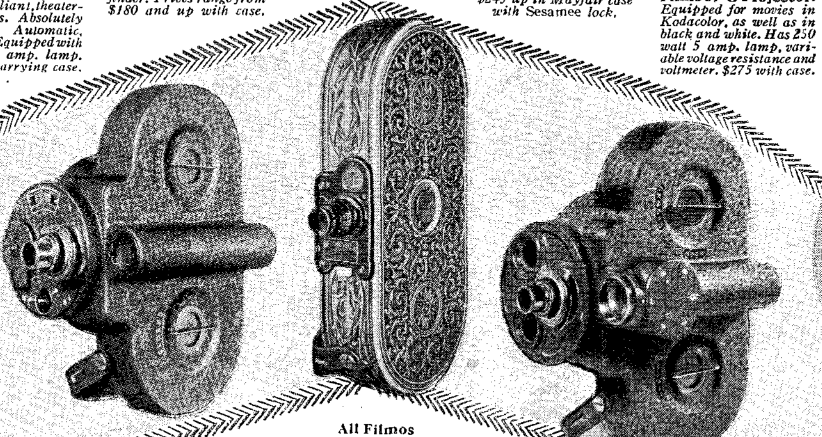

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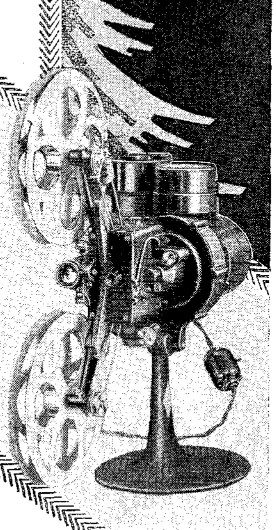

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PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

"TAY PAY, LONDON"

MANY a letter thus addrest went straight to its proper place, 5 Morpeth Mansions, London, just as a letter addrest to "John D." has no trouble in getting to the elder Mr. Rockefeller. For, as we learn from the New York *Telegram*, "Tay Pay," otherwise T. P. O'Connor, M. P., "Father of the House of Commons," was one of those celebrities so celebrated that his initials, even in a corrupted form, were address enough for him. Many a claim to celebrity had Thomas Power O'Connor, that "genial patriarch in politics and letters," in the phrase of the New York *Herald Tribune*. When he died recently he had served nearly half a century in the House, which he entered in 1880. And it is interesting to note that altho an Irishman he represented Liverpool for forty-four years. He was, we learn, not only "the sole survivor in Parliament of the famous Parnell group of Irish Nationalists," but also "the dean of London journalists. His career and personality were as familiar to the people of the British Isles as his pungent wit was relished by them and his gifts of character were admired." As it has been paradoxically stated of this celebrity, he was a journalist in Parliament and a Parliamentarian in Fleet Street. Now that the famous son of Athlone in Ireland is gone, his mantle of "paternity" in the House falls upon the shoulders of another famous man, David Lloyd George, who entered the Commons in 1890.

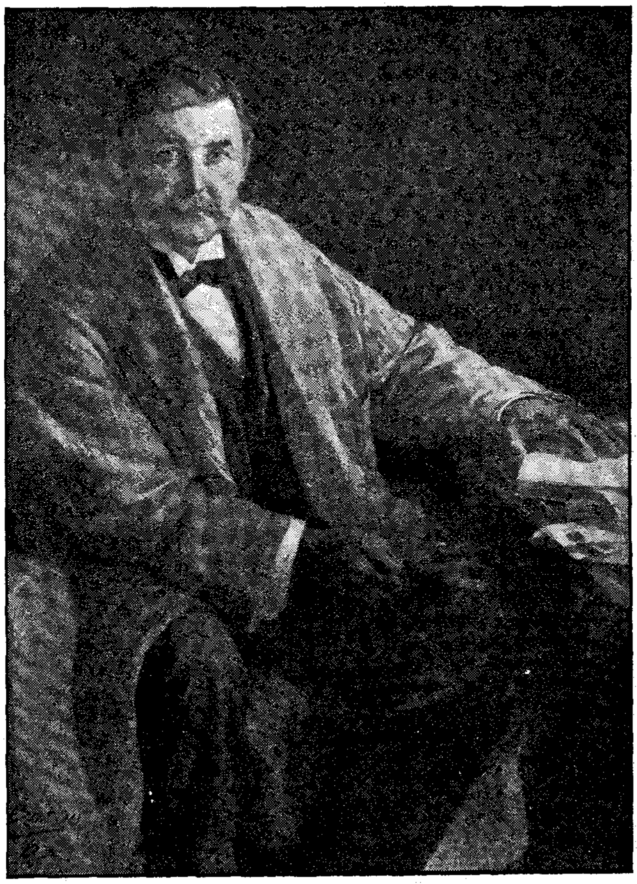
Keystone View Company

A POPULAR "FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS"

This snap-shot, a very happy likeness, was made when the veteran journalist and Parliamentarian was seventy-eight.

"Tay Pay," as has been pointed out frequently, was as famous for his friendships with other famous people as for his personal achievements. Parnell was his chief idol. Indeed, his recently published "Memoirs of an Old Parliamentarian" (Appleton) is so full of his recollections of the careers of others that he had little space to tell of his own equally interesting career. One of his best anecdotes relates to George Bernard Shaw, whom Mr. O'Connor unwittingly helped on the road to fame when he could not find it in his heart to discharge the budding dramatist from *The Star*, a liberal paper the M. P. had founded in London. Thus "Tay Pay" tells the story in his "Memoirs":

> I soon had difficulties with my staff, and the greatest of these difficulties was George Bernard Shaw. I did not know that Mr. Shaw was a convinced Socialist, nor did I realize that the Socialists had a much keener dislike of a Liberal than of even a Die-hard Tory. My difficulty was increased by the fact that I had so much to do that I had to leave the revision of the leaders to others. And thus the extraordinary situation was created, that a paper started by Liberals, edited by a Liberal and intended to advance the Home Rule cause, found in its pages sometimes extreme tirades upon Liberal leaders.
>
> You may judge of my confusion when John Morley brought up to me a paragraph, written by Shaw, I am sure, in which he was dealt with more faithfully than fairly. I had not, as a matter of fact, seen the paragraph. This placed me in a difficult position. I have never been able to dismiss a member of any staff of which I was the head except on one occasion, and that was where my subeditor had brought me into a very costly libel action. Mr. Shaw had just emerged from that desolating interval in life in which employment either does not exist or is sparse and fitful; and I had gone through so much agony in the same interval of my life that I could not think of putting a man back into the abyss.
>
> And then Mr. Massingham came to me with an alternative. He gushed with his usual enthusiasm about the musical accomplishments of Mr. Shaw, which I believe were perfectly genuine. Mr. Shaw's mother was a music teacher. I believe that somewhere in those autobiographical items which he gives to the delight, sometimes to the horror, of the world, he had said that he had once to earn his living as an accompanist. The paper at the time had no musical critic. The proposal of Mr. Massingham was that Mr. Shaw should be taken from the leader-writers' room and made our musical critic. The change must have been very welcome to Mr. Shaw, for his salary, which had been £2:10s ($12) as a leader-writer, was now raised to £3:3s ($15.12). He chose as his pseudonym at the end of his article "Corno di Bassetto."



TAY PAY IN HIS PRIME: FROM A PAINTING IN 1903

> His articles attracted the editors of other journals. There soon came an offer to Mr. Shaw from *The World* to write musical criticism; and then from *The Saturday Review* to write dramatic criticism. Mr. Shaw was able to get what probably he did not

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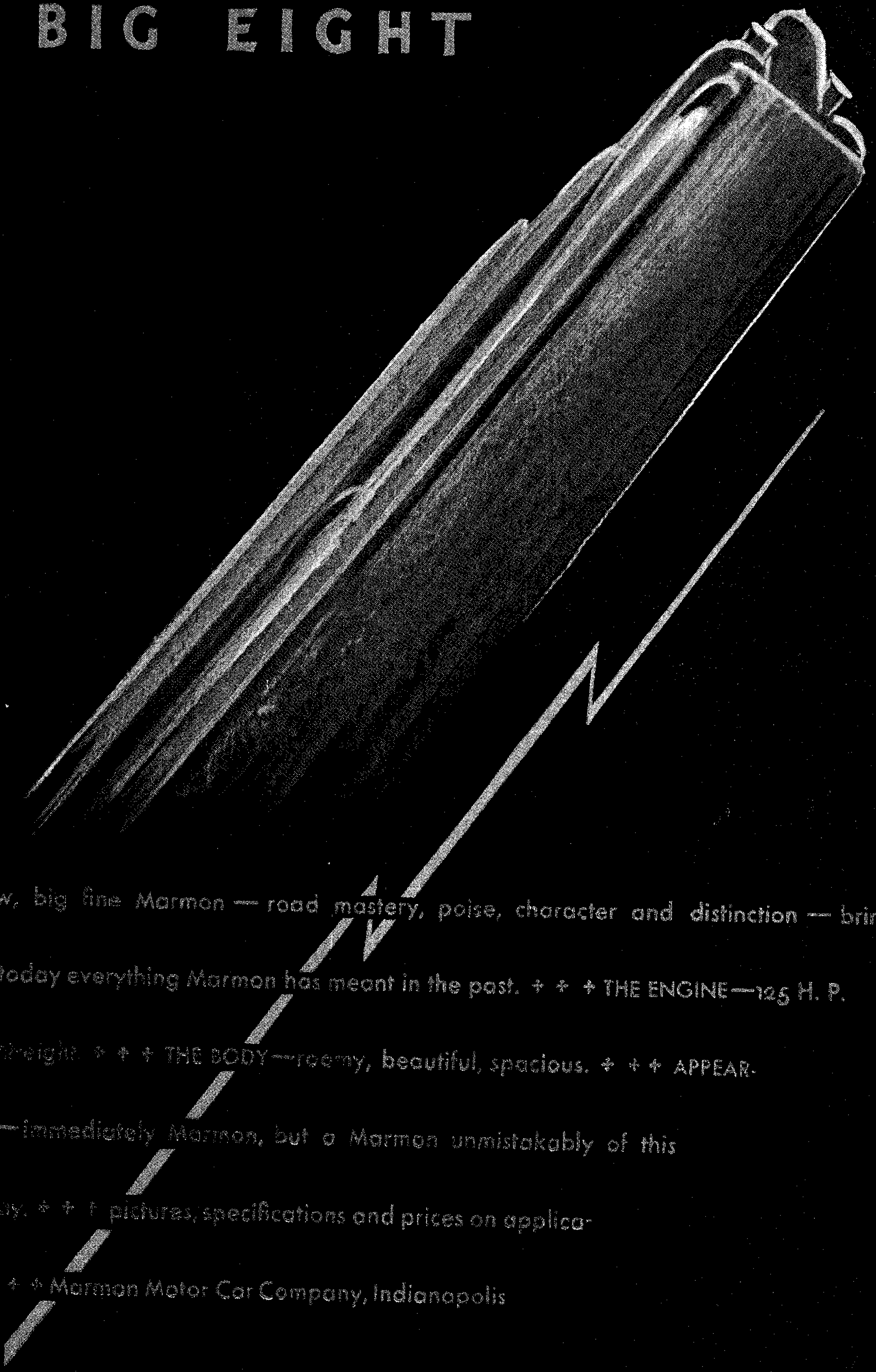

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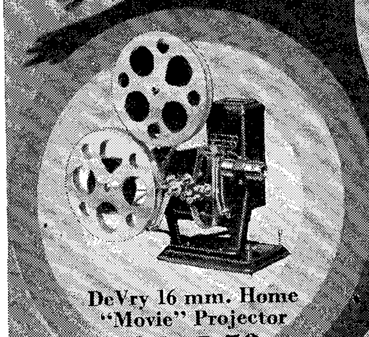
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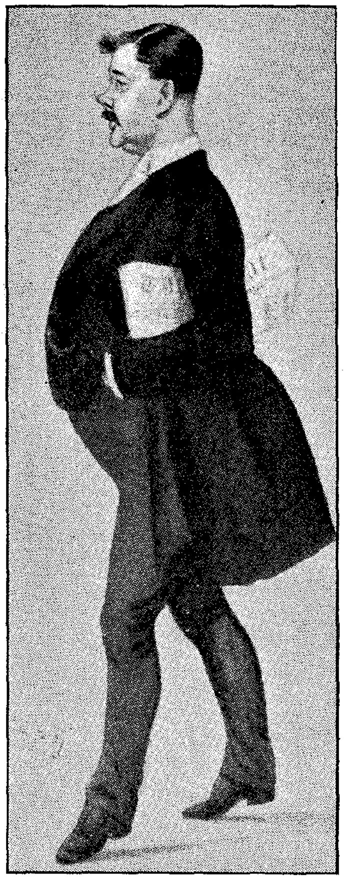
have before, a ready hearing from theatrical managers, and a chance to put before them the probably large bundle of unread plays which he had prepared. "Arms and the Man" was soon produced; and so on to fortune.

By the stern judgment of Irish Republicans, "Tay Pay" was not a "'good Irishman.' He had too many English friends to allow of his feeling that racial hatred without which the grim battle for Irish autonomy could hardly have been won," we read in a Providence *News* editorial, which seems to have been written by a friend of the great leader. Continuing, this estimate says:

> Perhaps the writer of this article may tell a story of "Tay Pay" that will illustrate the fundamental sympathy he had with his own people. In 1920 when Terence MacSweeney was suffering heroic agonies in Brixton Jail, "Tay Pay" was a constant visitor to the office of the then Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, begging for the Mayor of Cork's release. The writer also recalls the night before Kevin Barry's execution. All of that night "Tay Pay" was doing his best to prevent the criminal blunder of executing that young hero.
>
> How many newspapers and magazines "Tay Pay" founded we can not just now recall. But there is no doubt that his influence on journalism in the English language was both far-reaching and beneficial. If there were nothing else to his credit but the famous page devoted to literary reviews in the Sunday *Sun*, his achievement would have earned him lasting fame. To-day, however, with the news of his death just upon us, those who were privileged, at whatever distance of years, to call him friend, think only of how fortunately there were combined in him one of the most astute minds and one of the warmest hearts of the last eight decades. He was eighty-one years old by the calendar when he died, but in the true Sophoclean sense, he died young.

The above excerpt refers to Mr. O'Connor's many journalistic ventures. In spite of the eventual success of some of them he could not, as many have pointed out, make money for himself. Indeed, late in his career his friends presented him with an annuity. Of course, early in his London adventure he experienced all the trials common to literary neophytes. In his memoirs he tells of some of them:



From "Memoirs of an Old Parliamentarian" (D. Appleton & Co.)

A LIVELY IRISH MEMBER IN THE ELEGANT EIGHTIES

This caricature of "Tay Pay" was made by the famous "Spy" in 1888.

> I found myself in London at the very beginning of the Franco-German War, and it was just the moment, in some respects, for me. I had been an eager student of French and German during my University career, and the first job I got in London [on *The Daily Telegraph*] was to read through the French, German, and Austrian papers, where one could now and then supplement the very brief messages which came from correspondents of the paper. I had once the task of writing an article of two or three columns from the sketch of a man who had just taken twenty-four days, or something like that, to get from Paris.
>
> A little incident in connection with that article gave me great encouragement. Not valuing my work as highly as I could have done, I had instructed the foreman printer to put it in minion leaded (small type for small things); but when I was about halfway through my article, Mr. Levy (as the late Lord Burnham then was), exprest his delight with what I had done, and suggested that it should be reset, so that the article would appear in bourgeois—a more important type. It will reveal my fresh, guileless notions as a child of a poor country that I raised the objection that this change would cost some money—it might have been a sovereign or two, in a paper earning anything up to a quarter of a million a year!

Later the young "Tay Pay" left this job, whether by his own volition or his employer's, he does not tell us. However, we read:

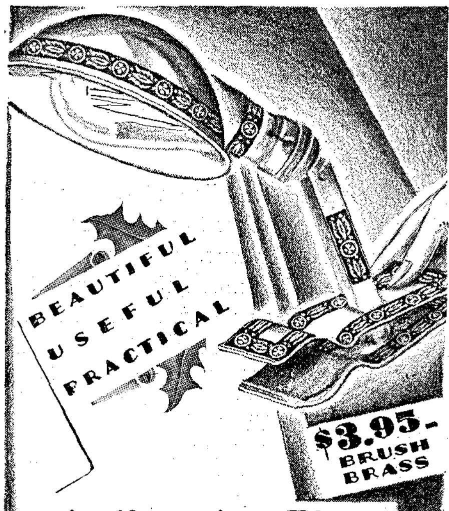
> This unemployment did not last more than a day. I found admission to the head of the New York *Herald* office in Fleet Street, and was immediately engaged at five pounds a week. I had some interesting experiences there—especially that of finding myself in charge of the office, when letters began to arrive which described Stanley's discovery of Livingstone. Here my timidity about money nearly lost me my job; for instead of cabling those tremendously interesting dispatches—cabling might have run into hundreds of pounds, and such a sum frightened me—I sent them by mail.

But, at long last, fortune consented to smile on the struggling "Tay Pay." Commissioned by a publisher to write a book on dramatic scenes in the House of Commons, he began his researches. Very speedily, however, he became fascinated with the character of Disraeli, whom he disliked intensely. The book was written in true "starving-in-a-garret" style, much of it on the backs of handbills, but when it was published it won him recognition. More light was shed on these early years of "Tay Pay" in London journalism by an interview published only two days before his death. It was written from London by Prescott Dennett, Pulitzer traveling scholar in journalism, from Columbia University, and appeared in *Editor & Publisher.* Said the veteran newspaper man and Parliamentarian, according to Mr. Dennett:

> "One day, sixty years ago when I was twenty-one, I came over to London looking for a job. I spent six weeks here walking about the streets with the vanishing remains of the $20 I came over with. I remember that I spent Christmas Day in bed in Holborn, because I was entirely out of funds and had no place to go. I took my Christmas dinner at a fruit stall.
>
> "Those were the days of the penny-a-liner in journalism. I've seen a bill from a man who specialized in writing about fires—six lines, sixpence. There was a man, too, who concentrated on bodies found in the Thames—he made about a pound a week.
>
> "What was my biggest story?" Mr. O'Connor repeated the question as he took another pinch of snuff.
>
> "Well, I was just about to take part in a great debate in the House when the editor of *The Daily Telegraph* arrived to tell me of the death of my old friend, George Wyndham, Irish secretary, and to ask me to write a long obituary. Then, after I had spoken in the debate and had just started on the story, to make the situation worse, an old friend came in to remind me of a dinner engagement for the evening. I broke away at eight o'clock, and from then until the dead-line at ten I typed out three and a half columns of obituary copy."

It was natural, perhaps, that "Tay Pay" should typify the Irish spirit at its finest, for he was born in a part of Erin rich in legend and tradition, says a copyrighted dispatch from London to the New York *Herald Tribune*, continuing:

> Parnell, the cold, unbending leader, terrifying in his sincerity, invited the young Irishman to stand for Parliament in Galway, and it is related that O'Connor had to borrow money to telegraph the announcement of his candidacy and to pay his traveling expenses from London and back. That was in 1880, and in that year O'Connor began his match with the leaders, Parnell, John Redmond, William O'Brien, and Tim Healy, but he alone, the last survivor of the Irish National party, remained at Westminster after the great fight was won, representing since 1885 an Irish constituency in Liverpool that proposed to vote for him as long as the mountaineers had cast their ballots for Andrew Jackson. In 1885 he had stood for both a Galway and Liverpool division, and was elected in both, and notwithstanding his prominence in Galway he chose to sit for Liverpool.
>
> He had political enemies by the dozen, but no personal ones, and such was the regard and affection in which he was held that since his seventy-fifth birthday, when all Parliament fêted him, each new milestone in his life had brought messages that carried signatures ranging from rulers, heads of governments, and prominent men and women throughout the world to the simple



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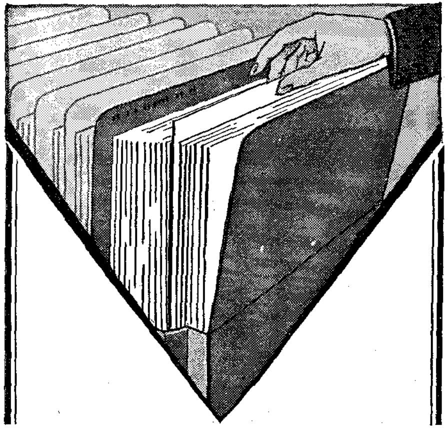

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

greeting from the simple folk who sent him back each year to Parliament. This popularity was again evidenced in 1929, when friends of all political parties presented to him a trust fund of $50,000, and Prime Minister J. Ramsay MacDonald epitomized the tribute of all British when he characterized "Tay Pay" as "a splendid example of a fighting Irishman." The venerable M. P., who was compelled by ill health to attend the ceremonies in a wheel chair, thanked the donors for their substantial tribute of friendship, and he accepted the trust with the remark, "I never yet have known an Irishman to refuse money."

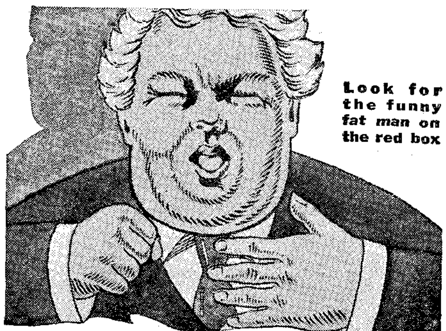
"Tay Pay" considered himself a journalist first and a politician afterward. The *Herald Tribune* account runs on:

Even in the days when he was head of the Irish organization in England, wielding an influence that turned the Irish vote in England against Gladstone in 1885 and paved the way for the introduction the next year of the first Home Rule bill, he was writing articles that carried plenty of "bite" and "punch" beneath their good-nature. He had been subeditor of the London *Daily Telegraph* and a member of the staff of the New York *Herald* in London. He founded and was the first editor of the London *Star*, and then in succession of the London *Sun*, *The Weekly Sun*, *Mainly About People*, abbreviated into *M. A. P.*, and *T. P.'s Weekly*.

Of this publication the profound William Bolitho tells us in his triweekly New York *World* column:

His *Weekly* differed in many notable ways from the huge surfeit of popular literary reviews that have come into the book-stalls since, which probably his success with it inspired. I do not know that the body of it was much better than the milk stew of anecdote and instruction that is nowadays generously provided; the good old man always had a leaning for little stories about personalities, and once actually tried to run a magazine containing nothing else. The lightsome book reviewer had not arrived; T. P. wrote about his authors as passionately as a press agent describes Gloria Swanson. Inside the incandescent wires of his pieces, he would quote huge gobbets, whole stretches of "best passages"—a thing commentators ought to be forced to do by law. He had good taste, an almost impeccable taste for poetry, and many a man now living and reading to-day ought to confess that he met many of his best authors first through a hack piece of T. P. on them.

After all, how many good and sincere services a simple sound business sense has rendered to humanity; plausibly more than the product of all petty idealisms. *T. P.'s Weekly* paid him handsomely. His copy, metempsychose encyclopedia articles truffled with quotations, could not have cost him much, even in time, and he wrote it mostly himself. A good business man (I do not state that he was such in anything but this paper—his only success) in so far as he is exclusively ruled with the desire of pleasing his public is a sort of high priest to them, incorruptible, unbiased. Perhaps that is what Rotary is trying to stammer. Well, T. P. gave us good measure, prest down. The world will be lucky to get another one of the same sort.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THE stranger fired three shots point-blank at a slight, kindly, stooped little man drest in black. One bullet pierced the head of the victim, the second the heart. The third missed its mark, but two were enough. Gaston-Edmond Bayle, chief of the Paris Judiciary Identity Service, successor to the famous Bertillon, and one of the greatest scientific detectives of the day, was dead.

The murderer turned on his heel and walked away, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* tells us in an article under a Paris date line. He did not go far. A gendarme caught him, disarmed him. Calmly, cynically, Joseph Philiponnet let himself be taken into custody. He said, "I have killed a dishonest man. Do not be afraid. I am quite harmless."

P. & A. photograph

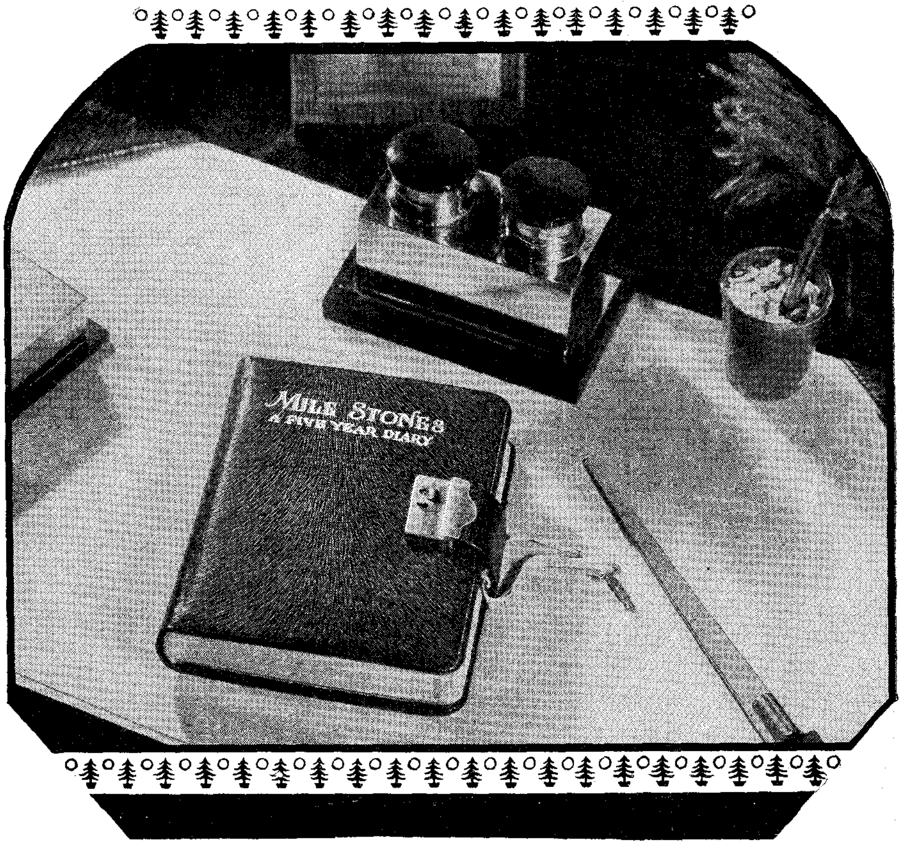
A MODEL FOR THRILLERS

The detective exploits of Gaston-Edmond Bayle supplied copy for more than one teller of crime tales.

The sudden murder of M. Bayle, in a corridor of the Paris law courts, marked the sudden change of a pleasant occasion into a tragic one. The great detective had that morning returned from his vacation, and as he passed down the corridor he was stopt every few feet to be greeted by friends. In the same manner Philiponnet stopt him.

But why was M. Bayle shot down? Was the detective, as Philiponnet alleged, dishonest? Reading on in *The Post-Dispatch*, we discover the reason for the attack:

> One of the greatest of the world's scientific detectives was dead. And why? Because, said Philiponnet, M. Bayle had decided against him.
>
> And what had he decided against him? Well, M. Bayle, the greatest handwriting expert in France, had been appointed to decide whether the writing on an apartment lease that Philiponnet had signed had been tampered with. An expert employed by Philiponnet had decided in the murderer's favor. But M. Bayle gave con-



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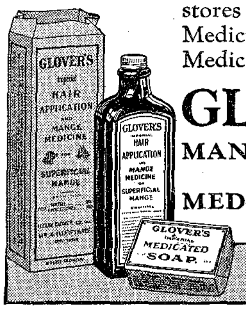

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

> trary evidence. Philiponnet lost the case.
>
> For this triviality Gaston-Edmond Bayle the finest scientific expert on crime in France, father of five children, had come to his death at fifty.

Bayle was "the model for most of the 'scientific detectives' of the present wave of detective fiction," we are told. But there was this difference between him and his story-book brothers:

> Often he never saw the men or women he convicted. His sleuthing, for the most part, was done in the laboratory, where he worked with finger-prints, a bit of cloth, a drop of dust, a blood-stain, or a vagrant shoe-lace.
>
> He made it a practise never to look at the accused if he could avoid it, for he was easily stirred by sentiment. He told what his researches revealed, and went away without waiting to hear the verdict which his testimony had made a certainty.
>
> Coming into court, he would walk to the witness stand, raise his hand, rapidly repeat the oath, cross his hands upon the witness rail, and await the question. His voice was light, precise, but never dogmatic. As he did not look at the accused, neither did he look at the jury. He concentrated his attention on the questions of the judge, the prosecutor, or the defending barrister. Never did he testify uncertainly. If he didn't know, he said so.
>
> Noted defense lawyers who met him again and again tried to shake his testimony by all the tricks in the jury lawyer's game, trying to make the expert look silly by tricky questions. They failed miserably. What Bayle knew, he knew; that was all there was to it. The tricky maneuvers only made his testimony look better.
>
> He did not indulge in deduction in his testimony. On one occasion, after he had stated enough evidence to send a man to the guillotine, the defense lawyer lost his temper and cried out: "It amounts to this: you say the accused did commit the crime."
>
> "That is not my affair," Bayle answered. "What I say is that the shoes in exhibit 821 have mud on them that came from the garden situated at 76 Avenue de la Bourdonnais, and that in the mud on the shoes I found four camel hairs of exactly the length, weight, diameter, and chemical content as specimens taken from exhibit 834."
>
> The facts that the shoes were those worn by the prisoner when arrested as he climbed over the garden wall, that exhibit 834 was a dressing-gown worn by the murdered man, and found in the house at 76 Avenue de la Bourdonnais, and that the dressing-gown, woven to order in Shansi before the Boxer rebellion, was probably the only one of its kind in Paris—and probably in Europe—were of no concern to M. Bayle. Those deductions he left to the prosecutor.

It was Mr. Bayle who finally exposed the fraudulency of the supposedly Stone Age "Glozel Relics" that turned out to be modern. These "relics" have been discust in THE DIGEST more than once, most recently on October 19. Speaking of cases of this sort, Mr. Bayle once said:

"The educated man runs to fraud, while

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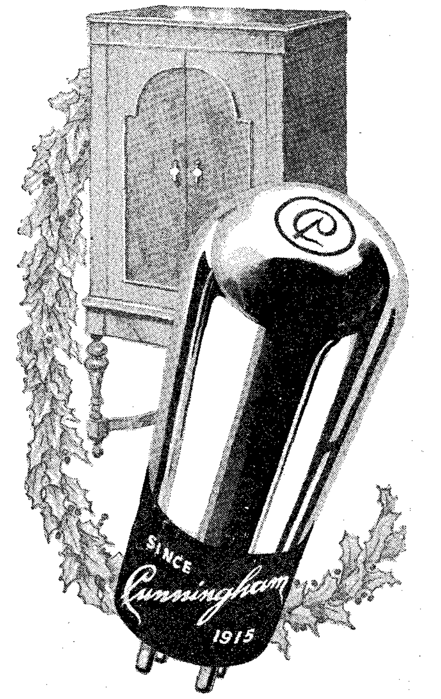

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the uneducated person is more given to crimes of brutality and passion. The crime that interests me the most does not interest the public; for me, I love to unravel a really clever fraud."

But tho the pursuit of perpetrators of violence interested him less than the capture of other rogues, he was none the less adept in tracking down thieves and murderers.

What appeared to be all the signs of murder were discovered not long ago in a deserted field on the outskirts of Paris. The place was soaked with blood, and it proved to be human blood. There were signs of a violent struggle. There was the imprint of a human body in the mud. Various trifles from a man's pockets were scattered about.

M. Bayle was called to the scene. Searching about for clews, he found the charred remains of some papers in a near-by gully. The papers were completely crisped and more or less fallen to pieces. Bayle and his aids built a small shelter around the spot to protect it from the wind. Bayle then took a bellows out of his kit and lightly blew the bits of paper into the air. An aid caught each bit on a piece of glass, sprayed it with castor oil, placed collodion over the charred fragment to hold it together, and then placed another piece of glass on top of it.

Bayle returned to his laboratory. He put the charred bits of paper under various lights. Finally he was able to read the name of a soldier stationed with the Bordeaux garrison. The police traced the movements of the soldier, got on the trail of persons who had been seen in his company, arrested the murderers, and discovered the body.

It was the judgment of handwriting that caused his death. How able he was at detecting fakery of this type is shown in a dispute that came up in a Paris court about two years ago.

The dispute concerned the words, "received 25,000 francs." Had they been added to the contract after it had been signed?

It seemed that Monsieur A and Monsieur B, as we shall call them, were partners in a mining enterprise. The testimony revealed that Monsieur A wrote the contract out in longhand, the other signed it, and Monsieur A put the contract in his safe.

Some months later they quarreled, and when the document was produced in the presence of attorneys, Monsieur B was greatly perturbed. He insisted that the line relative to his receiving 25,000 francs was not on the original contract.

Bayle was called in and asked to give an expert report. It did not take him long.

"This disputed line," Bayle told the Court, "was written with a different ink. It looks like the same ink that was used in the body of the contract, but it is not. I put a chemical reagent on both inks. One turned blue, the other red.

"But that is not all. There is a controversy over the revenue stamps. Monsieur B says there were none on the original contract, as none were necessary. I have examined these stamps. I soaked them off the paper and noted the paste. I found it was not the glue used on our revenue stamps, but a home-made starch paste. The stamps had been taken off another document and used a second time. I have also examined the ink on these stamps. It is different from the other two inks used."

The court convicted Monsieur A of forgery without further evidence.

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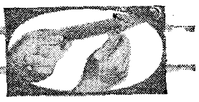

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here is a way to give shaving torture the K. O.

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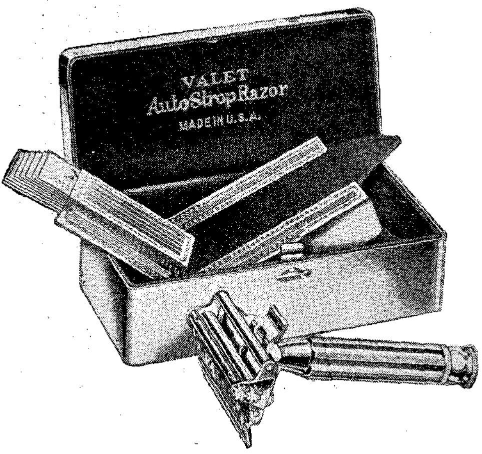

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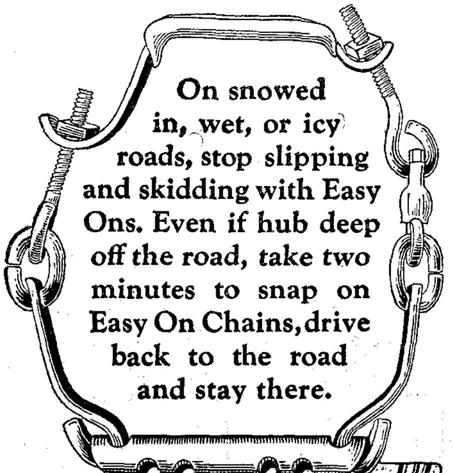
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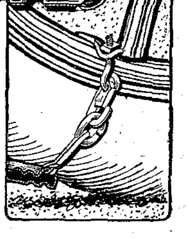
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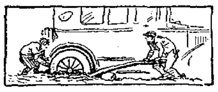

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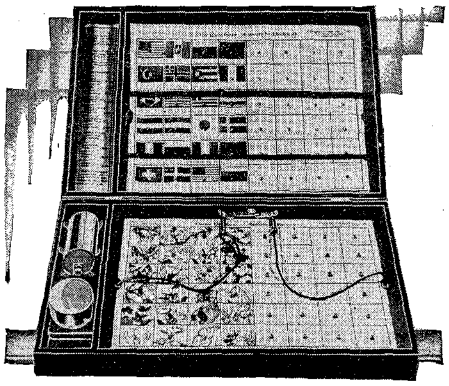
PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

to recognize an offender, despite the difference in appearance caused by passing years or the excellence of disguise, the writer tells us as he proceeds:

> How to penetrate through disguise and the passage of years was first discovered by Bertillon. His fundamentals are still used. But these fundamentals were simplified and perfected by Bayle.
>
> Idiosyncrasies of the formation of the nose, characteristics of the lobe of the ear—such things lead to the tracking of criminals when it is impossible to catch the finger-prints of the suspect, or determine if his coal-black hair was once a medium brown.
>
> Here is a case of how the teachings of Bertillon and Bayle penetrated deep disguise:
>
> A wealthy woman, whose whole fortune was in government bonds, which she kept hidden under a loose board in her bedroom, was murdered. She had been strangled, the murderer using a silk cord cut from her bedroom curtains.
>
> Robbery at first was not suspected as the motive, as nothing in the house appeared to have been touched. But inquiries disclosed the story of the bonds and where the murdered woman kept them. A minute search of the premises followed; the hiding-place of the bonds was discovered. They were gone. Now, this hiding-place was so cunningly contrived that it would hardly have been discovered by even a precise robber. Therefore, it would seem, the dead woman must have had some friend and confidant.
>
> More inquiries. Among the woman's friends, the police learned, was a physician who had practised for many years in Algiers. This man had disappeared; no trace could be found of him. The description obtained from neighbors was vague. He was handsome, yes, dignified, about forty-five, with curly hair and beard slightly flecked with gray. There was, however, one outstanding point which all agreed upon—his eyes were of a peculiarly hard light blue. And his short, tip-tilted nose had a tiny lump on its bridge.

The police searched for him, we are told, but time passed and the missing physician was not discovered. Not for a long time, that is. But later:

> One day a Paris detective, who had learned his lesson well, was classifying Bertillon charts of prison photographs. Among the photos he came across the double picture—profile and front view—of a convict serving a two years' sentence for robbery at Brest. The detective was struck by the tiny lump on the nose. The photograph was shown to neighbors and friends of the murdered woman. They laughed to think that this hideous creature could be the bearded, handsome doctor. The police learned that the suspect had on two occasions, when applying for medicine at his prison, used technical terms common to the medical profession; his steely gray-blue eyes had been remarked upon many times.
>
> The prisoner was transferred to Paris. His beard, hair, mustache were allowed to grow. The transformation was extraordinary, and when the skeptical neigh-



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bors visited him they at once recognized the man as the handsome doctor. But the proof was still lacking he had murdered the rich woman. When his short sentence expired he was closely watched. But he again eluded the detectives and disappeared. A year passed, and another detective ran him to earth in Toulon, where he had become a veterinary surgeon, highly esteemed. It was lucky he was found when he was; he already had sold his practise and, feeling certain he could now leave France without difficulty, was about to go to Italy. His house was searched. In it were found the bonds of the murdered woman.

FALSE FACES FOR EVERYBODY

SEE that hard-faced stock broker? He is not really hard. He is a kind-hearted man who likes dogs and reads Victor Hugo. His hard face is a false face. He is wearing a mask. So it is with the society hostess of cold, forbidding mien, who looks as if she were never stirred by a human emotion. As a matter of fact, she loves babies, and buys fruit drops to eat in private. Everybody hides his true self behind a mask, and seldom do we get under the mask and see the individual, says the Rev. Austin Lee, a curate, in the London *Daily Mail*. The Rev. Mr. Lee admits that he wears a mask himself, that, indeed, he has three to choose from. And altho it is annoying at times, he insists that the practise had its merits. Of his own masks, he says:

> A curate must be equipped with at least three well-defined varieties. The first is for use at tea parties, and may be described quite simply as Pious-Genteel. It is unnecessary to go into it any further.
>
> The next one in general use is the Hearty-Christian. This is put on in boys' and men's clubs, and with most of the men in the parish one doesn't know very well. It necessitates looking up cricket scores and the memorizing of all important golf, cricket, tennis, and football players, with a brief life history of each, and the things they are famous for.
>
> It is fatal here to mix up Bunny Austin with Gene Tunney. Credit once lost in this way is never regained.
>
> The last is the Bright Boy of the Village. This is chiefly for use at mothers' meetings, and all kindred functions. (The vicar's rôle here is quite different; he has to assume the Heavy-Avuncular.) The curate is looked upon as a ray of sunshine, at the sewing meeting, godly sunshine of course.
>
> The curious thing is, the mask begins to fit. Not only to fit, but to be comfortable. I find I do not want to take it off. It simplifies life in such an extraordinary way. It makes all one's essential actions cut and dried, so that no time is lost or wasted. What is more important, it leaves the mind free.
>
> This is the paradox. That tho one goes on, day by day, wearing a mask, hiding one's proper self from the world, yet the self flourishes serenely beneath. "My mind to me a kingdom is," and the more I pose the freer I am to retire into my own kingdom.
>
> We have assumed the mask, all of us, because it simplifies life. Externally, we cut a set caper, but within we are ourselves. The mask is protective armor, it resists every impertinence of the outside world.
>
> On with the mask!

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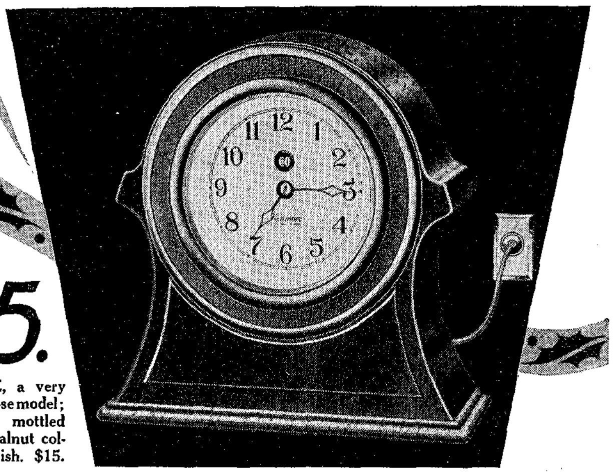

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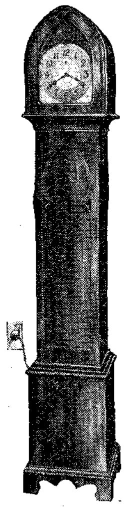

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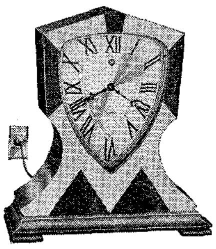

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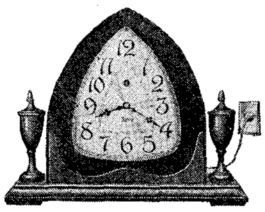

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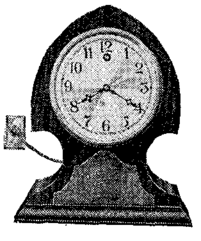

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A FLYING BARON, HIS CAT, AND HIS TWO TOADS

PUSSY ATE A HORNED TOAD—alas!—somewhere between Texas and New York. But that didn't discourage Baron Friedrich Karl Paul Richard August Freiherr Koenig von und zu Warthausen, the casual boy flyer of Germany and globe-girdling owner of the international air-going menagerie, whereof the cat had been given him in Bangkok, and the toads—horned ones—in El Paso. It was hardly to be expected, thought the Baron, that a Siamese pussy, with her appetite pepped up by altitude flying, would deny herself a few tempting mouthfuls of Texan toad. So the little tragedy, discovered when he guided his "flying motor-cycle" to earth at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, the other day, did not mar his satisfaction at having covered some 18,000 miles since starting eastward from Berlin. As the New York *World* tells us:

International News photo

NO, THE HORNED TOAD DIDN'T DISAGREE WITH HER

And the baron seemed cheerful over the health of his Siamese cat.

> The Baron, who is only twenty-three, left Berlin in August, 1928, in his tiny low-wing Klemm-Daimler monoplane, equipped with a 20-horse-power two-cylinder Mercedes-Benz motor, on what he intended to be a non-stop flight to Moscow in competition for the Hindenburg Cup. But instead of going back home after winning the trophy, he flew on—to Persia, India, and Siam—shipped his plane and himself to Hongkong, from where he flew again to Shanghai, China, and all over Japan until he reached Yokohama. He went to San Francisco by boat and then continued in his flying motor-cycle all the way across the North American continent.
>
> When he started off on his world-circling flight the Baron had only seventeen hours' experience in the air. His baby plane, the *Kamerad*, is the only one he had ever flown. His baggage consisted of a toothbrush. For spare parts he had one spark-plug. And for tools he had only an oil-can and two pairs of pliers.
>
> To Siam he traveled all alone. While there a Siamese girl presented him with a white Siamese cat. Her native name is Tannin, but the Baron does not know what it means. Somehow, she got her tail broken during the long flights all the way from Siam, but she seemed rather cheerful when she landed here, just as the Baron did.
>
> The only serious mishap suffered by the airman occurred when he was walking across a street at El Paso, Texas. He was hit by a taxicab, and spent three months in the hospital.

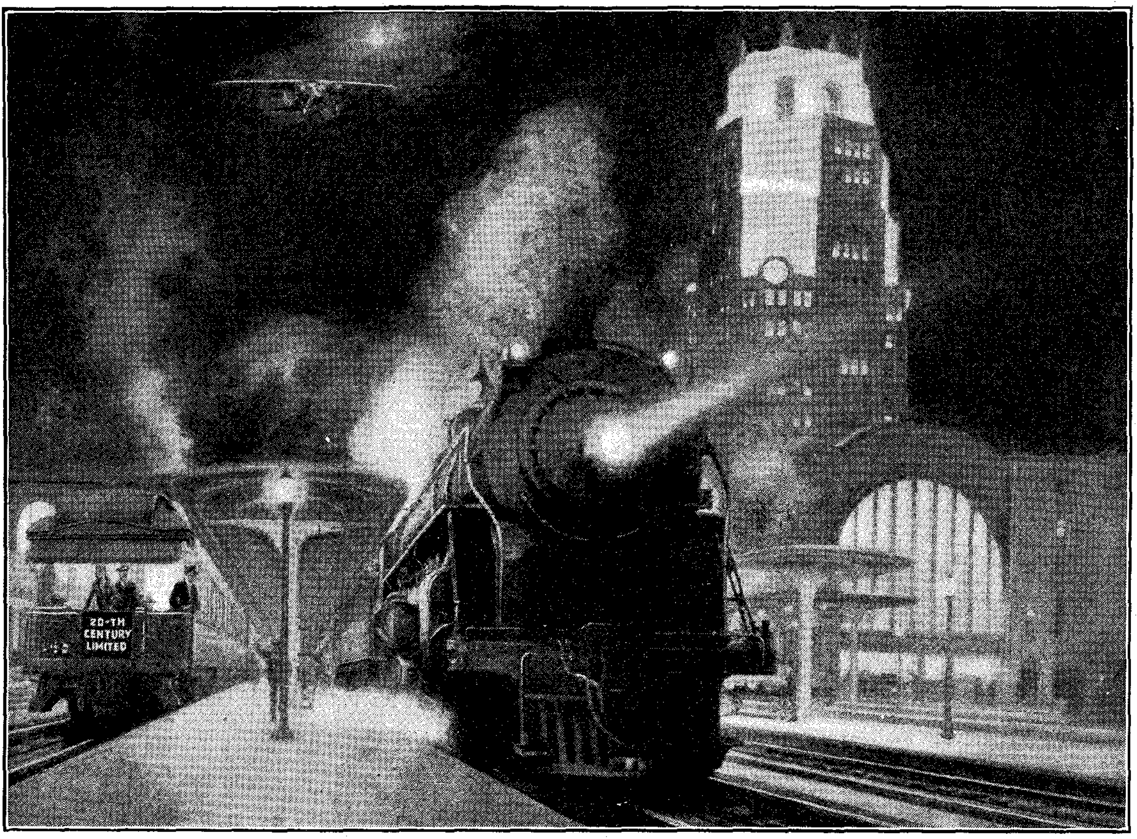
He made numerous friends there, we learn, and some of them presented him with the three-horned toads. The two survivors arrived safely in New York, and there was a smile on the face of the Siamese cat. Reading on:

> To reciprocate the kindness shown him by his new friends at El Paso, the Freiherr, who comes from a wealthy family, presented one of them, Oscar Strobel, Jr., an El Paso art student, with a scholarship to study art in Berlin.
>
> The flying motor-cycle is manufactured in this country under the name of Aeromarine-Klemm. The engine is so simple that one man can take it down in a couple of hours. Nevertheless, it is capable of rising 20,000 feet. Its average cruising speed is seventy-five miles an hour, and its landing speed no more than twenty miles an hour, making landings possible in almost any open space. The engine consumes one gallon of gas in fifty miles. The fuel capacity is forty gallons.
>
> The flyer, short in stature, with bright, boyish features, looking no older than a high-school boy, stept out of his plane with a broad grin, wearing neither helmet nor goggles, and drest in a dirty old raincoat and a greasy pair of knickers. His first thought was of his pets, which he ordered to be taken immediately from the special compartment he constructed for them in the plane.
>
> There was a big Airedale dog on the field, and he disapproved of Tannin. In fact, he was just about to do with the cat what the cat had done to the toad, when the Baron saved Tannin.
>
> The flight, the flyer said, consumed only 300 gallons of gasoline. He flew most of the time at an altitude of 500 feet.

The impromptu and casual nature of the Baron's flight from the very outset was reflected in his own narrative on the day after his arrival. As reported in *The Evening World:*

> "I was going to buy a car last year," he said. "And then I heard that President Hindenburg had offered a cup for a flight to Moscow, and I thought if I bought a plane I might win it. So I bought one, and after I had learned to fly and had about seventeen hours in the air, I thought I would make one long non-stop flight as far as I could go, eastward, because we have west, or tail, winds in Germany.
>
> "Accordingly, one day, I went to the Weather Bureau and said: 'When the wind is good just inform me.' So it was at midnight when I took off. I had not flown at night before, but I got off all right. I flew to Moscow through a heavy rain, and had a good wind most of the time. I made over ninety miles an hour. It is 1,180 miles to Moscow, and I used thirty-eight gallons of gasoline.
>
> "I stayed there five days, and then I met the German Minister to Persia and he said, 'Go a little farther and you will get good hunting and have a nice time. I flew down through the Caucasus and by the Caspian Sea. I flew as far as I could, always, every day about 500 miles. Pretty soon I was in Persia. Every time I saw a nice mosque, I stopt.
>
> "Then I thought, 'Well, maybe I'll try to reach India. That will give a good end to the trip and win the prize.' So I flew on to Karachi, and there I overhauled my engine. At Karachi the German Government said: 'Please don't fly any farther. You did a nice trip, and it's enough to win the prize.' But I said: 'Well, I can do what I like.' So it gave me the idea to go further.
>
> "Oh, yes. In Asia I had three unexpected landings. The first time I was forced down by bad winds in a valley some 10,000 feet. I called some natives and pushed the plane to a place from where I took off two days later.
>
> "The next time was on the Persian Gulf. I flew always three, four, five miles over the sea, because it was so hot, and a screw got loose on the pipe from the carbureter to the cylinder. I thought it was better that I land and fix it. It was on an island where no people lived. I fixt it and went on. Yes, the Persian Gulf is full of sharks.
>
> "The third time I was in the mountains about 150 miles south of Shiraz. At an altitude of 15,000 feet the engine went dead. This plane has a good gliding ratio—about 14 to 1—so I glided seventeen miles to an oasis. The people there were very nice to me. The head man sent a camel to Bushire to get more gasoline, and I was there five days riding, and hunting gazels. I had a good time."

Those people are not so spoiled as are other Moslems, according to the Baron. The camel had to go to Bushire



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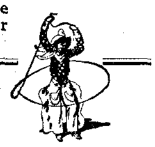

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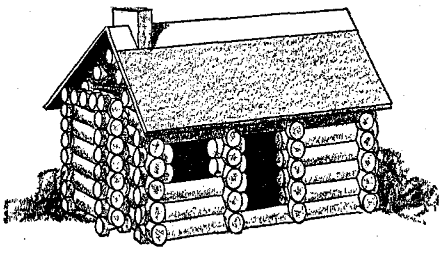

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

and back—about 200 miles, and we read on:

> Those camels can do ten miles an hour all day. Well, he came back with five gallons of gasoline and I asked the people how much I owed them, and they did not want to take anything. Only about $5 or $6 for the camel.
>
> "But the head man was interested in my cigaret lighter—always wanted to make fire with it—so I gave it to him, and left him a little gasoline. As soon as he got it everybody wanted some gasoline. They use it for headaches and stomachaches, applying it to the skin. It burns and they think it's good medicine.
>
> "Well, I could not give them any more gasoline, but for my lubrication I used castor-oil. I had four or five gallons of that, and I drained all the dirty oil out of my engine and gave them that; the dirty castor-oil. Well, is that not better medicine than gasoline?
>
> "Then I flew to Bushire. After that I flew to Afghanistan, and in Calcutta the Consul handed me a telegram which said they had given me the cup and 10,000 marks. So I said I could use this money to fly a little farther. I did a lot of zigzagging. I flew in Burma to Rangoon. In Burma I saw lots of elephants in the swampy places; always thirty or forty together. Then I went on to Bangkok, Singapore, Angcor. In Siam I ran into thousands of flamingoes. I had to be very careful. The propeller would have broken had I hit one.
>
> "They were like the big birds I met in the Caucasus. They attack everything, even if it is bigger. But they didn't guess the speed and they got behind and the wind carried them far behind.
>
> "In Shanghai I shipped my plane to Nagasaki—it is 380 miles of open sea and I couldn't do that. But I flew on to Osaka, and there the Japanese Government sent two military planes to escort me into Tokyo.
>
> "It is pretty bad to fly in Japan. Nearly every place is in a military area where they will not allow you to fly much. There was one volcano near Tokyo that I wanted to see, but they told me it was in a military area. But it was very bad weather that day, and I did not care what the military planes did, so I was going away in the clouds and flew over the volcano and saw the smoke and fire and all. The military planes came down and telephoned the airport and the Government sent two more planes out to meet me. Many officials were waiting for me there."
>
> In Japan the boy who flew away to look at a volcano while the German Ambassador and other high officials awaited, put his tiny machine on a boat and sailed for America.

The rest of his program was to ship his little plane to Hamburg, and fly it thence to Berlin, where the people, we read, think of him as a new Lindbergh. We are told that Munich has already claimed the machine for its museum, and will pay the Baron about what he paid for it. His own plans for the future are uncertain, but "he hopes to continue in aviation. He hasn't even thought very seriously about writing a book about his travels."

WOMEN WHOSE WIT HAS OPENED JAIL DOORS

WHAT would the women be doing next! Officer Dolan, on duty on lower Broadway, shook his head and pondered sadly over this age-old problem which had once more presented itself on a pleasant afternoon in 1873. When black-clad, black-veiled ladies sprint in a most unladylike manner and swing aboard a speeding horse-car, it is enough to make men wonder. But not long after this "lady in black" had caught her car, the Tombs prison was in an uproar. Sharkey, the murderer, had escaped, we learn from Edward H. Smith's "You Can Escape" (Macmillan), a book of accounts of celebrated jail breaks. In one chapter the author shows that women are no less adept at such exploits than men. The fleeing Sharkey was, of course, a man, but his escape was engineered by a woman, which justifies its inclusion here. Sharkey, a gambler, had been sentenced to death for murder, and was in the Tombs, pending an appeal. At the prison, we read:

> The warden and keepers of the Tombs watched, with undisguised admiration, the devotion and good looks of Maggie Jourdan. She was neither an aristocrat nor yet, even in the American sense, a lady. But she was a handsome young woman of Skarkey's own level, who had been his favorite in the days of his prime and power, and who clung to him in his adversity.
>
> Every morning at eleven o'clock, month in and out, without even a failure or deviation, this pretty Maggie presented herself at the door of the Tombs, and was allowed to enter and spend some time with her murderous love. In those days, admittance to the Tombs was got by permission of the warden, but after a visitor had called once and gained the warden's approval, he might come again as often as he liked or until the privilege was revoked. On entering the Tombs, each such person was given a familiar red ticket which had to be turned in to the gatekeeper before the visitor could get out. In other words, it was not hard to get in, but one needed a ticket to leave.
>
> At eleven o'clock on the morning of November 19, 1873, Maggie Jourdan came as usual, was let into the prison and given her red ticket of egress. She went directly to Sharkey's cell, No. 40, and was observed seated before it, talking and laughing with the condemned man.
>
> Visitors were not permitted to enter the cells. This precaution was considered sufficient. True, any visitor might, after establishing the confidence of the keepers, smuggle arms into the prison and slip them through the bars to the prisoners, but the other safeguards in the old prison were such that a weapon would have done a caged man little or no good. He could not unlock his cell with it, and even if he managed to hold up the inner turnkey and force him to open the cell door, the escaper would still have four other barriers to pass on his way out.
>
> Maggie Jourdan, however, brought a cake of softened wax to the Tombs one day, and took a deep impression of the cell keyhole. With this, she resorted to a burglar's mechanic and asked him to fashion a key to fit the impression. In a few days the unlocker was delivered to her, and she sneaked it into the Tombs and tried it.

It did not quite fit, but Maggie Jourdan experimented with it long enough to discover what she believed to be the trouble. She went back to the underworld locksmith, and he made some changes. Then she tried again, and found that the key still would not open the lock. But she had determination and patience. After seven or eight attempts she got what she wanted. She could let Sharkey out of his cell whenever she liked.

On November 19, about two hours after Maggie Jourdan had entered the Tombs, there also appeared a Mrs. Wesley Allen, whose husband had been confined, for a less serious crime, in the same tier with Sharkey. She was a large, ample woman, usually drest in black and heavily veiled, just as on this occasion. She had come, she said, to aid another prisoner she had met while visiting her husband. Mrs. Allen stopt before Sharkey's cell, chatted for a little while with the condemned man and his loyal sweetheart, and passed on to visit the other man, also sitting down outside the cell and communicating through the bars.

At one o'clock the heavily veiled and sobbing Mrs. Allen presented herself at the first inner gate, and was allowed to pass, on showing her ticket. The second keeper got up grumblingly from the bench, where he was gnawing at his sandwiches, glanced perfunctorily at the woman and her card, and let her through. She encountered no more difficulty at the next stop and, finally, stood before the gatekeeper, who raised his cap politely, took the red card, unlocked the gate and allowed the black-clad and deep-veiled woman to go her way.

It is here that we are told of Officer Dolan's vision of the athletic woman in black catching a car. Following which:

Maggie Jourdan also appeared at the gate, turned in her ticket and walked out, gay, unconcerned, with her usual taunt for the gateman.

That strange and melancholy drone which settles down upon all prisons in the afternoon descended on the Tombs. The prisoners lay in their bunks or nodded over their work. The guards drowsed in their chairs. The very gateman himself, rid of the morning rush of callers, had perched himself in his chair, tilted it back against an iron wicket, and closed his eyes.

With the sudden and outreaching violence with which a meteor falls into a sleeping lake, Mrs. Wesley Allen broke into the placidities of the Tombs when she appeared at the outer gate and attempted to walk nonchalantly out. The gate was locked; she asked the warder to open.

"Your ticket, please, ma'am?" he requested with a yawn.

Mrs. Allen looked into her pocket, her reticule, up her sleeves, down her corsage, everywhere. The ticket was gone. How could she have dropt it?

"If you haven't the red ticket, I can't let you out," said the gateman.

"Why, that's absurd," blustered the ex-prisoner's wife. "You know me well; you know I'm not a prisoner. What if a slip of cardboard has been lost? That's no reason for detaining me. It's unlawful."

She blustered and pleaded, but the gateman sent for another keeper, told what had happened, and gave instructions that a search be made for the ticket.

Five minutes later the keeper was back. He had not found the pass, but he had discovered Sharkey's empty cell.

Maggie Jourdan was arrested, and Mrs. Allen was held for examination. The

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

latter was soon released, and Maggie acquitted, after a thrilling trial that made her the heroine of her day. Sharkey, in spite of a world-wide search, was never recaptured. He died many years later in Ireland. His escape had been managed easily enough by making up feminine apparel of the kind usually worn by Mrs. Allen in a size to fit the killer, and then smuggling it into prison, one woman carrying part and the other managing the rest.

Probably Maggie Jourdan never heard of the Countess of Nithsdale, who in the eighteenth century rescued her husband from the Tower of London in very much the mode by which Maggie got her sweetheart out of the Tombs. But feminine wits may have worked in the same way from the most ancient times, when stimulated by the problem of saving a beloved mate from incarceration and death—a stimulus which, the biologists say, is one of the strongest known to the feminine nature. Of Lady Nithsdale's feat, Mr. Smith tells us:

In the last sorry flare of Jacobitism in England, the troops of George I took captive the Earl of Nithsdale, a Scottish Catholic nobleman of great influence and greater wealth. He was imprisoned in the Tower and condemned to die by the ax. King George let it be known that his wife might visit the earl and give him consolation, but that there would be no pardon.

Lady Nithsdale drove furiously down from her home in the north and reached London after the middle of February, 1716. On the twentieth, the command went out to put Nithsdale to death on the morning of the twenty-fourth. The last day but one, Lady Nithsdale rushed off to see the king once more, flung herself at his feet, implored his mercy, and was none too tenderly refused.

From this anguished audience, the brave lady went directly to visit her husband in the Tower. She reached the prison in the middle of the afternoon, and bore the earl both the tidings of the king's final refusal and a plan for escape. She meant to disguise the earl in woman's clothing, and so smuggle him out to freedom.

Lord Nithsdale looked at his handsome young wife, just turned twenty-six, blue-eyed, childlike, and slim, and then at his own soldierly girth and stature. He laughed, for all his evil predicament, but her ladyship went away and bade him wait and see.

The conspiring wife went at once to her lodgings and summoned two friends, Mrs. Mills and Miss Hilton, the latter tall and buxom and the former quite as tall but slender. These two women immediately entered the conspiracy, in which Evans, a Welsh serving-woman and devoted attendant on Lady Nithsdale, also took part. It was late on a dismal, foggy afternoon when these four resolute women drove up to the Tower in a carriage, which waited at a safe distance with the maid, Evans, inside.

Lady Nithsdale now approached the quarters of Colonel d'Oyly, the deputy of the Tower, accompanied by the tall Miss Hilton, who wore two petticoats and two riding-hoods. Introducing Miss Hilton as Mrs. Betty, an old friend of the family, the faithful wife led her friend through the cordon of guards to the earl's room. The two entered, and Miss Hilton immediately dropt off her second petticoat and her riding-hood. Without more than a few words, she left the room alone, passed the sentry and the guards and left the Tower gate, without being stopt.

A few minutes later Lady Nithsdale left her husband's room and went to the Tower gate, where she met a tall and extremely buxom woman. Lady Nithsdale introduced her as Mrs. Catherine, asked her to bear up and not depress the earl still further. So she led Mrs. Catherine off to the earl's room.

Here Mrs. Mills, for it was she, discarded a riding-hood big enough for the earl, put on that left by Miss Hilton, and removed a good deal of extra apparel. A good deal reduced in size, and no longer either weeping or staggering, but walking briskly, Mrs. Mills walked out of the cell with Lady Nithsdale and made for the gate, Lady Nithsdale saying in a loud lamenting voice:

"Now please hurry, my dear Mrs. Betty. Tell my maid, Evans, to hurry here at once as I am to have audience with the king in a little while. What on earth can be keeping my maid, Mrs. Betty? She must be mad to desert me at such a time! Good-by, Mrs. Betty. Hasten, please hasten, and send Evans to me."

By this time they had reached the gate, and Mrs. Mills walked away without molestation, none of the guards having suspected that this was Mrs. Mills who had entered as Mrs. Catherine, and not Miss Hilton who had been admitted as Mrs. Betty.

The high point of the adventure had not even yet been reached. In his cell stood the earl. Outside walked the sentry, and further away the guards loitered, prattling with a number of women who had been attracted to the Tower to cast morbid eyes upon the unfortunate Lady Nithsdale. Outside, in the courtyard of the Tower, the executioner was sharpening his ax for its bloody work of the morning.

Night was coming on. Any moment "the lieutenant—as the warden was called—might come with a candle and find the doomed earl standing in the midst of a ridiculous array of feminine lingerie and frills." The heroine of the adventure acted quickly:

With her heart beating its wildest alarms, Lady Nithsdale stole back to her husband's room and began arraying him in the clothes her two confederates had left. Tho she had left soap, brush, and razor earlier in the day, Lady Nithsdale's husband was still bearded. The light had been too poor to see well and, moreover, he had considered his wife's plotting as impossible of success. But now, when she quickly related what she had done and planned doing, he could not but rise and accept the challenge. He writhed his way into the women's clothes, and curled his long hair over his forehead. He then covered his beard with a muffler, put the big riding-hood over all, and trod up and down his room a few times to practise walking in skirts. The Earl of Nithsdale had been made up as Mrs. Catherine.

Lady Nithsdale let the false Mrs. Catherine out of the room and followed.

"In God's name," she exhorted, "rush to my rooms at once and get Evans to me. I must dress and visit his majesty before another half hour."

So the disguised earl and his doughty

wife made their way past the sentry, through the file of guards and the chattering women sightseers and to the gate of the Tower. It opened at once and the Earl of Nithsdale walked out.

Lady Nithsdale went back to the cell, and had still the hardest part of her adventure to carry through. Nithsdale needed a little time to get outside the district and be concealed somewhere in London, so his wife must remain in the cell and keep away suspicion until her lord's carriage could make its way to the forechosen refuge. To this end she kept up a running mumble of conversation with an imaginary husband, for the ears of the sentinel outside.

Finally, the good lady decided that her time had come. She opened the door, said farewell to her imaginary husband, and told him that he could rely on her.

With that she was off down the stairs, past the guards and out of the gate, still fuming before all who listened about the tardiness of Evans. In twenty minutes she was in her husband's arms, and before long they had got safely to France.

A hundred years later in France, a "very similar rescue was performed in the interest of another aristocratic soldier who had suffered the misfortune of adhering to the losing side." Mr. Smith continues:

The Comte de la Valette had been arrested by Louis XVIII, and condemned for his part in Napoleon's return from Elba. He was held in the Conciergerie, and the date of his execution by guillotine had been set. But here his comtesse also came to the rescue.

She appealed in person to Louis, but the restored Bourbon was no more to be softened toward a Bonapartist than George I was toward a Jacobite. Neither could the Duchesse d'Angoulême be moved to mercy. This bitter intelligence the comtesse had to take her lord on Tuesday night, together with the fatal news that he was to die on Thursday morning. I miss the exact dates, but all this occurred late in 1815.

At six o'clock, Wednesday evening, Madame de la Valette entered the Conciergerie with her young daughter and an old negro serving-woman. At a quarter of seven, having been able to eat hardly a morsel, Madame de la Valette hastily drest her husband in some feminine apparel which she had brought about her own person and that of the tall negress.

A quarter of an hour later, the door of the cell opened and out came Madame de la Valette, bending under an overburden of grief and holding a handkerchief to her brimming eyes. Behind her came her little daughter, and in the rear followed the negress. The child held her mother by the hand and continued to sob as the short procession of three descended the stairs. In the passageway were five jailers standing about, and the false Madame de la Valette raised her handkerchief to her eyes and seemed hardly able to continue. The daughter, a girl of fifteen, took her supposed mother by the right arm and supported her as they reached the hall, where they were met by the concierge.

"You are leaving very early to-night," he said, evidently moved and sympathetic.

The poor woman only buried her face deeper in her handkerchief and fur collar, nodded weakly and went on.

When the warders entered the cell in the morning, to drag a brave man and a good soldier to his death, they found a braver woman, partly drest in her husband's uniform.

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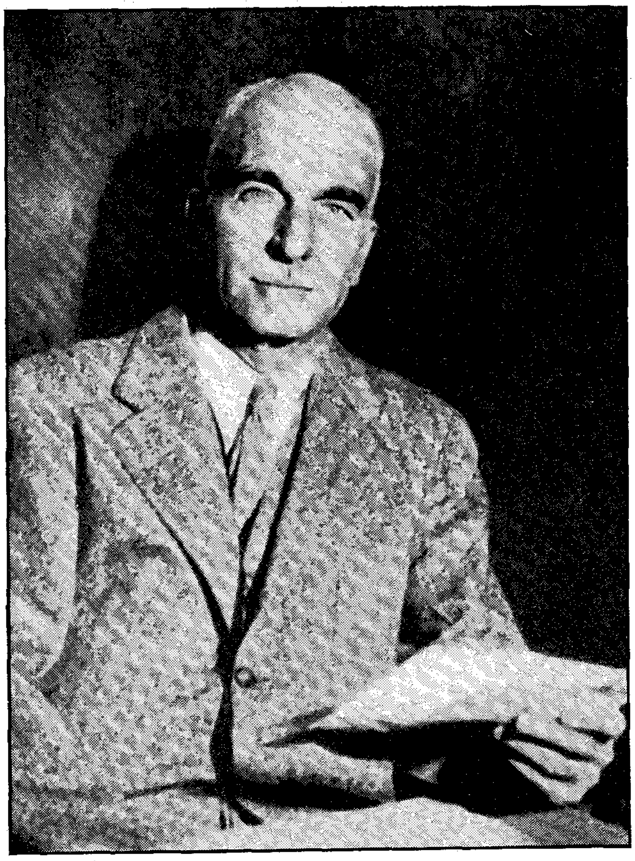
FROM STOCK-GAMBLING TO EMBEZZLING

BECAUSE OF THE CRAZE for quick riches through stock-gambling, a succession of stories of defalcation, embezzlement, and ruin appear in the papers following the stock-market crash. But most of these incidents, observes the Tampa *Tribune*, "will not become generally known throughout the country—only the more conspicuous instances." It all goes back, moralizes the Florida paper, "to the desire to get something for nothing—and 'something for nothing is—nothing.'" A New Jersey judge, who sent to State prison a bank employee who had lost $75,000 of the bank's money on the stock market, declared himself imprest by "the tremendous lure" that brought the embezzler before him—"stocks offer a great temptation to people to gamble; this temptation is so strong that otherwise law-abiding men are conquered by it as this man apparently has been." Various cases throughout the country bring from the daily press reflections on the way in which the "Stock Exchange Follies of 1929" are yielding a not unexpected crop of embezzlements, and upon the recently reported fact that the total loss from such thefts in this country is estimated at more than $125,000,000 a year.



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THE MAN OF THE HOUR IN FLINT

When the embezzlements of a group of employees might have wrecked the Union Industrial Bank, Charles S. Mott put up more than $3,000,000 of his own money to keep the bank's funds intact.

The most spectacular of all the recent embezzlements is, of course, the one at Flint, Michigan, where a group of a dozen employees, working together over a period of two years, took from the bank a total sum of $3,592,000, only to lose it all in speculative dealings that finally went wrong. This looting of the Union Industrial Bank of Flint is characterized offhand by a number of papers as the largest bank embezzlement in the history of the country. A feature that seems to arouse as much interest as the size of the loot, and the remarkable methods of the embezzlers is the fact that one man, Charles S. Mott, a director and now president of the bank, advanced from his own personal fortune enough cash to cover the entire gross shortage. The final net loss to the bank, it is estimated, will be considerably less than the sum mentioned; something like $1,500,000 in securities may be recovered by the bank, and the more than $2,000,000 left will be further cut down by insurance settlements and other recoveries. Six employees of the bank were arrested shortly after the discovery of the thefts, including a former senior vice-president and other highly placed officials. Further arrests may be made before this reaches the reader.

How these employees "started as individuals in a small way, and then operated jointly as well as singly, by making fictitious notes, covering up in various ways; how one of them appropriated nearly $700,000 of call money, which he handled apart from the bank; how they lost in the bull market by selling short, and then were caught in the recent crashes"—these and other things, as the Flint *Journal* notes, are told, in a statement by H. R. Wilkin, the bank's new executive vice-president, from which we quote in part:

> Encouraged to get into the market, and seeing the profits that were being made, the use of the bank's fund for speculative purposes was carried on in a small way as early as 1926. These were individual manipulations, the largest single transactions running seven to eight thousand dollars. Stocks were bought but not paid for, until they appreciated in value. They were held as cash items or in the collection department. There apparently was no thought of theft, the bank and its funds being used in what was believed to be a sure proposition.
>
> It was not long before the men gradually began to know about the operations of one another, and it was adversity that brought them together.

While their doom came in the recent crash, they also lost heavily by short selling in the bull market, "so they suffered up as well as down." A favorite method was the use of forged notes and the manipulation of securities held by the bank as collateral for genuine notes. Another was the failure of tellers to turn in funds received at their windows. Says Mr. Wilkin:

> This procedure was followed throughout 1928, and this year was quite successful. Christensen said that by the spring of 1929 he had accumulated profits of about $100,000 without actually having stolen any of the bank's funds.
>
> There was a big volume of buying and selling, as they were "scalping the market," more of their time and thought, perhaps, being devoted to these transactions than to the bank's business.

Call money figured largely in certain of these transactions, which were handled by one of the embezzlers as an individual. Bank customers, anxious to profit by the high rates for call money prevalent in New York some months ago, would bring their money to the bank for transmission to New York, and simply get a receipt for it. As Mr. Wilkin further explains:

> The bank ordinarily sets up a call loan account total, and with it is set forth the participation. In this case, these did not appear on the bank's books. Thus, with no bank record when this money was either loaned or called, manipulation was an easy matter, and $330,000 was used in an individual transaction.

Finally, their predicament, as they tried to hold on when the market crashed at the end of October, so preyed upon the minds of certain members of the group, that they decided to confess to the directors. Then the whole story came out. There were wholesale resignations and a reorganization, with Mr. Mott, who is a General Motors vice-president, taking the presidency, and putting up enough cash to cover the total defalcations. Mr. Wilkin, in his story, goes on to tell of the system whereby the men "kept a jump ahead" of the bank examiners, and even carried on their pilferings during the merger of the Industrial Bank with the Union Trust and Savings Bank. He credits their long-continued immunity partly to the use of lax methods in the bank and partly to the fact that "nearly all the executive personnel of the bank were involved in one way or another," so that "the element of one man checking against another was almost entirely eliminated." Incidentally, it is pointed out that "with one possible exception, none of those involved have profited from their practises."

Out of the strange situation at Flint, Mr. Mott emerges as the hero, writes a Flint correspondent of the Detroit *News*. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* knows of "no other instance in which a single man has intervened as Mr. Mott has done, with so great a part of his private fortune, to prevent the immense further loss, with ruinous impairment of confidence, that would result from the suspension of the bank; his act is a shining feature in the somber story of larcenous betrayal." Governor Green of Michigan says, "Flint is more than fortunate in having a man like Mr. Mott to step in." As the Flint *Journal* remarks: "in displaying what undoubtedly combines devotion to his home city and a pride in the integrity of a financial institution with which he is identified, Mr. Mott has shown characteristically strict adherence to highest business principles."

The Flint case, to the mind of the Grand Rapids *Press*, stands "isolated, an enormity, a grotesque and untypical incident which does not fit into our knowledge of normal human nature. The criminal genius necessary to organize such a conspiracy and keep all the members in line is so rare as to cause no apprehension on the part of sane people." But it seems to *The American Banker* that "it might have been expected that the Stock Exchange Follies of 1929 would yield a crop of embezzling bank employees":

> The test of individual integrity was a severe one for those who were weak enough to consider the possible chances of using the bank's money for their personal advantage. For the average bank man it may be stated with conviction the allurements of the market raised no such moral problem. The vast majority was never tempted into making a bargain with Mephistopheles.
>
> In perhaps not a single instance of embezzlement of bank funds wherewith to play the market is the culprit of the real criminal type. The ordinary thief does not salve his conscience with the flattering unction that he will pay back. The average bank man who steals from the bank, to speculate, expects to win enough to cover his peculations. This intention is

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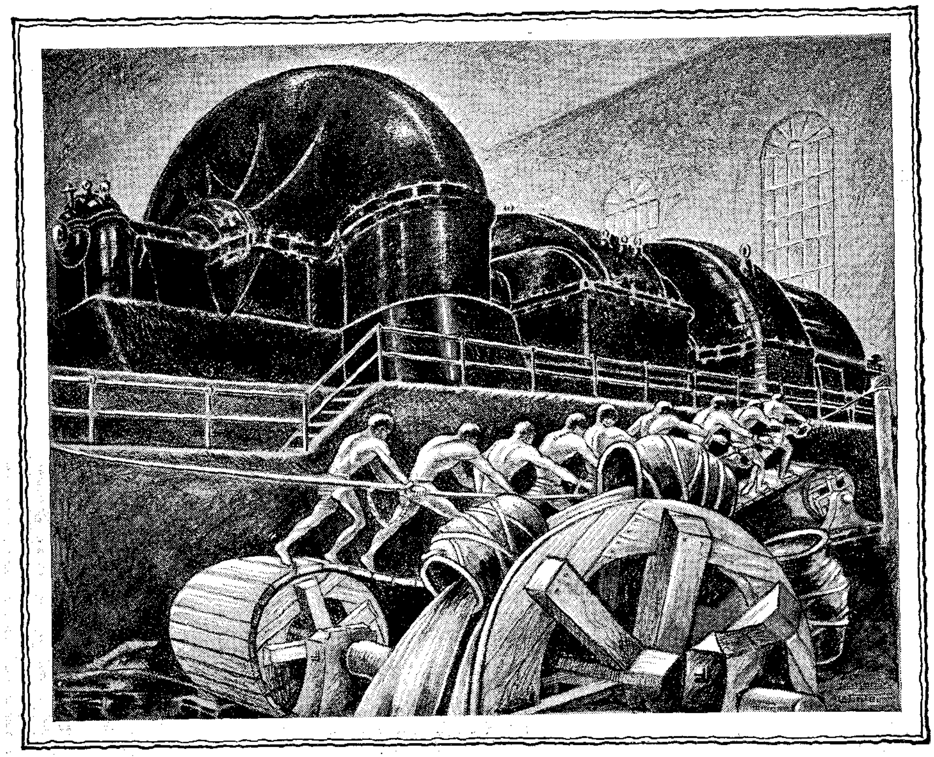

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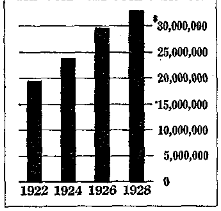

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By WILLIAM S. SADLER, M.D.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

often alleged in mitigation of his offense. But it really aggravates the crime, since it presupposes the most careful deliberation. Rarely do such operations pan out right. The character fault which leads to embezzlement involves a weakness of judgment in the use of the stolen money, that makes losses almost inevitable. The type of mind that falters in its judgment of right and wrong is also inevitably fallible in picking the right horse or the right stock. Embezzlement is doomed to failure by its very foundation in mental as well as moral error.

This is a law of business and its recognition would do as much to stiffen the resistance of the employee tempted to embezzlement as the written laws that are applied so drastically upon unfortunate examples who have learned that "you can't get away with it."

Speaking of embezzlement in general, the Salt Lake City *Telegram* pronounces it criminal "that employers should conduct their businesses so loosely that an employee is given countless unnecessary temptations to dishonesty":

> A company owes it to its workers to remove the chief temptations to embezzlement. It is a terrible thing for a man to become a thief—to bite the hand that is feeding him—to destroy his self-respect, and perhaps to end up in prison. Employers should do everything in their power to safeguard their own funds and to preserve the integrity of their employees.

The Utah daily quotes Alexander A. Piper as enumerating, in *The Journal of Accountancy*, the causes of financial crimes of this type as follows: "(1) Living beyond one's means, (2) speculation and gambling, (3) downright dishonesty, (4) insufficient salaries, (5) unfortunate hardships, and (6) starting one's own business." In the opinion of this same writer, "the remedy lies in (1) making a thorough investigation of the past history of all employees holding positions of trust, (2) bonding all employees holding responsible positions, (3) installing a modern accounting system, which provides a thorough internal audit on all financial transactions, and (4) having periodical audits made by certified public accountants."

After making these quotations from the article in *The Journal of Accountancy*, *The Telegram* further comments:

> The necessity is strest of having the responsibilities of handling cash and books divided in such a way that various employees must check each other's work. Where a business is small the owner is under the need of personally keeping a close scrutiny on transactions.
>
> Many lives and nerves have been shattered by the aftermath of embezzlement. So, for the sake of men holding positions of trust, every safeguard should be erected against them ruining themselves. It is not only good business but humanitarian to do so.

A "FLEXIBLE" TAX-REDUCTION

THE first reaction to the announcement of a $160,000,000 Federal income-tax reduction, last month, was one of rejoicing in such a Christmas gift. "Glory Be!" the exclamation of the New Orleans *Item*, pretty well summed up the editorial opinion of newspapers throughout the country, on the news that 1 per cent. would be lopped off the rates on all individual and corporate incomes. True, there were critics, tho few and far between, who were inclined to deplore such an "unscientific" rush to reduce taxes. And later newspaper comment has been greatly concerned with the thought that we may have here an important taxation precedent, since the reduction which has been announced is not permanent, but holds simply for next year.

The object of the Administration's solicitude in announcing the tax-reduction shortly after the stock-market break was not, according to the Detroit *Free Press*, "the speculator, but the innocent victim of the market's repercussions, who may never have risked a nickel in Wall Street, but whose livelihood depends on keeping the wheels of industry turning."

The United States Treasury, as the San Diego *Union* puts it, "is simply saying that American business is fundamentally sound." It seems to the New York *World* that for many individual taxpayers the effect of the reduction will be only psychological since the reductions will be small compared to stock-market losses, but "the plan to reduce the income tax on corporations is of more significance":

> The receipts from the corporation tax are considerably more than those from the individual income tax, and under the tentative plan put forward by Mr. Mellon nearly two-thirds of the reduction of $160,000,000 would go to the taxpaying corporations. Corporate profits during the ten months of the current year preceding the big break in the stock market have been running far ahead of those of the corresponding period of 1928, and even if there should be some slackening in the rate of industrial activity during the rest of the year the Treasury still stands to benefit by the previous prosperity.
>
> Obviously, the more that corporate income taxes are reduced, the more money there will be available for dividends. Stock-market operators were quick to sense this possibility, and the effect was immediately registered in the quotations on the exchanges. As a means of checking panicky selling and of restoring confidence and stability in the security markets, the proposal for a tax cut has proved effective.

This 1 per cent. cut in corporation and individual income taxes is characterized by the New York *Evening Post* as Mr. Andrew Mellon's "sizable bet on the business prosperity of this country in the immediate future." But, we are reminded, it is really misleading to speak of Mr. Mellon's proposal as a "1 per cent." reduction:

> It is a far bigger bet than that. It is made expressly clear in the Treasury statement that the normal tax on the first $4,000 income, now 1½ per cent., is to be dropt

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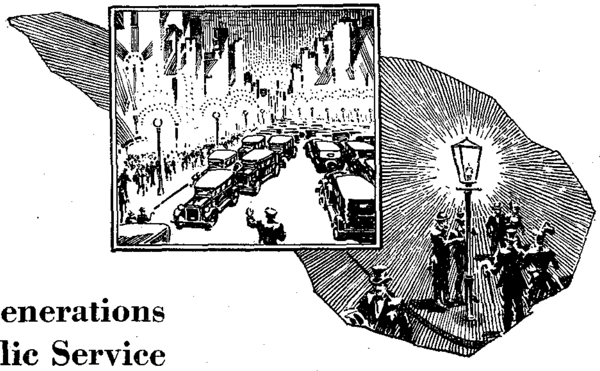

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

to one-half of 1 per cent. In other words, the total income tax to be paid is cut not by 1 per cent. but by 66⅔ per cent. On the next $4,000 it is cut by one-third, and on all the balance by one-fifth. Even on the corporation tax the drop will be 7.7 per cent.

This is a tremendous decrease. It may not be important in a revenue sense that the little taxpayer is to have a 66⅔ per cent. cut, because there are not so many of him on the books as there should be. But it is certainly of the greatest fiscal importance to take almost 8 per cent. off the corporation tax and risk cutting the vast receipts from the high individual brackets by one-fifth.

We have here not only a declaration of faith in the business future of America but also a measure that will hearten thousands who have lost in the stock market. It will "cut their losses" by saving them taxes.

The criticism of the reduction move made by the New Haven *Register* is that it is a mere "sop" to taxpayers when the country is suffering for scientific tax reform—" instead of proposing sensible and vitally important measures of tax reform, such as the abolition of the capital gains tax and sharp reduction of the inordinately high surtaxes, the Administration comes forth with this ridiculous plan to cut corporation taxes and bestow a few dollars on small taxpayers, both of which classes are in no need of relief whatever."

The New York *Journal of Commerce* calls it "contrary to all sound canons of budgetary procedure" for the Treasury to rush to demand a rate-cut before it knows there is to be a surplus. *The Annalist* criticized the announcement because, in its opinion, it had too much of a "panic aspect." Altogether, concludes *The Nation*, "tax-reduction under present and prospective conditions is crazy finance, but of course nobody says a word in criticism."

But one element in this tax-reduction, which appeals even to some of the critics, is the suggestion by Under Secretary of the Treasury Mills that the plan is really a well-matured proposal which is intended to inaugurate permanently a new policy of flexible rate changes. Chairman Hawley of the House Ways and Means Committee—one of the Congressional leaders whose joint approval of the reduction is held to guarantee its passage—finds here "an entirely new principle" of dealing with taxation, in accordance with which "the Government, through Congressional action, will be able to make tax adjustment from year to year to meet existing needs." Here *The Wall Street Journal's* Washington correspondent perceives "the double purpose of avoiding repeated general revisions and of doing away with the necessity of basic tax-reductions on estimates of Federal revenues and expenditures many months in advance." For instance—

If there was to be a general revision now, the Treasury would have to estimate not only what its revenues and expenditures

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would be for the remainder of the present fiscal year, but also what they would be for the fiscal year 1931. This necessity has been troublesome in past revisions, since estimates involve many factors which can not be foreseen. A reduction applying to one year alone does away with this necessity because all the Treasury has to know is what tax returns are likely to be from incomes of the current calendar year.

"Flexibility which will permit subsequent readjustments of tax rates upward in case the Treasury finds that its generosity threatens to produce a deficit will be unreservedly approved by all those critics of a system which has heretofore been operated with a rigidity that is incompatible with the needs of modern governments, and inimical to the interests of the taxpayer," says the New York *Journal of Commerce.*

A Treasury Department statement indicates that for a married man with no dependents, incomes up to $15,000 will be affected as follows by the reduction:

Net Income	*Present Tax*	*Proposed Tax*	*Reduction*
$ 4,000	$ 5.63	$ 1.88	$ 3.75
5,000	16.88	5.63	11.25
6,000	30.00	10.00	20.00
7,000	43.13	14.38	28.75
8,000	63.75	26.25	37.50
9,000	91.88	45.63	46.25
10,000	120.00	65.00	55.00
15,000	381.25	282.50	98.75

MORE CHRISTMAS-CLUB MONEY THAN EVER

PEOPLE who depend on the Christmas Club for their holiday spendings are not affected by the recent unpleasantness in Wall Street, for a recent press statement shows that this year's payments are to be 10 per cent. greater than last year's, and more than five times the amount in 1920. According to a statement from the Christmas Club Organization appearing in *The Wall Street Journal,* some $600,000,000 is being distributed by more than 8,000 banks or other financial institutions to 9,000,000 Christmas Club members. Eliminating certain special corporation and individual funds running into large figures, the average amount received by each member is $59.50, a slight increase over 1928. New York State leads in Christmas Club disbursements with $141,000,000, while Massachusetts has the largest State total in proportion to population—over $70,000,000. F. W. Rawll, President of the Christmas Club Organization, estimates after a direct mail inquiry that more than 10,000,000 permanent savings accounts directly traceable to club membership have been brought to the banks during the past nineteen years. He estimates that the 1929 Christmas Club money will be spent about as follows:

Christmas purchases	38%	$228,000,000
Permanent savings and investment	30%	180,000,000
Year-end commitments	13%	78,000.000
Insurance premiums	6%	36,000,000
Mortgages and mortgage interest	5½%	33,000,000
Taxes	4½%	27,000,000
Education and travel	2%	12,000,000
Charity	1%	6,000,000

BUYING IN SHARES

A NUMBER of large corporations have helped to dispel some of the gloom in these recent days of falling markets by paying out extra dividends on their shares; others have been purchasing their own securities out of earned surplus and holding them as treasury assets. At least such is the assertion made by Jules S. Bache, member of the Stock Exchange and head of a large banking and brokerage firm. Mr. Bache believes that the latter course "is worthy of immediate consideration by all companies with surplus funds on hand as a substitute for lending such sums in the call money market":

> The eventual benefit which will be derived by the stockholders of the companies through a reduction in the outstanding amount of stock at the prevailing low prices, will far outweigh any temporary increase in dividend distribution. Even if the stock so purchased should not be held for permanent retirement, the resultant profit on a subsequent resale will inure for the benefit of the stockholders.

But the soundness of this suggestion can not be determined offhand, thinks the New York *Journal of Commerce:* "the position of individual corporations will alone determine the best disposition of surplus for that particular company." No general formula can be used to test the wisdom of extra dividends at present. Similarly, if a company decides to buy its own shares in the market, it should not, in this newspaper's opinion, do so with a view merely to lending market support to those shares:

> That would be a method of weakening its future position, unless there is reasonable assurance that the shares thus bought in can be sold later on more favorable terms. In brief, if the company has been disposing of shares to the public at rates not justified by its earnings position, it is not assisting itself to meet the disappointed expectations of its shareholders by buying in overvalued stock or even by investing surplus funds in treasury stock that will probably sell to yield a smaller profit than could be obtained by other methods of investing surplus.
>
> An industrial company is under no obligation to support share values in times such as these when the good issues have collapsed temporarily along with the bad. The sooner this fact is realized the better it will be for business, altho it may be hard on professional market "boosters."

Whether the companies that have pulled so much of their own stock into their treasuries will retire it, or whether they will resell when the market is favorable, is a question which Paul Willard Garrett, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post,* does not venture to answer. But whatever is done, it is apparent, he adds, "that purchasing of this character transferred stock from weak to strong hands." Furthermore, "the fact that a large number of American corporations did buy their own shares in the recent debacle is a testimonial indisputable that the companies themselves, at least, believe in their own future."

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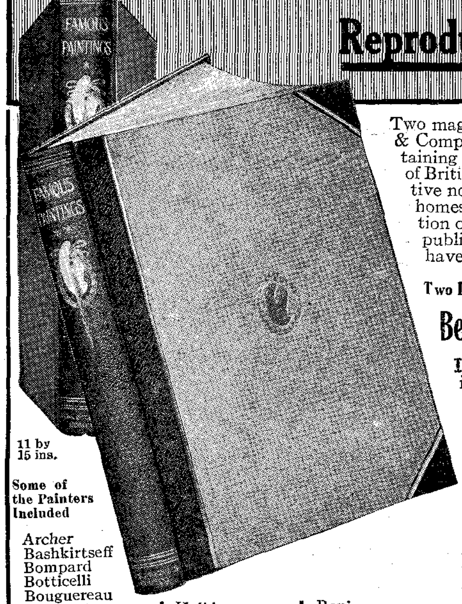

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

November 20.—Mexico celebrates the nineteenth anniversary of the revolution which broke the power of Porfirio Diaz, with sports and parades of children in support of President Portes Gil's temperance movement.

November 21.—Twenty-six people are reported drowned in the fishing villages on Burin Peninsula, Newfoundland, by a tidal wave during the earthquake on November 18.

November 22.—The German Cabinet rejects the anti-Young plan referendum bill, which, according to present plans, will be submitted to the people on Sunday, December 22.

November 23.—Georges Clemenceau, war-time Premier of France, dies at his home in Paris. He was eighty-eight.

Without any official declaration of war, the Soviet invasion of Manchuria has begun, according to dispatches, and the town of Manchuli, western terminus of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and Dalainor are reported to have been captured by Russian troops. At Dalainor 1,000 miners and civilians are reported to have been massacred by the Russians.

Announcement is made of the nomination of five new Cardinals, bringing the Sacred College membership to sixty-two, of whom thirty-three are non-Italians. The new Cardinals are the Rev. Joseph MacRory, Archbishop of Armagh; Monsignor Cerejeira, Patriarch of Lisbon; Archbishop Verdier, of Paris; Archbishop Lavitrano, of Palermo; and Archbishop Minoretti, of Genoa.

November 24.—Government dispatches from Nanking, China, admit the loss to the Russians of the city of Manchuli, and the important coal mines at Dalainor, which cuts off the principal fuel supply of the Chinese Eastern Railway. It is estimated that four Soviet divisions are now in Manchuria.

November 25.—The Chinese Nationalist Government is reported to be seeking a truce with the Russian Soviet Government, and to have suggested reopening negotiations for settlement of the Manchurian railway dispute. Meanwhile the Russians are reported to be pressing forward on both the eastern and western frontiers of Manchuria, and to be driving toward Harbin.

DOMESTIC

November 20.—Harry F. Sinclair, New York oil operator, quits jail after serving six and one-half months for contempt of the Senate.

President Hoover completes the list of the delegates to the five-Power naval conference to be held in London in January, and names Secretary of State Stimson chairman.

November 21.—Judge Lewis Fitzhenry of the United States District Court sitting at Peoria, Illinois, rules that the Jones act makes felons of persons who know of the manufacture, transportation or sale of intoxicating liquor and fail to report their information.

After conferring with a number of the leading business men of the country, President Hoover announces that during the present situation the employers agree not to initiate any movement for wage-reduction, and that representatives of labor agree and recommend that no movements beyond those already in negotiation should be initiated for increase of wages. The President also announces plans for the formation of an organization representing industry, trade, and commerce to aid in stabilizing the business of the country.

Henry Ford announces that he will raise the wages of his employees, saying that the collapse of speculation may have been the occasion of a business hesitation, but certainly was not the cause.

Gov. C. C. Young of California announces that he is referring the appeal for pardon of Thomas J. Mooney, convicted of the 1916 Preparedness Day bombing in San Francisco, in which ten persons were killed, to the Advisory Pardon Board for investigation and recommendation.

Judge G. V. Cowper frees Alfred Hoffman, organizer for the United Textile Workers of America, and four Marion men of charges of insurrection and rebellion brought against them as the result of the recent textile disorders in North Carolina.

Senator Walter Edge of New Jersey is nominated by President Hoover and confirmed by the Senate as Ambassador to France. David Baird, Jr., is named to succeed him in the Senate.

November 22.—The American Railway Association, meeting in Chicago, confirms the pledge given to President Hoover by eleven railroad executives that they will proceed with a $1,247,792,000 program of improvements.

The extra session of Congress, convened last April by President Hoover to deal chiefly with farm relief and tariff revision, adjourns.

President Hoover calls upon the people by proclamation to furnish full and accurate information when the fifteenth decennial census is taken, beginning April 1, 1930.

November 23.—President Hoover calls upon the Governors of the forty-eight States to cooperate with his effort to strengthen industry by speeding up public works.

November 25.—The leaders of the National Grange, the Farmers' Union, the American Farm Federation Bureau, and the Farmers' Equity Union offer to cooperate with President Hoover's program to maintain normal business stability.

The total of annual losses from embezzlement, burglary, theft, forgery, and fraud amounts to $500,000,000, according to an estimate of the National Surety Company.

Disarmed.—Two golfers playing an important tie were annoyed by a slow couple in front of them, obviously new to the game.

At one hole there was a particularly long wait. One of the offending couple dawdled on the fairway while his companion searched in the rough.

At length the waiting couple on the tee could contain their impatience no longer.

"Why don't you help your friend find his ball?" one shouted indignantly.

The idle golfer in front turned with a cheerful smile.

"Oh, he's got his ball," he replied blandly. "He's looking for his club!"—*Tit-Bits*.

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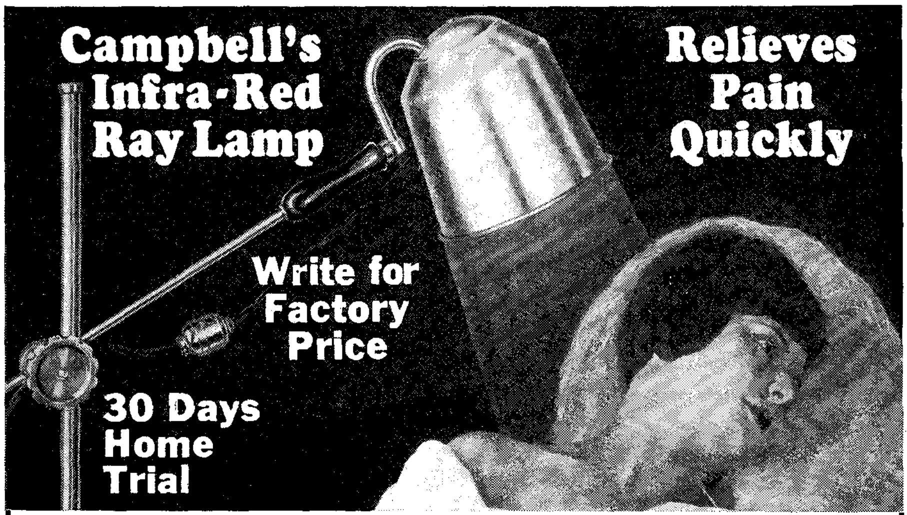

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WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO. Dept. 1020 ALLIANCE, OHIO

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Why Pedestrians Go Cockeyed.—How canyoupossiblycrossthestreetwhenthecars keepcomingalonglikethis?—*Answers.*

Inflated Occasion.—"Was Harold's wedding a swell affair?"

"Positively! They even used puffed rice."—*Montreal Star.*

Insect Rodeo.—"Want to go to a husking-bee?"

"Where are they going to husk this bee?" —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

It's Contagious.—It didn't take John's wife long to become a full-fledged member of the Coolidge family; she's already writing for the magazines. — *Washington Star.*

Family Jars. — "Are the fish biting?"

"I don't know," replied the weary angler. "If they are, they're biting each other."—*Slices.*

Raising the Ante.—Ned—"I've got to see Jack about one-twenty."

Ted—"Well, I'd like to see him about two twenties and a five."—*Chicago Daily News.*

Why Girls Stay Home. —"Alice could have married anybody she pleased."

"Then why is she still single?"

"She never pleased anybody."—*Tit-Bits.*

Front-Line Trench.—"Gracious," said the doctor, "how did you get these awful bruises on your shins? Are you a hockey player?"

"Oh, no; I just led back my wife's weak suit."—*Detroit News.*

Why the Traffic Jams.—"I hate those impromptu complexions, don't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Those they make up as they go along." —*London Opinion.*

O Solitude! Where Are Thy Charms?—The road show was playing a poor town.

"We are alone?" hissed the villain.

"Almost," rejoined his partner, looking sadly at the rows of empty seats.—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

No Mercy.—Kind Gentleman (to little boy eating an apple)—"Look out for the worms, sonny."

Little Boy—"When I eat an apple the worms have to look out for themselves." — *Union Pacific Magazine.*

Bouquet for Dad.—Teacher (looking over Teddy's home work)—"I don't see how it's possible for a single person to make so many mistakes."

Teddy (proudly)—"It isn't a single person, teacher. Father helped me."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Tongues Out.—A lot of U. S. citizens are passing through the U. S. on their way to Cuba from Canada.—*Judge.*

Smilin' Through.—"Have you seen Norah's new evening frock?"

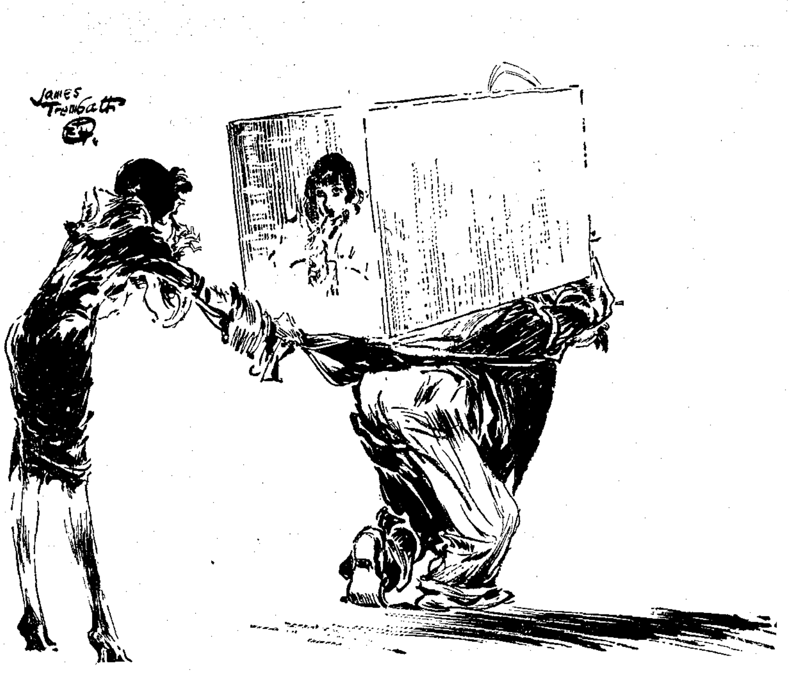
"No; what does it look like?"

"Well, in many places it's very like Norah."—*Montreal Star.*

Down to Brass Tacks.—

How sad it is so soon to lose
Those sweet pre-nuptial thrills;
Behind us are the dove-like coos;
Ahead of us the bills!

—*Arthur L. Lippmann in Judge.*



"Oh, just a minute, iceman!" —*Judge.*

All Wet. — Seasick Passenger (on friend's yacht)—"I say, what about going back? After you've seen one wave, you've seen them all."—*Pathfinder.*

Knows Pop. — Teacher — "Johnny, if your father earned $40 a week and gave your mother half, what would she have?"

Johnny—"Heart failure."—*Washington Dirge.*

Starting the Ball Rolling.—Wife (after dull evening at home)—'Don't sit there like a dud! Say something!"

Husband (brightly)—"Well, well, well. I see Mr. Hoover has had his picture taken."—*Tit-Bits.*

Might Reform the Theater.—Wonder if the man who invented the artificial larynx ever thought of possible church uses. Wouldn't it be a relief if the ushers could take the larynxes out and clear them before the sermon started?—*Boston Herald.*

No Imagination.—A Kansas man confesses to having killed the brother of his fiancée because he insisted on the repayment of $40 the killer had borrowed from him. Oh, well, a man with such ideas wouldn't have made much of a brother-in-law.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Rubbing It In.—Sonnet. *A Poem . . . .* Shaemas O'Sheel.—*Contents page of Harper's Magazine.*

Credit to the Climate.—Hollywood Strain —18 Pullets, 2 roosters; ready to lay.—*Ad in the Richmond News Leader.*

Wall Street Relief?—

BROODER TO HATCH
40,000 BABY CHECKS

—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Too Often.—"Photoplay writing offers immorality to some gifted young soul," Niblo declared to-day in an interview.—*Nashville Banner.*

A Checked Suit. — McConnell went out into the Quebec forest wearing only a trunk.—*Editorial in the Itasca (Minn.) Iron News.*

Their Private Opinion. —Three British soldiers escape from a qqqcVeykn (,;is-,fi, Ain''oH ev-1.ust d'te German prison camp. —*Paterson (N. J.) Evening News.*

Make 'Em Do It. — Warning—I am going to enforce trespassing and hunting on the farms posted in my name so it's up to you from now on. —*La Grande (Ore.) paper.*

Union Rules?—Henry —— was born in Millersburg sixty-one years ago and was but three years old at the time of his death. Since then he has followed various trades.—*Faribault (Minn.) paper.*

Word Painting and Graining.—The class in publicity at Columbia should have its attention called to one paragraph from the pen of the great William B. Shearer:

"The crucible that once produced red blood and sturdy hearts will surely produce a Paul Revere, sounding the alarm and riding like hell over these Babylonian architects, who would take us from the sea and molding the young generation for the dance of death, a self-inflicted torture of driving seditious nails into the cross of national crucifixion."

Metaphor mixes, mingles, merges and moans. Years ago there was another patriot, name now forgot, who wrote:

"The British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell."

The old-timer was good, but not so stirring as Mr. Shearer, whose words cause the cockles of the heart to nail the flag to the mast. No mere pelf from shipbuilders produces such literature.—*Editorial in the New York Sun.*